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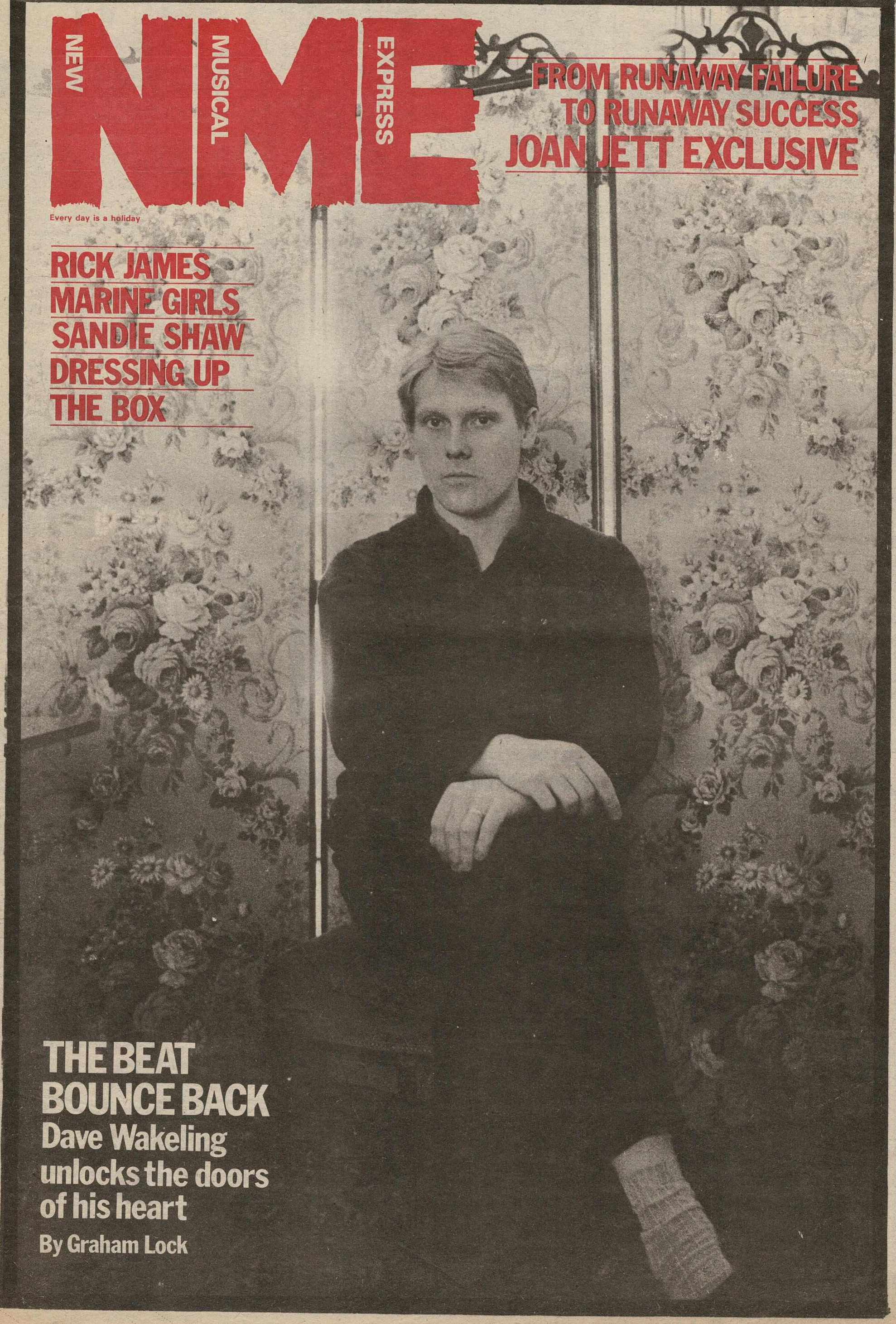
NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

Every day is a holiday

FROM RUNAWAY FAILURE TO RUNAWAY SUCCESS JOAN JETT EXCLUSIVE

RICK JAMES
MARINE GIRLS
SANDIE SHAW
DRESSING UP
THE BOX



THE BEAT BOUNCE BACK

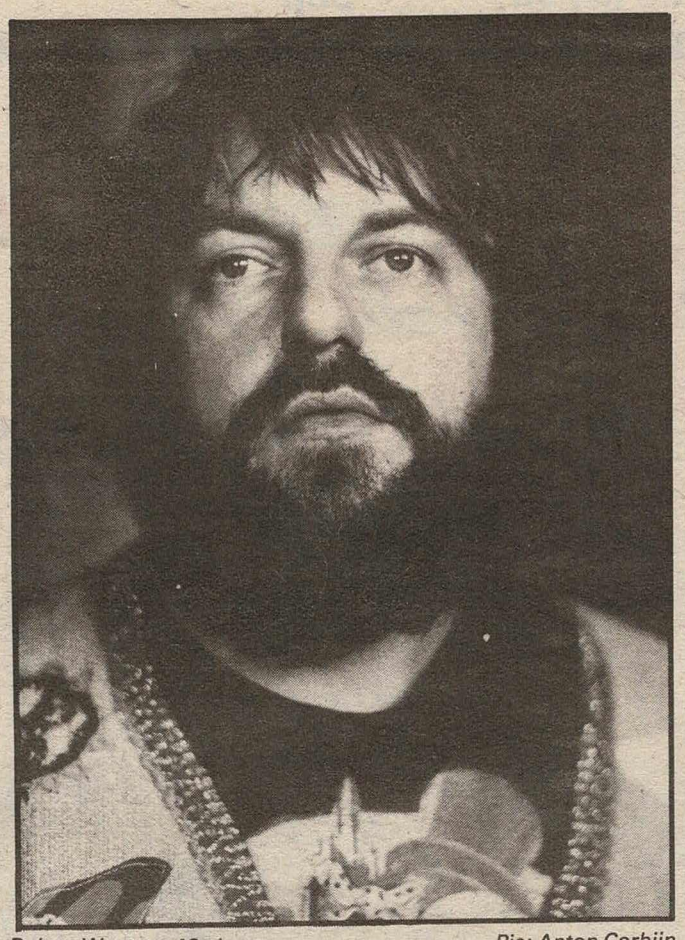
Dave Wakeling unlocks the doors of his heart

By Graham Lock

Dave Wakeling takes a screen test. Photo by Pennie Smith

UK SINGLES

ONE	Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
	1	**SEVEN TEARS**	**Goombay Dance Band (Epic)**	5	1
2	3	QUIEREME MUCHO (YOURS)	Julio Iglesias (CBS)	5	2
3	2	JUST AN ILLUSION	Imagination (R&B)	5	2
4	8	AIN'T NO PLEASING YOU	Chas & Dave (Rockney)	4	4
5	12	GHOSTS	Japan (Virgin)	3	5
6	5	POISON ARROW	ABC (Neutron)	8	5
7	16	MY CAMERA NEVER LIES	Bucks Fizz (RCA)	2	7
8	6	LAYLA	Derek & The Dominoes (RSO)	3	6
9	14	HAVE YOU EVER BEEN IN LOVE	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	3	9
10	(—)	MORE THAN THIS	Roxy Music (EG/Polydor)	1	10
11	22	SEE THOSE EYES	Altered Images (Epic)	2	11
12	9	PARTY FEARS TWO	Associates (Situation 2)	4	9
13	10	CLASSIC	Adrian Gurvitz (RAK)	6	10
14	15	DAMNED DON'T CRY	Visage (Polydor)	4	14
15	4	THE LION SLEEPS TONIGHT	Tight Fit (Jive)	9	1
16	29	DEAR JOHN	Status Quo (Vertigo)	2	16
17	21	GIVE ME BACK MY HEART	Dollar (WEA)	2	17
18	25	IS IT A DREAM	Classix Nouveaux (Liberty)	2	18
19	26	DON'T LOVE ME TOO HARD	The Nolans (Epic)	2	19
20	18	A BUNCH OF THYME	Foster & Allen (Ritz)	3	18
21	7	MICKEY	Toni Basil (Radial Choice / Virgin)	7	2
22	20	YOUR HONOUR	Pluto (KR)	3	20
23	(—)	IRON FIST	Motorhead (Bronze)	1	23
24	13	LOVE PLUS ONE	Haircut 100 (Arista)	11	3
25	(—)	NIGHT BIRDS	Shakatak (Polydor)	1	25
26	(—)	STONE COLD	Rainbow (Polydor)	1	26
27	11	GO WILD IN THE COUNTRY	Bow Wow Wow (RCA)	7	8
28	(—)	MEMORY	Barbra Streisand (CBS)	1	28
29	(—)	STREETPLAYER–MECHANIK	Fashion (Arista)	1	29
30	(—)	PAPA'S GOT A BRAND NEW PIGBAG	Pigbag (Y)	1	30



Robert Wyatt up 18 places *Pic: Anton Corbijn*

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS HOT PARADE

UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE	Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
	3	**PELICAN WEST**	**Haircut One Hundred (Arista)**	6	1
2	2	LOVE SONGS	Barbra Streisand (CBS)	12	1
3	1	THE GIFT	Jam (Polydor)	4	1
4	(—)	THE ANVIL	Visage (Polydor)	1	4
5	4	BEGIN THE BEGUINE	Julio Inglesias (CBS)	11	4
6	12	TIN DRUM	Japan (Virgin)	13	6
7	6	PEARLS	Elkie Brooks (A&M)	20	3
8	5	ALL FOR A SONG	Barbara Dickson (Epic)	9	5
9	7	ACTION TRAX	Various (K-Tel)	6	3
10	19	DIAMOND	Spandau Ballet (Chrysalis)	4	10
11	26	JAMES BOND GREATEST HITS	Various (Liberty)	2	11
12	22	PORTRAIT	The Nolans (Epic)	2	12
13	9	FUN BOY THREE	Fun Boy Three (Chrysalis)	3	7
14	10	FIVE MILES OUT	Mike Oldfield (Virgin)	2	10
15	21	BAT OUT OF HELL	Meatloaf (Epic)	23	9
16	8	DARE	Human League (Virgin)	24	1
17	(—)	SKY 4 — FORTHCOMING	Sky (Ariola)	1	17
18	14	ONE NIGHT AT BUDOKAN	Michael Schenker Group (Chrysalis)	4	11
19	(—)	BODY TALK	Imagination (R&B)	5	12
20	20	ARCHITECTURE AND MORALITY	Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark (Virgin Dindisc)	21	2
21	28	DR HECKLE & MR JIVE	Pigbag (Y)	4	21
22	23	WORD OF MOUTH	Toni Basil (Radical Choice / Virgin)	6	12
23	11	DREAMING	Various (K-Tel)	7	2
24	(—)	MAYBE IT'S LIVE	Robert Palmer (Island)	1	24
25	15	KEEP FIT & DANCE	Peter Powell (K-Tel)	2	15
26	(—)	CHARIOTS OF FIRE	Soundtrack (Polydor)	14	6
27	(—)	CHRISTOPHER CROSS	Christopher Cross (Warner Bros)	9	8
28	17	THE CONCERT IN CENTRAL PARK	Simon & Garfunkel (Geffen)	2	17
29	13	BEST OF THE 4 TOPS	The Four Tops (K-Tel)	2	13
30	27	THE SECRET POLICEMAN'S OTHER BALL — THE MUSIC	Various (Springtime/Island)	2	27

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1	(1)	**I Hate People**	Anti Nowhere League (WYZ)
2	16	**Papa's Got A Brand New Pigbag 12"**	Pigbag (Y)
3	(5)	**Conspiracy**	Higsons (Waap)
4	(2)	**See You**	Depeche Mode (Mute)
5	(—)	**Smash The Disco's**	The Business (Secret)
6	(3)	**Never Surrender**	Blitz (No Future)
7	(8)	**Bela Lugosi's Dead**	Bauhaus (Small Wonder)
8	(9)	**Revolutionary Spirit**	Wild Swans (Zoo)
9	(19)	**Amour, Amour**	Mobiles (Rialto)
10	(21)	**Smash It Up**	The Damned (Big Beat)
11	(6)	**Getting Up**	Pigbag (Y)
12	(13)	**Dancing**	Zounds (Rough Trade)
13	(4)	**Chaos UK**	Chaos (Riot City)
14	(10)	**The Missionary**	Josef K (Crepuscule)
15	(23)	**Only You**	Yazoo (Mute)
16	(25)	**War Across The Nation**	Chelsea (Step Forward)
17	(14)	**It's Been Hours Now**	Dead Or Alive (Black Eyes)
18	(17)	**Today's Generation**	Attack (No Future)
19	(—)	**A Bunch Of Thyme**	Foster & Allen (Ritz)
20	(15)	**Destroy The Youth**	Charge (Kamera)
21	(7)	**Object, Refuse, Reject, Abuse**	Dirt (Crass)
22	(18)	**Megga City/Work**	Spizz Energi 2 (Rough Trade)
23	(—)	**I Think I Need Help**	Farmers Boys (Waap 3)
24	(12)	**Jet Boy Jet Girl (EP)**	Chron-Gen (Secret)
25	(—)	**Piggie In The Middle Eight**	Cook The Books (Probe Plus)
26	(20)	**White And Green Place**	Maximum Joy (Y)
27	(—)	**It's Corruption**	The Undead (Riot City)
28	11	**Love Song**	Damned (Big Beat)
29	(30)	**No Survivors**	GBH (Clay)
30	(24)	**Vicious Circle**	Abrasive Wheels (Riot City)

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1	(1)	**Dr Heckle And Mr Jive**	Pigbag (Y)
2	(2)	**Hex Enduction Hour**	Fall (Kamera)
3	(9)	**Chronic Generation**	Chron Gen (Secret)
4	(4)	**Fourth Drawer**	Associates (Situation 2)
5	(6)	**Punk'n'Disorderly**	Various (Abstract)
6	(3)	**Seven Songs**	23 Skidoo (Fetish)
7	(7)	**To The Shores Of Lake Placid**	Various (Zoo)
8	(8)	**Speak And Spell**	Depeche Mode (Mute)
9	(5)	**Drunk On The Pope's Blood**	Birthday Party/Lydia Lunch (4AD)
10	(15)	**Shoot Out The Lights**	Richard and Linda Thompson (Hannibal)
11	(29)	**Nothing Can Stop Us**	Robert Wyatt (Rough Trade)
12	(13)	**Contradictions**	Thomas Leer (Cherry Red)
13	(10)	**True Democracy**	Steel Pulse (Wiseman Doctrine)
14	(16)	**Sextet**	A Certain Ratio (4AD)
15	(14)	**In The Flat Field**	Bauhaus (4AD)
16	(22)	**Spizz History**	Spizz Energi 2 (R. Trade)
17	(19)	**Live In Sheffield**	Pressure Co. (Paradox)
18	(28)	**Live At The Jacquard**	Higsons (Chaos)
19	(12)	**Machine Gun Etiquette**	Damned (Big Beat)
20	(20)	**Movement**	New Order (Factory)
21	(—)	**Endangered Species**	UK Subs (NEMS)
22	(25)	**Live At 100 Club — tape**	GBH (Chaos)
23	(27)	**Live In London — tape**	Fall (Chaos)
24	(11)	**Not To**	Colin Newman (4AD)
25	(—)	**Signing Off**	UB40 (Graduate)
26	(—)	**Mr Yellow Man**	Yellow Man (G'sleeves)
27	(—)	**The Plateau Phase**	Crispy Ambulance (Factory)
28	(24)	**Pedigree Charm**	Lora Logic (Rough Trade)
29	(—)	**Introduce Me To The Doctor**	Pinski Zoo (Despatch)
30	(—)	**Friends & Relations**	Hawkwind (Flicknife)

Compiled by NME from a nationwide survey of independent record shops

REGGAE SINGLES

1 **Shut Me Mouth** — Ranking Dread (Greensleeves)
2 **Warriors** — Junior Brown (Shaka)
3 **Stormy Nights** — Rolands (Plantation)
4 **Ghetto Man** — Papa Michigan & General Smiley (Greensleeves)
5 **Pillow Talk** — Tex Johnson (Discotex)
6 **Johnny Make You Bad So** — Lone Ranger (Greensleeves)
7 **Tomorrow Is Another Day** — Barrington Levy (Greensleeves)
8 **Cool Down Amina** — Keith Douglas (Fashion)
9 **Come On Over** — Derek Lara (Hawkeye)
10 **My Kind Of Guy** — Sandra McFarlane (Paradise)
11 **Rich Man Poor Man** — Jr Delgado (Live and Love)
12 **I've Fallen In Love** — Donna Roden (Ital)
13 **Can't Stop Us Now** — Viceroys (Music Hawk)
14 **Diamonds and Pearls** — Wailing Souls and Papa Tirrell (Greensleeves)
15 **Where Are They Now** — Erika Gale (Ital)

REGGAE LPs

1 **Mr Yellow Man** — Yellow Man (Greensleeves)
2 **Look How Me Sexy** — Lynval Thompson (Greensleeves)
3 **Radification Dub** — Roots Radics (Cha Cha)
4 **We Must Unite** — Viceroys (Trojan)
5 **Poor Man's Story** — Barrington Levy (Trojan)

Bonaparte Records, 284 Pentonville Road, London N1

US SINGLES

1 **I Love Rock'n'Roll** — Joan Jett & The Blackhearts (Boardwalk)
2 **Open Arms** — Journey (Columbia)
3 **We Got The Beat** — Go-Go's (IRS)
4 **That Girl** — Stevie Wonder (Motown)
5 **Make A Move On Me** — Olivia Newton-John (MCA)
6 **Chariots Of Fire** — Vangelis (Polygram)
7 **Freeze-Frame** — J Geils Band (EMI America)
8 **Don't Talk To Strangers** — Rick Springfield (RCA)
9 **Pac-Man Fever** — Buckner & Garcia (Columbia)
10 **Key Largo** — Bertie Higgins (Kat Family)

US LPs

1 **Beauty And The Beat** — The Go-Go's (IRS)
2 **Freeze Frame** — J Geils Band (EMI America)
3 **I Love Rock'n'Roll** — Joan Jett & The Blackhearts (Boardwalk)
4 **Chariots Of Fire** — Vangelis (Polydor)
5 **Escape** — Journey (Columbia)
6 **Physical** — Olivia Newton-John (MCA)
7 **Concert In Central Park** — Simon & Garfunkel (WEA)
8 **Great White North** — Bob & Doug McKenzie (Mercury)
9 **Get Lucky** — Loverboy (Columbia)
10 **Ghost In The Machine** — Police (A&M)

US charts courtesy Billboard

NETHERLANDS

1 **Maid Of Orleans** — Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark (DinDisc)
2 **Upside Down** — Vanessa (Dureco)
3 **Don't Walk Away** — Four Tops (Casablanca)
4 **Roof Garden** — Al Jarreau (Warner Bros)
5 **How Many Times** — Lori Spee (Philips)
6 **Centrefold** — J Geils Band (EMI)
7 **Music** — John Miles (Decca)
8 **A Town Called Malice** — Jam (Polydor)
9 **Les Lacs Du Connemara** — Michel Sardou (Trema)
10 **Golden Brown** — Stranglers (Liberty)

Courtesy Stichting Nederlands/Billboard

FIVE YEARS AGO

1 **Knowing Me Knowing You** — Abba (Epic)
2 **Going In With My Eyes Open** — David Soul (Private Stock)
3 **When** — Showaddywaddy (Arista)
4 **Red Spells Danger** — Billy Ocean (GTO)
5 **Sound And Vision** — David Bowie (RCA)
6 **I Don't Want To Put A Hold On You** — Bernie Flint (EMI)
7 **Free** — Deniece Williams (CBS)
8 **You Don't Have To Be A Star** — Marilyn McCoo/Billy Davis (ABC)
9 **Sunny** — Boney M (Atlantic)
10 **Chanson D'Amour** — Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic)

TEN YEARS AGO

1 **Without You** — Nilsson (RCA)
2 **Amazing Grace** — Royal Scots Dragoon Guards Pipes, Drums and Bands (RCA)
3 **Sweet Talkin' Guy** — Chiffons (London)
4 **Hold Your Head Up** — Argent (Epic)
5 **Beg Steal Or Borrow** — New Seekers (Polydor)
6 **Alone Again (Naturally)** — Gilbert O'Sullivan (Polydor)
7 **Meet Me On The Corner** — Lindisfarne (Charisma)
8 **Desiderata** — Les Crane (Warner Bros)
9 **Heart Of Gold** — Neil Young (Reprise)
10 **Back Off Boogaloo** — Ringo Starr (Apple)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

1 **Somethin' Stupid** — Frank & Nancy Sinatra (Reprise)
2 **Puppet On A String** — Sandie Shaw (Pye)
3 **Release Me** — Engelbert Humperdinck (Decca)
4 **A Little Bit Me, A Little Bit You** — Monkees (RCA)
5 **This Is My Song** — Harry Secombe (Polydor)
6 **Ha! Ha! Said The Clown** — Manfred Mann (Fontana)
7 **Simon Smith And His Amazing Dancing Bear** — Alan Price Set (Decca)
8 **It's All Over** — Cliff Richard (Columbia)
9 **I Was Kaiser Bill's Batman** — Whistling Jack Smith (Decca)
10 **Edelweiss** — Vince Hill (Columbia)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

1 **Wonderful Land** — Shadows (Columbia)
2 **Hey! Baby** — Bruce Channel (Mercury)
3 **Dream Baby** — Roy Orbison (London)
4 **When My Little Girl Is Smiling** — Jimmy Justice (Parlophone)
5 **Twistin' The Night Away** — Sam Cooke (RCA)
6 **Tell Me What He Said** — Helen Shapiro (Columbia)
7 **Hey Little Girl** — Del Shannon (London)
8 **Can't Help Falling In Love** — Elvis Presley (RCA)
9 **Never Goodbye** — Carl Denver (Decca)
10 **Let's Twist Again** — Chubby Checker (Columbia)

NME NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

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Queen at Milton Keynes

QUEEN may rule in Leeds and Edinburgh — but they don't, it seems, rule in London. After being frustrated in their attempts to secure an open-air venue in the capital, they've decided to move their official London concert some 40 miles up the M1 to Milton Keynes. It will now be staged in that town's Concert Bowl — scene of previous shows by The Police in 1980 and Thin Lizzy last year — on Saturday, June 5.

It had been widely expected that Queen would play at the Arsenal football ground in North London — but, as *NME* exclusively revealed last week, the licence application for that venue was ultimately refused. Promoter Paul Loasby told *NME* at the time that he had another London soccer ground on stand-by — but a few days ago it became apparent that negotiations would be rather protracted so, in view of the time factor, he decided to play safe by switching to Milton Keynes.

As with Queen's other two shows — at Leeds Football Ground (May 29) and Ingliston Royal Highland Exhibition Hall, Edinburgh (June 1) — The Teardrop Explodes will be supporting, with other acts to be added shortly.

Tickets at £9, plus 30p booking fee per ticket, may be obtained by post from Kiltorch Ltd., P.O. Box 281, London N15 5LW — cheques and POs to "Kiltorch Ltd,", enclose SAE and allow up to four weeks for delivery. They are also available at £9.50 to personal applicants at London Theatre Bookings, Premier Box-Office, Albemarle Ticket Agency, Keith Prowse (all branches), Centre Tickets and Stargreen Ticket Agency.

Various coach companies are arranging all-in trips to and from Milton Keynes, and tickets are available from M.B. Tickets (Brighton), Lamonde (Wells), Nick Wilson (Crawley), Eagle Coaches (Bristol), Len Wright Travel (all branches), Cavendish Travel (Leeds) and V&M Travel (Tamworth), also the South West Concert Club.

● Previous Milton Keynes concerts have been presented by the NJF, promoters of the Reading Festival. But it's not yet known if they will be staging another show this year, as they are currently "reviewing the situation" in the light of Queen's appearance there.

Diggle back

FLAG OF CONVENIENCE is the new band put together by ex-Buzzcock Steve Diggle, and he's roped in another former Buzzcock stalwart John Maher as drummer. They've already played one low-key warm-up gig, but their official launch is set for next Wednesday (14) at the 1200-seater Fagins venue in Manchester. Joining Diggle (guitar and vocals) and Maher in the line-up are Dave Farrow (bass) and DP (keyboards).

Negotiations with a major record company are nearing completion, and a deal will be signed within the next two weeks with a debut single already scheduled for May release.

Sylvain too

SYL SYLVAIN, of the late lamented New York Dolls, is now based in London and will shortly be playing his first UK dates since 1979. He's got together a group comprising himself on guitar and vocals, Rosie Rex on drums and Danny 'Tubby' Reid on bass — and they make their first appearance at London Camden Dingwalls on April 14, followed by a guest spot on the Classix Nouveaux bill at London Lyceum on April 18.

A string of headlining dates, both in London and out of town, is currently being finalised and will be announced shortly. Meanwhile, Sylvain is negotiating a record deal for this country, and he'll be releasing a single and album in the near future.

Club Left moves

THAT HAUNT of goatee beards and softly talking existentialist introverts, The Club Left, formerly of Wardour St., has now shifted its premise to Ronnie Scott's in nearby Frith St. Svengali Bernard Rhodes — "I'm after the C&A market" — has apparently decided to provide somewhere for London's beau monde to trickle over to on Sunday evenings. Ronnie's is normally the hot spot for visiting and resident jazz players, and the Club Left residence is a departure from normal policy. The 25th night of this month will find Vic Godard and his Subway Sect headlining, with various other pleasure outfits in support. £3.00 to your purse.

Plans for a 'barbaric' club

Now Geordie joins Jaz in Iceland

THE VOICE came to us as if swirling across chasms of time and space. " 'Ello," it said, "this is Jaz speaking from Iceland. I want to make a statement to the press."

By the ghost of Aleister Crowley! Could this be Jaz Coleman, the ex-Killing Joke singer who had mysteriously vanished after a Brighton gig several years ago only to reappear later in Iceland from where he told *NME*, in an exclusive interview last week, to "fuck off"? Yes, it could. And this is his message to the world.

"Another joke. Geordie from Killing Joke is reported to have joined Jaz in Iceland and they are currently working together with two other, Icelandic musicians. Together we now have our own management and we are opening a new club in Reykjavik, specialising in somewhat barbaric music, in abour two weeks time.

"Jaz and Geordie," the voice continued in doomy tones, "have made it clear that they want no further involvement or communication with the other half of Killing Joke and also, even more important, they also make clear their intention to continue with the name Killing Joke as they feel it is their right."

The voice went on to reveal that Jaz will soon be releasing an EP of material with various Icelandic musicians, and a new "Killing Joke" LP, recorded in Reykjavik, could be available by June, Two English gigs — one at Hammersmith Palais, one up north, possibly Manchester — were also planned for June, to be followed by some American dates.

Jaz has also completed a book, *Fortress*, to be published in "about three and a half weeks", although the voice seemed unsure as to the publisher or the genre of the book. Is it fiction? we inquired. "What?" said the voice. Fiction, you know, like a novel? "Yeah, like a novel, you could say that," replied the voice, with a long, cackling laugh.

The message ends thus: "We're in fine form, and not only working in the musical field. Myself and Geordie and the other two musicians find more in common than just playing music.

"Myself and Geordie will not be returning to England for any period of time and are now basing ourselves in Iceland. And also we wish to hasten to add that we despise the music scene, we only want their money, and we wish everybody else happy lives. Thank you very much and goodbye."

There followed a mysterious clicking sound, then dead silence. Quick as a bat out of Hades we contacted Killing Joke manager Brian Taylor. Had guitarist Geordie gone to Iceland?

Geordie and (inset) Jaz

"Not yet, but he intends to go," said Taylor, sounding as sick as the proverbial Tarot. "He's put his stuff on a boat in Felixstowe. But the band are still hoping to talk to him seriously about his future. It's utterly stupid, I can't see Iceland becoming the focal centre of the music business."

And Jaz's claim to the name Killing Joke?

"I think legally he's a bit out of order. He's got no right."

Are you going to try and stop him using the name?

"You don't stop people like that without literally stopping them with, like a Heavy Harry. I haven't really thought about it."

Do you know why they've gone to Iceland?

"I think they're both nuts, not to put too fine a point on it. They're disturbed, stupid, crazy. It's all to do with this fucking magic Jaz is into. It's like he's almost taken over Geordie's mind or something. Now they're gonna set up in Iceland on some bloody leyline focus and wait for IT — so afterwards they can be Big In Iceland. I mean, great, great!

"The happiest day of their lives will be when the holocaust comes, just so they can say I told you so."

You're a bit annoyed then?

"What does one say in the circumstances? There's just a tremendous relief and release now they've gone. They're the biggest bastards under the sun. They never gave me a day's peace since I met them, two years ago. I'm glad they've gone."

Anything else?

"Yeah, I'm also glad Jaz has at last taken to doing his own publicity."

He does seem to have found his *forte*. This joke could run and run.

Jam at QPR CND show?

THE JAM contacted *NME* this week to confirm that they're hoping to play an open-air show at the Queen's Park Rangers football ground in West London on July 10, as exclusively reported last week. And they revealed that they intend it to be a CND benefit, with four or five other bands on the bill.

As *NME* has already pointed out, it all depends upon a licence being granted, though the Labour-controlled GLC could react favourably to the CND element, as their anti-nuclear attitude is common knowledge.

But even though the concert is still subject to licence, it seems that QPR have already received numerous ticket enquiries. And The Jam have asked us to stress that there's no way tickets will be available until — and if — the show is confirmed.

Motorhead off

MOTORHEAD, fed up with the problems they've encountered from Cambridge local authorities, have now cancelled their planned big-top show in the city on Easter Monday. The tent was originally due to be erected on land belonging to St John's College but, after consultations with the police, the bursar withdrew permission.

It was then switched to private land at Chesterton, just outside Cambridge, but pressure from the authorities continued — and although no actual ban was imposed, the band decided to call off the concert, rather than have it cancelled on the day itself. Ticket holders may obtain cash refunds from the point of purchase.

Plans for Motorhead to headline a London festival, organised by Hell's Angels, are still highly tentative.

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ROY CARR sees Sandie Shaw launch her post-Puppet career with British Electric Foudation. Picture: PENNIE SMITH

"Truprint!"

A comeback with no strings attached

THERE'S an inherent sadness common to all those making the last-ditch stand known as the *comeback:* world-weary, nervous and lacking any flicker of self-confidence. Even an artificial tan, a face-lift or clothes so new you can still smell them can't camouflage that look of fear that forever dulls their eyes.

Not so with Sandie Shaw. Her eyes are crystal clear, of the brightest blue and sparkling with self-assurance.

Yet Sandie Shaw's sudden return to active public life — as a contributor to the British Electric Foundation's 'Music Of Quality And Distinction' concept — has already resulted in certain columnists filing somewhat misleading *comeback* storylines.

If, in the early '70s, her withdrawal from performing was arrived at after deliberation, then so too has been her recent re-entry. Like she says, "I realised that it didn't bother me if I was singing professionally or just around my kitchen."

As we converse over coffee in the empty basement bar of the Portobello Hotel, it's remarkable how little she's physically changed over the years.

"I didn't want to become a cliche," she asserts, "and that's precisely what would have become of me had I not stopped when I chose to. I couldn't really see what to do next and there didn't seem to be any point just going around in circles doing the same things."

Sandie Shaw was a star at the age of 17. An Adam Faith protege, in 1964 she topped the UK singles chart with an aching-heart adaptation of Dionne Warwicke's 'There's Always Something There To Remind Me'.

Immediately afterwards, she teamed up with songwriter Chris Andrews to produce a succession of international hits that included 'Girl Don't Come', 'I'll Stop At Nothing', 'Long Live Love', 'Message Understood' and 'How Can You Tell'.

Skinny, short-sighted and vulnerably sexy, her classic fringe cut and cheek bones made her striking appearance easy enough for girls to emulate without too much difficulty. For a time, Britain seemed to be overcrowded with lookalikes.

Furthermore, her celebrated 'gimmick' of always singing barefoot made Sandie Shaw perfect material for an entire generation of impressionists.

"It's important to understand projection . . . . the way styles are created is that people project onto you what they are and think it's you, when in fact it's really them all the time."

At 21, Sandie Shaw married one of this country's foremost fashion designers, Jeff Banks. By the time she reached her mid-20s, she had put her career on hold.

"I felt that I had nothing to offer that really meant anything to me and to continue would have only made me so dreadfully unhappy."

Furthermore, both Chris Andrews and herself felt slightly lost in the early days of the '70s. "The style of songs suddenly changed," her succinct summation of the situation.

Not for Sandie Shaw the institutionalized career moves opted for by Cilla Black and Lulu and the closed-shop circuit of guest stars who forever appear on one another's TV series.

"That's why TV has lost much of its young audience. It's time that old pals' act changed . . . they should have Rolf Harris working with the likes of David Sylvian . . . I mean, why not . . . people are far too snobbish about such things!"

While so many of her contemporaries persistently drive home the fact that they are "showbiz personalities" — when the 'fridge light goes on they instinctively belt out a greatest hits medley — Sandie Shaw didn't have to resort to such vacuity to enjoy a balanced life.

"I'm aware of what I achieved, so I didn't need to continue to prove it to other people. I know it doesn't sound glamorous, but I genuinely enjoyed being a mum and watching my little girl grow up . . . so why lead a stereotyped showbiz lifestyle, forever doing what other people expect of you?

"If you've got the bottle, then just stand back and take a look at what's going on around you. I suppose it's all down to the way one equates success. All I know is that it's pointless if at the end of the day you're unhappy.

"If your existence depends entirely upon whether or not a record is selling, then you've got a very dodgy life."

IN LOOKING to the immediate future — an EP and accompanying video — Sandie Shaw is not about to discard her past. Whilst having a genuine affection for her former teenage self, at 35 she has that part of her life in perspective.

"You can't ever recreate the past," she insists, mindful of the public's current obsession with resurrecting the '60s. Indeed, if there's one thing that irritates her, it's this continuous cover version controversy regarding her new single, 'Anyone Who Had A Heart' — a song previously recorded by Cilla Black, Dusty Springfield and Dionne Warwick.

"I'm an interpretative vocalist. It should be just as interesting for people to hear Sandie Shaw sing a particular song in precisely the same way as artists like Frank Sinatra, Ella Fitzgerald, Tony Bennett, will all record the same song, but the point of interest is their individual interpretations. And that's why I don't particularly see the reason for continually looking for new material, only to immediately discard it when there are so many excellent songs everywhere you turn. There shouldn't just be one way of singing any song."

Her brief involvement with BEF has been entirely successful on her own terms — and she doesn't need to be told that she's singing better than ever. It's now only a question of how to apply her creative skills.

"One thing is certain," she says in conclusion, "unless it feels comfortable then I really don't need to do it."

I anticipate that it won't require another ten years for Sandie Shaw to reach a decision.

Lowry

"Quick, you've got to organize a rescue squad. Elvis has disappeared inside one of his suits again!"

COMPETITION RESULTS

Mensi

Winner: Ian Anderson

Mensi lookalike

Spandau Ballet

Winner: Jethro Tull

Spandau Ballet lookalike

THE NME JIVE WIRE TAPE

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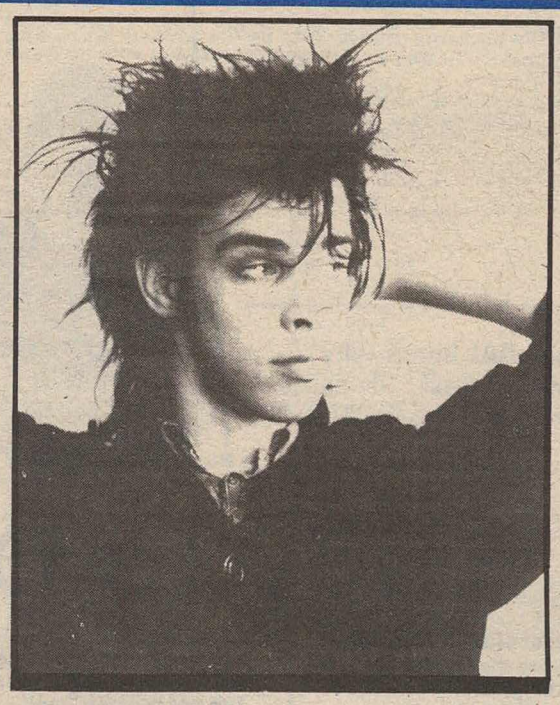
Buttonhole your newsagent today. It's a gone thing, otherwise.

portrait of the artist as a CONSUMER

BIRTHDAY PARTY



NICK CAVE

BEST THINGS

Anita
Wise Blood (the film, the book)
Cyrano De Bergerac (the film, the book)
The Stooges
Caroline Jones
The Fall
Evel Kneivel
Brad Douriff
Johnny Cash
Samuel Beckett
George Jones
Tanya Tucker (San Francisco)
Robert Mitchum
Ed 'Big Daddy' Roth

DEATHLIST

Supertramp ('Dreamer', 'Bloody Well Right')
Crucial 3
Stevie Wonder ('Sunshine Of My Life', 'Isn't She Lovely')
Dave McCullough

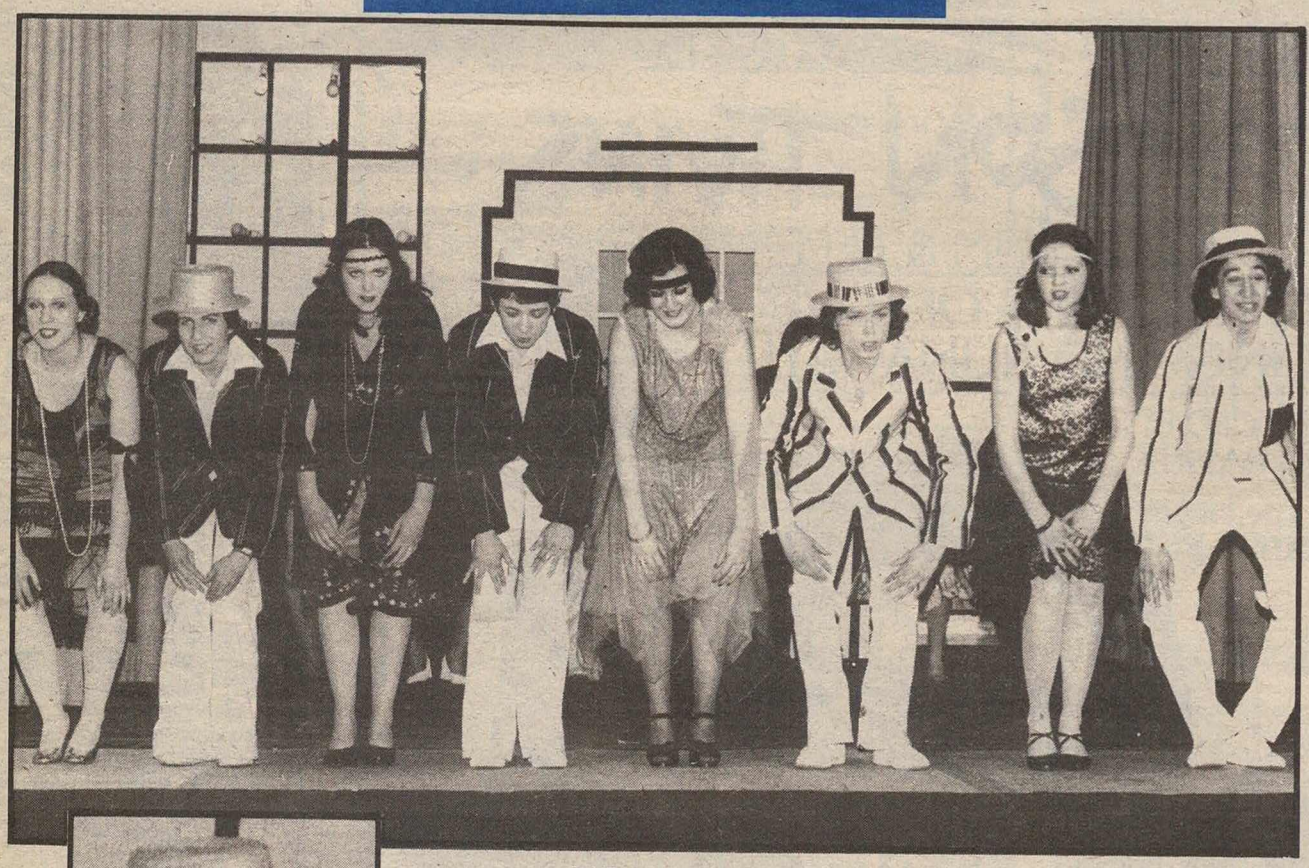
Rowland Howard, Nick Cave pix: Bleddyn Butcher

ROWLAND S. HOWARD

THINGS THAT MAKE LIFE WORTH LIVING

Hypnosis
Caroline Jones (As an alcoholic and Morticia Addams)
Night Of The Hunter (The book/the film. L.O.V.E./H.A.T.E. across the knuckles of Robert Mitchum/The Preacher)
The Story Of Love (Song (original) The Saints)
Raymond Chandler
Dashiel Hammett
Anaesthetists
Lee Hazelwood ('Some Velvet Morning' — put manic surrealism and reversed country and western guitars in the American Top 40)
Manhattan Island (Loud volley of jazz drum fire)
Crime And The City Solution (Hypnotists)
Gloomy Sunday (A song. American radio promote the practice of suicide)
The Bark Tree (Book by Raymond Queneau)
Fireworks (Song by The Tuff Monks/Emotion/Dirt/One damn fine mess)
Chuckle Buster (Anything. Writing. Drawing etc.)
Klaus Kinski (and all other practising vampires)
Walk On By (Song Pain and the Anaesthetic)
Adulterers Anonymous (Book by Lydia Lunch)
The End (Song by The Doors. End of this list.)

BLACKMAIL CORNER



Picture Quiz Special!!

TAKE A LOOK at the cheeky snap from the past we have been naughty enough to reproduce above — remember, one of these dandyish boomps-a-daisy amateur players is a STAR in today's nebulous pop firmament! Does the picture show:

a) Recent auditions for the West End remake of Noel Coward's little known bedroom farce *I'm Not Feeling Myself Tonight?*
b) Last week's World's End unveiling of the latest 'New Romantic' 'look' — the F Scott Fitzgerald Jazz Age ragtime ensemble, boaters and blazers for the guys, beads and bands for the dolls, and hands permanently glued to thighs in 'morning after' vomitting position?
c) An Episcopalian version of *Hair!*
d) none other than SPANDAU BALLET'S GARY KEMP (third from left) taking the lead role six years whence in a school production of *The Boyfriend?*

We'll leave you to guess, readers! But doesn't Gary poos — oops! — look like David Cassidy? And as a point of comparison, on the left we have a fab pic of dishy Gaz 1982 — phew, how times change! And fashions don't get any more sensible, do they?

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Box 3

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Live in Paris on May 16th
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FOREIGNER

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1st May. Price £54. Departs morning 30th, returns 2nd.
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Luxury coach journey ● Cross Channel ferry ●
Accommodation in top class hotel ●
Box 5
Skipper shuttle available. **Price £39.**
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Details as above minus hotel. Box 6

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Amsterdam, 23rd May
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Return morning 24th
Hotel accom. Box 7.

Brussels, 24th May
Price £37
Depart morning 24th
Return morning 25th
No accom. Box 8.

FRANK ZAPPA

Ahoy Theatre, Rotterdam, 15th May. £40.
Depart morning 15th, return morning 16th. Price includes ● Tickets for concert ● Luxury coach trip ● Accommodation in good hotel ● Cross Channel ferry. Box 9

DURAN DURAN

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RY COODER

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Luxury coach trip ● Night's accommodation ● Tickets for concert. Box 11.

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Lords debate blank tape

THE MUSIC business finally got its Parliamentary debate on the proposed new copyright laws.

It came in the Upper House last week when Labour Lord Lloyd of Hampstead — expressing the precise sentiments of the industry — initiated an attack on last year's Government Green Paper on copyright.

He baulked, in particular, at the handling of the home taping question, accusing the Government of being lax in its support of copyright owners.

He was endorsed by Labour Lord Willis — author of *Dixon Of Dock Green* — who suggested the Government "didn't care a tinker's damn. . ."

The Government's answer to all this was that it was still officially in a period of "Consultation", but nothing was said to suggest it had changed its view that a levy on blank tapes was anything but inequitable, inflationary and unlikely to get to those with the greatest claim.

Paul Widger (left) and Charlie Collins. Pic: Pete Care

Roger Quail (left) and Terry Todd. Pic: Pete Care

AMRIK RAI hears why Sheffield's latest deviants aren't about to jack in The Box

Boxed in—but ready to DVAte

CLOCK DVA were about deviation. They put the radical into Mr. Martin Fry's new dance faction. The DVA hybrid contortions of a seedier funk were its manifesto.

On May 11, 1981, shortly after releasing the classic debut album 'Thirst', Clock DVA was terminated in nothing more radical than a violent personality clash.

Now, almost a year later, the DVA drums, sax and guitar (not to mention a Chant and a Cab) are creating sharp noises in the west side of Sheffield.

"We are the antidote to everything that's come out of Sheffield in the last 12 months."

The Box certainly don't adhere to any recognisable rock 'n' roll stereotypes. They create — no discover — bizarre rhythms in a discordant dance. A smattering of jazz penetrates the layered hysteria of sound.

The Box is noise: Paul Widger and Charlie Collins.

The Box is rhythm: Terry Todd and Roger Quail.

Stephen Mallinder is a rockstar but he can box too.

It's taken The Box close to a year to perfect their peculiar brand of atonality.

"The vocals were the main cause of delay. We weren't looking for a singer. What we needed was a sound, an instrument to deliver the lyrics."

The lengthy auditions failed to provide the creative but extreme voice they needed. Instead they borrowed Mal from Cabaret Voltaire to perform the vocal chores.

"Mal came down to see us rehearse and offered to help out with the voice. He's got too many other commitments to be anything more than temporary though."

Mal's sharp, aggressive rant adds an edge to the sometimes chaotic abstraction. The Box need him more than they would like to admit.

"It was difficult at first. I was trying too hard to sing *to* the music. Now I just try to fit my voice in amongst the rhythms."

Their recent live debut at The Marples in Sheffield was a distinct triumph. At a time when the music scene has regressed into repetition and

The Lone Groover — Benyon

THIS IS IT — TH' BIG ONE — I'VE GOT YOU A MAJOR GIG....
OH SURE! HA!
... THIS ONE WILL PUT YA RIGHT IN TH' WORLD'S EYE....
SMACK!
....OF COURSE IT WILL MEAN A LOTTA TRAVEL.....
ABROAD? HOW MARVEY!
TAP TAP
.... TO TH' ROXY.... AHEM.... ER.... IN... ER.... PORT STANLEY... ON TH'... ER FALKLAND.... COUGH... ISLANDS.....
AHEM!
COUGH
SHEESH! IT MUST BE GOOD — THAT NAME SEEMS TO RING SOME SORT OF BELL.....

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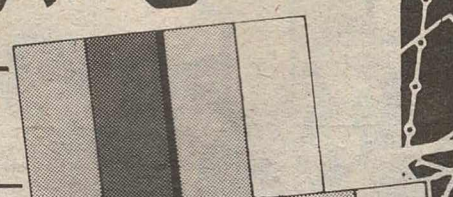

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Album: TELP 2
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pandering to the converted, it was heartening to detect a sense of confusion amongst the watchers. Those people will come and see The Box again for all the right reasons. When the current trends seem to be heading towards two-track concept albums, bland pop and self-indulgent solos, The Box are creating the entire range of emotions in two-minute shockers.

"A lot of bands now are taking ethics from the early 1970s, whereas we prefer to take our influences from a later period in that things are best said direct and to the point. We'd just get bored playing 20-minute songs."

A powerful demo tape has also generated interest from London promoters.

"There is a possibility that we'll be playing at Heaven and possibly The Fridge, although nothing's been confirmed yet."

A recording contract is an obvious priority, but The Box are keen to play live a few more times before putting anything on record.

"The ideal situation for us would be a deal with a reputable independent with a good distribution network.

"We're not prepared to be part of a major set-up where there are a lot of little people running around trying to hype you into doing things . . . like appearing with Toyah or something.

"The music scene is definitely regressing. It's actually gone back to people wanting to sign to big companies . . . wanting to be pop stars. And the actual audiences are being convinced of this through people like the *NME* who, over the last year or so, have been saying that what everyone wants to be is a star . . . and that the public should make these people stars. It's all gone full circle."

Somehow I can't see The Box ever becoming part of the circle.

Illustration: Mark Fairnington

What's up, Doc?

ANDREW TYLER sees the world's top physicians conferring against the bomb in Cambridge. If you were worried about stoned American GIs with their finger on the nuclear trigger, you should read what their Russian counterparts get smashed on...

THE IMAGE of the drug-happy GI is becoming familiar. Now, it would seem, the Soviets have something approaching parity — both in terms of conventional debauchery and extreme weirdness.

An anti-war conference in Cambridge was told over the weekend that alcoholism has hit 18 to 30 per cent of the USSR military, while among forces stationed in the Ukraine there is a fashion for shoe polish sandwiches, windshield wiper fluid and even anti-freeze designed for trucks. The latter drives men insane or blind if it doesn't kill them first.

Such habits could be among possible triggers to a nuclear war, according to a Texas professor of political economy, Lloyd Dumas.

Dumas was addressing the second congress of International Physicians For The Prevention of Nuclear War (IPPNW), a gathering of several hundred elite medics from both sides of the iron divide. Brezhnev's cardiologist — an IPPNW founder — was to have been the star turn but a "broken leg" — or was it duty to his ailing master — held him back at the last moment.

It was Dumas, in the event, who inflamed the delegates' imagination with startling data indicating that the men with their pinkies on the nuclear button were anything but reliable extensions of machines that were themselves thoroughly untrustworthy.

Work in the underground silos and in the nuclear subs, he said, was boring, routine and stressful, and yet it required precision at all times. It required operators to be isolated from the rest of humanity and yet "be constantly poised on the edge of destroying humanity. They were forced to live with the fact that they might become accomplices in the greatest mass destruction in human history."

No wonder, said the Texan, there was a drug and weird behaviour syndrome among nuclear operatives.

According to a 1978 US radio report, 20 per cent of the crew of an American navy carrier were using opiates, while among the "elite Berlin Brigade" a drug counsellor discovered a hard core heroin habit shared by seven to 10 per cent, with casual heroin usage undertaken by a massive 65 per cent.

America has a 'failsafe' system called the Personal Reliability Programme, which is intended to root out the unreliables, and yet — according to one serviceman who worked in a silo — the PRP merely increased paranoia, driving operatives into deeper and more dangerous isolation.

"If we cannot escape our fallibility," said Dumas to a gathering storm of applause, "we must activate our instincts which are also part of the human make-up. And our instinct for survival tells us the only way out is nuclear disarmament."

THE CONFERENCE itself managed an interesting coup. It assembled top flight military men from the US, USSR and the UK — all on one platform, all considering how a war in Europe might break out.

From Britain there was former chief of defence staffs Lord Carver; from the Soviet Union, General Mikhail Milstein; and from the US, ex commander in chief of Pacific forces Admiral Noel Gayler.

Carver was stiff and humourless. He argued for reductions rather than abolition of N weapons and thought conventional forces ought be upgraded to take the strain.

Milstein was a pugnacious, canny performer. He said that the idea of a nuclear war being either limited or winnable was "dangerous madness". Russia, he claimed, was pledged to never strike first — although the same didn't hold true for NATO.

It was General Gaylor, however — deadpan and wry — who imposed himself best.

"We must recognise," he opened, "there are no black hats and white hats in this arena. The USSR is not the enemy. The USA is not the enemy. Nuclear weapons are the enemy and we must get rid of them."

Specifically he urged that

■ *Continues over*

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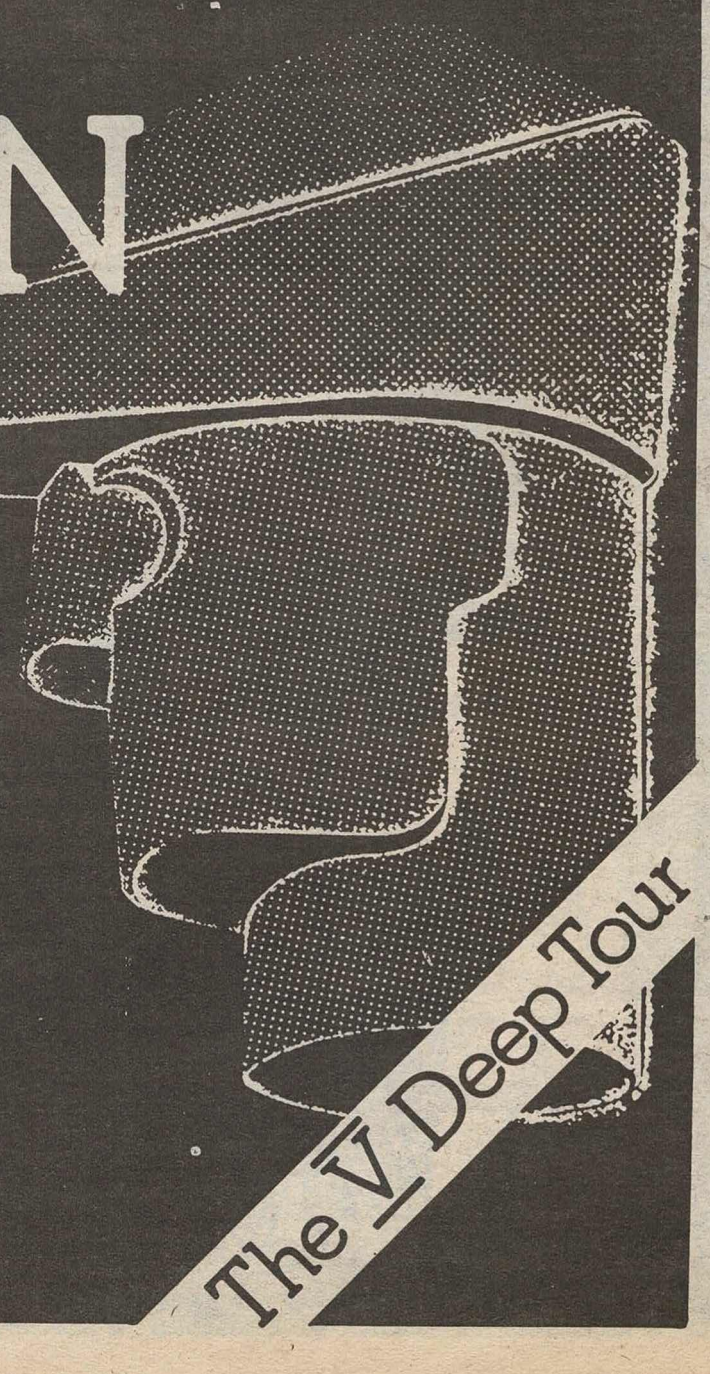


The V Deep Tour

What's up, Doc?

the two opposing blocs respect each other's security and principles; that they take each other's arms reductions proposals more seriously and courteously instead of instantly denouncing them to the media as propaganda.

There should be no dependence on nuclear weapons for any purpose and no first strike or nuclear war fighting doctrines. It had to be recognised that nuclear weapons "had no sensible military utility . . . events in the South Atlantic have proved it.

"We have to get into a problem solving mood," said the Admiral. When that happened he was "very optimistic talks could be fruitful".

The three-way exchange contained an element of point scoring but no rancour. At the end Yank, Brit and Ruskie shook hands and the world-wide medics were elated.

"Nuclear war", said IPPNW co-founder Professor Bernard Lown of Harvard, "is the number one health problem. It is the final epidemic for which the only remedy is prevention."

It was the job of people in the healing profession to "engender a sense of social revulsion . . . to create a worldwide mass movement".

Can they make it?

There are signs that the political far left already sees IPPNW as a coterie of elite bourgeois, while young stuck-up medical students — according to a subversive member of their ranks I spoke to — consider the movement scatty, pie in the sky.

Potentially it is the strongest non-political international anti-war lobby in existence.

— ANDREW TYLER

● *Plutonium Blondes talks to Bruce Kent: page 38*

Is there more to those naughty balloon men than meets the eye? Or is it all just hot air? ANDREW TYLER asks the Greatest Show On Legs what they do for an encore

So what happens when the OTT bubble bursts?

THE GREATEST Show On Legs are those absolute rascals who performed the naked balloon dance for zany, whacky etc *OTT* and, boy! what a howling sensation that caused.

How about this from the *Observer's* Clive James: "One of the funniest routines I have ever seen on television." Or this from a leftish London magazine who'd obviously seen more of them than James: "camp didacticism". So is this a cult in the offing?

The troupe's publicist thinks so. Knows so. And says she has the photographs to prove it.

"What sort of photographs do you want?"

Well er . . .

See them down the Half Moon, Putney on the 23rd, she urged, and I said, yeah great.

The man on the Half Moon door was probably Giant Haystack's big brother. Four hundred stone. Mean and mottled beard. You know the sort.

"Have yer 'and stamped if yer going out."

"Certainly."

Bet he was sweet as lemon sole really.

I did like the jackets The Box Bros were wearing. The black and white shiny check one. They play regularly with Legs now, supplying a crisp swing and bop background on which Legs peg their traditional fart and earwax humour.

Box do three or four attractive pieces and then Martin 'Sir Ralph' Clarke of Legs appears togged in dinner suit, a couple of steps behind his champagne glass.

Clarke is the high class end of the troupe. He comes from the London fringe intelligentsia and was with an outfit called Last Resort (not the East End mob) until nine months ago. It was then his two former playmates were plucked into TV writing for *Nine The Not The Clock News* and *OTT*.

Having announced the evening's merriment Clarke bunks off, leaving it to Martin Soan and Malcolm Hardy — the root aspects of Legs. The founders and writers. And how well they lay the ground with an opening sketch that has Hardy reciting the *"once more into the breach dear friend"* speech from *Henry V*, his arms stuffed down his tunic, and Soan pressed up close behind doing the frenzied gesticulations on his behalf.

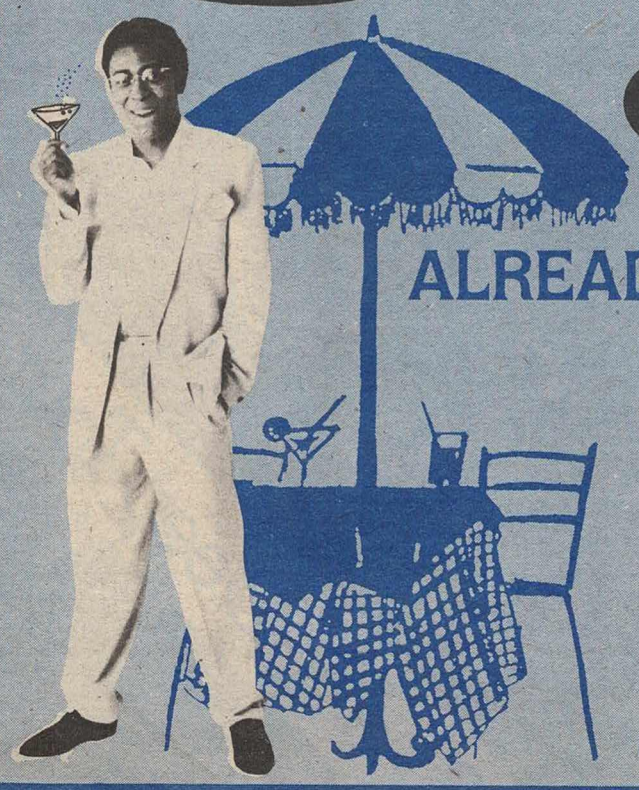
They follow with *"my kingdom for a horse"* from *Richard Three* and by now there is forceful tittering in the place. But it all slacks off from here — not the ideas, which are often stabbingly funny, but the dialogue and delivery.

Hardy — as front man — has a slobbishness that is slobbish to the core, when what he badly requires is refinement; more of the mime precision exhibited by partner Soan (the lithe and pretty one) who, as an ex Punch and Judy traveller, has obviously learnt the clean zen sweep from physical point A to B. Could Hardy have been *his* arms for the *Henry Five* speech? No.

But listen, the ideas are great over a pint: a common as muck housewife using a vacuum cleaner as sex object; a silent movie called *The Eviction* for which the house lights flash on and off, providing that old time flicker; a spoof on a pipe tobacco ad but this time a Fiesta Fetherlite is smoked instead of ready rub. . .and yet, after the soliloquies only Soan's army boot and smelly sock striptease made the grade. The inevitable balloon finale

■ *Continues page 11*

Junior's got a big one.



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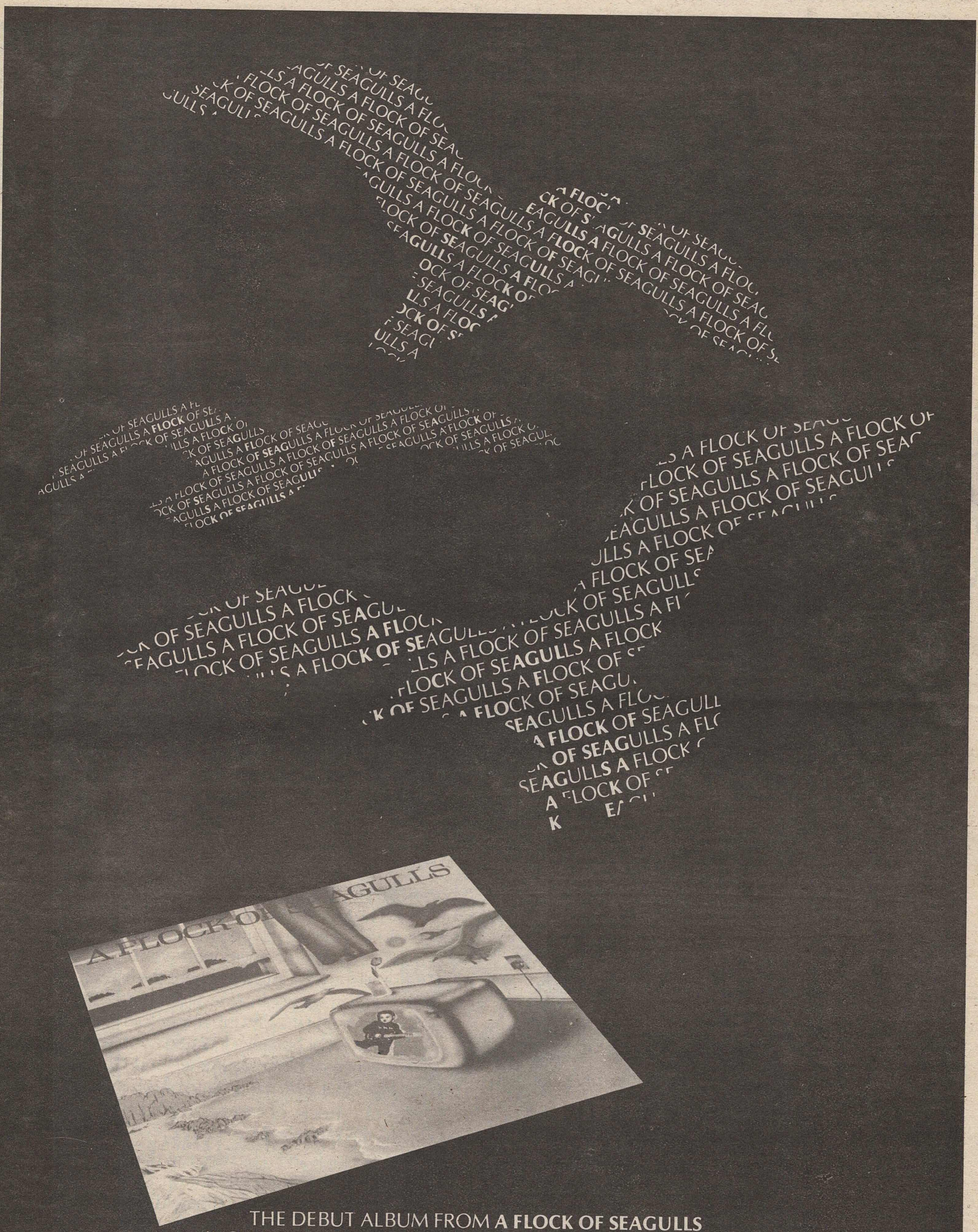
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AROUND THE SOUNDS WITH BASF.

7. FUNK

In the final analysis the tunes don't matter, image is irrelevant and the words are barely worth discussing.

In the end it's all down to a matter of rhythm: the precise interlocking pulse of bass, drums, horns and whatever else you've got on hand.

(Even whistles are admissible as long as they help rather than hinder the production of that relentless pumping action from which funk is fashioned).

Maybe that's why so many funk songs are pure hymns of praise to funk.

Take George Clinton. His whole Parliament/Funkadelic/Bootsy's Rubber Band collective groove thang has been developed along the lines of some outrageously flash advertising agency, charged with tirelessly proclaiming the magical properties of funk.

This stuff saves souls, solves world problems, removes ingrained dirt and unwanted stains; it damn near cures the common cold.

But whether you're talking about that extreme variety or Michael Jackson's exquisitely manicured sound, the psychedelic excursions of The Isleys or The Crusaders and their snake-hipped jazz rhythms, the fact remains that if the people don't dance then you don't stand a chance.

In the late 60s, as rock began flirting with improvisation, black outfits were also shrugging off the strictures of the 4-minute song in pursuit of a new brand of R&B.

In the vanguard were Sly and the Family Stone, and they sold themselves rock-style: they came on all fierce and tribal, they played outdoors, they were a full blown band.

When they cut loose, they all went for it; crackling guitars, blazing horns, mesmeric jive vocals, plain impossible drums, all inciting each other (and the audience) to get high-er.

Sly set the pattern for 70s funk; intricately arranged, furiously disciplined yet apparently fired by spontaneous combustion.

But let's not forget James Brown, the self-styled and undisputed Godfather of it all.

He'd pioneered the dance record as pure aural hypnosis. His arrangements were near military (sidemen were fined for each bum note), strewn with sudden spaces and blood-curdling shrieks.

Bottled tension, no less.

These two, though, were commercial beginners compared to the names who hit paydirt during the disco boom of the Mid-Seventies.

The Commodores, Chic, Earth Wind & Fire and Stevie Wonder developed the rhythmic itch alongside quasi-orchestral arrangements which helped take the music all the way uptown (where the happy people go).

Disco as a complete all-embracing lifestyle had been fermenting in the gay clubs for untold years but it was the commercial bonanza initiated by the simultaneous emergence of Donna Summer and "Saturday Night Fever" that gave it the status of a phenomenon.

Rock, of course, treated such transparent escapism with disdained.

But it's funk and disco and rap that today's most refreshing charts groups are building on.

And it's only in the discos that all that stuff about music-as-international-language starts to take on a little conviction.

Blame it on the boogie.

BASF

NEXT WEEK: PUNK

BASF. THE BEST SOUND AROUND.

Issued by BASF in the interests of better listening.

LOVE VERSUS LUST — NME JOINS THE MASS DEBATE AND COMES OVER ALL SERIOUS

Don't you think pornography dehumanises us?

DANGEROUS VISIONS

By IAN PENMAN

DR JACK DOMINION, Christian psychiatrist, currently plays host to **Love**, the most shabby magazine programme on TV (ITV Sundays 6.00 pm — God's prime time).

Dr Dominion — whose name has evidently walked out of a Marvel comic — is a modern guy. His speciality a video recorder full of illustrative film clips which he switches On and Off at the wrong times — too soon, too late — and a heavily distracting pair of ears; pardon my aesthetic rudeness, Jack, but for a talking head, independent appendages are a distinct disadvantage.

In the first instalment we saw "love portrayed as a bond with our parents, traced back over the course of our gradual separation". Jack can't take the separation, closes it up with Him: "this take us naturally to God" — the incomplete human filled.

By now psychoanalysis and religion were looking at each other like Cain and Abel on a computer date, but things hotted up in Week Two: "although the fear of incest keeps parents and children apart sexually, they can still remain good friends" — hee hee — "and even enjoy non-erotic hugs". Ah yes, the good old non-erotic hug — where *would* we be without it?

Teeny talking heads talked unabashedly about Doing It, mostly in moral terms, backing up Jack's household dogma about the undesirability of "merely physical pleasure", an area where his syntax could have done with a slicker scriptwriter: "whenever bodies meet they encounter whole persons" — well, if they're lucky — "and love is only present when the conditions are appropriate; which means the continuity, reliability and predictability of marriage". One could feel the sight of God boring tin holes in one's pro-erotic neck. The only jab in favour of us Fallen came from a pretty Scots lass, who countered Jack's invincible hand of "affection, trust, tenderness and commitment" with some good old-fashioned scabby materialism: "I've never believed that people would take me for what I am, so I've bought them with anything I could, with money, drugs. . ."

A washed-out young girl, toyed with her crucifix pendant and offered her considered definition of lurv: "Everything we did was fun, even the boring things". Like non-erotic hugs, presumably. Jack beamed towards a cosy fireside conclusion — "the ultimate consummation of love and sex finds its meaning in marriage".

I thought of the partners portrayed in a Mike Leigh play. Jack countered with a couple who were getting spliced for "all the right reasons. Malcom is a chartered accountant. . ." Now there's a non-erotic snug.

EROTICISM of a different bent came up for analysis in BBC2's **Newsweek**, which tentatively tested the oft-claimed link between sexual crime and available pornography.

This was a disappointing investigation, as beached and inflexible in its own way as *Love*. Pornography was a *given* — a self-evident attribute presumably ingrained in glaringly obvious visual instances. It didn't touch upon the gradual evolution from 'erotic art', via Victoriana's watershed, to the 1950s cultural crunch — when we shifted from the fuzziness of 'erotic art' to porn's mapping out of all sexual geography (fetish, S&M, etc). In 1953, *Playboy* brought nudity — not counting Nat. Geographic — onto the newstands, cheesecake carnality nestling naturally between other manly concerns like the latest Bugatti, and merlin fishing. The floodgates were creaking open.

Today's pornography seems to have taken a scalpel to the idea of the female corpus as house for the 'mystery' of sex, and dishes up an anatomical textbook without the labels. Where certain areas of arty eroticism — Helmut Newton *et al* — pitch into the subversive gap between flesh and print (the acutal and the aesthetic), the backroom pornographer has discarded pretension altogether. The power of porn now lies in an allure it paradoxically denies; but let's be careful with our definitions.

Newsweek started with a common mistake and defined its subject in purely *moral* terms — the danger of which is that 'pornography' as a label always threatens to attach itself to anything uncommonly explicit. Pornography is simply the *direct* voice which otherwise titters in sitcom or is sultry and insidious in advertising, which flows over into the pulp sex reads on a WH Smith newstand.

Should, in this pretty ghastly society, porn be isolated as a cause rather than a symptom? However *aesthetically* offensive a cultured viewer finds an un-glossy 'come shot', the question is whether it stimulates in its audience the kind of response which will lead to violence. In that sense, it might be said that a skilful, vivid, hi-tech-realism Hollywood crime movie is more likely to seduce the unstable viewer. . . because the gap between reality and fantasy is so much more difficult to demarcate. Aestheticsare *powerful*.

Newsweek wheeled on liberals, radical feminists, the voice of the Right(eous), par-for-the course mad scientists and the managing director of a nationwide porn chain. Most of these were less than useless, but the porn shop manager especially wasn't going to provide much insight — or provide much more than a juicy bit of TV confrontation, in fact. His skewered logic verged on black humour, and irretrievably muddled the issue somewhere around inflatible, lovable *Teenage Girl:* "and don't forget you've got to cater for the invalid person, or the divorced or separated person". Do they need *teenage* girls? countered *Newsweek*. "Well, there's quite a variety they can choose from."

The episode with representatives of Women Against Violence Against Women was no less funny, no more helpful. These supposedly intelligent women aligned themselves with Mary Whitehouse, and seemed set to roundly condemn every public manifestation (sorry: *man*ifestation, am I allowed to use that?) of sex's powerful caprice. One of the girls inadvertently put her finger on their ideological backwardness when spouting a load of nonsense about S&M: "It's obviously about violence," she whispered incredulously at the thought of it; adding, almost as an afterthought, "against women". Laugh? I fell out of my stirrups!

Newsweek moved from the jerk-off booths of Soho to a New York psychiatric clinic, where a control experiment staight out of *Clockwork Orange* was held up as definitive proof that psychopathic characters responded to the incitement of sexually violent material (amazing!). Dr Gene Abel had the requisite wild white fuzzy hair, and that Kermit voice American scientists all seem to possess. He twirled a wire loop between finger and thumb: "We measure actual erection response: we can tell if they have 3% or 27% of an erection".

An interview with one of Dr Abel's subjects, a convicted child molester, established that prior to his offence he had perused "literature illustrating sex acts on children by adults". This seemed to prove little other than that the duped children and the doped psychopath were equally exploited by the everyday 'sane' adults in the middle.

"By drawing us into its vortex," Pauline Kael once said of Scorsese's *Taxi Driver*, "it makes us understand the psychic discharge of the quiet boys who go berserk." If only TV tried a bit harder to do the same.

Newsweek left us stranded between male intellectual liberals being aligned with pimps and pornographers, and feminism with the Festival of Light. Don't look at *me* like that! I was with Dr Who, much earlier in the week, when he looked at the machinery and muttered: *"There's an inhibition factor inherent in the programming. . ."*

"Wonderful news, darling! The doctor says we're going to have a dinghy . . ." Pic: Peter Anderson

I feel it's been blown up out of all proportion

Greatest Show

■ *From page 8*

was no kind of climax at all.

Are they bored with their old batch of laughs? Yes, virgin on it (he he).

HARDY REVEALS that he will soon be locking himself away to deliver up a fresh batch — a phrase replete with irony considering that it was while locked away on a burglary charge during 1978 that the bulk of the current act was written.

He'd been driving his minicab in London S.E. one night, see, when this call comes through to pick a geezer up in Blackheath. It happens that the genius in question has just robbed a mansion and is looking for a cab ride home with his loot. Hardy innocently obliges and then gets numbered as the 'getaway' driver. . .is how he tells it.

Hardy goes back to the Bonzo Dogs of the '60s — for whom he used to play a little blues harp. His other main line was performing in pubs, such as Catford's Tigers Head, as DJ Wolf Hardy. "The name," he says, "came from a black dope dealer."

He later developed a stand-up comedy act that hung on mother-in-law jokes and the rest of that stale basket of fish.

Then in 1977 he ran into Martin Soan, whose Punch and Judy puppets were deep into the gob and vomit spirit of the day.

Hardy became his out-front 'interpreter' — the traditional medieval role that called for repetition, exposition in top hat and tails.

After the nick it was back to Sloan with the new writing, and portion by portion they transfigured themselves into the rapid fire sketch merchants of current times.

THE *OTT* break came as they were playing the Collegiate Theatre last July. It was as part of an enterprise called *The Mad Show* run by a couple of prankish double-barrelled chaps and featuring a geese juggler, an underwater pianist and "a bloke who climbed up a latter and threw a chain off".

The drawback was the riots. The press were otherwise diverted and nobody came. Except Chris Tarrant.

Legs appeared on the opening *OTT*. Then again some weeks later. And then again on Saturday's 'best of' prog . . .

Just this week Tarrant has described the troupe's work as "very well done, very together, very professional." But Hardy retorts that at *OTT* the atmosphere was inordinately tense. The product itself was "very bad".

"It does manage to attract a large following, but God knows why. I find it all a bit schoolboyish."

But aren't you also schoolboyish?

"No. Ours is tongue-in-cheek. There's this very serious attempt to be funny, like they were trying to organise spontaneity. Obviously they took on too much."

And he wasn't impressed with Alexei Sayle either.

"He didn't come over too well, did he? He couldn't do his club act. They censored him. I get the imprssion he was doing it for the money."

Legs could do with a little of the brass themselves. The furore of *OTT* pulled them something of a following in Amsterdam. There are also connections with the jolly wizz deb set. But nothing so correspondingly staggering as Tarrant and co.

They almost made *The Other Policeman's Ball*, says Hardy. They wrote to John Cleese asking for their armless soliliquy to be included in the Amnesty show. Cleese wrote back saying sorry, no room. . .and then performed something remarkably similar himself.

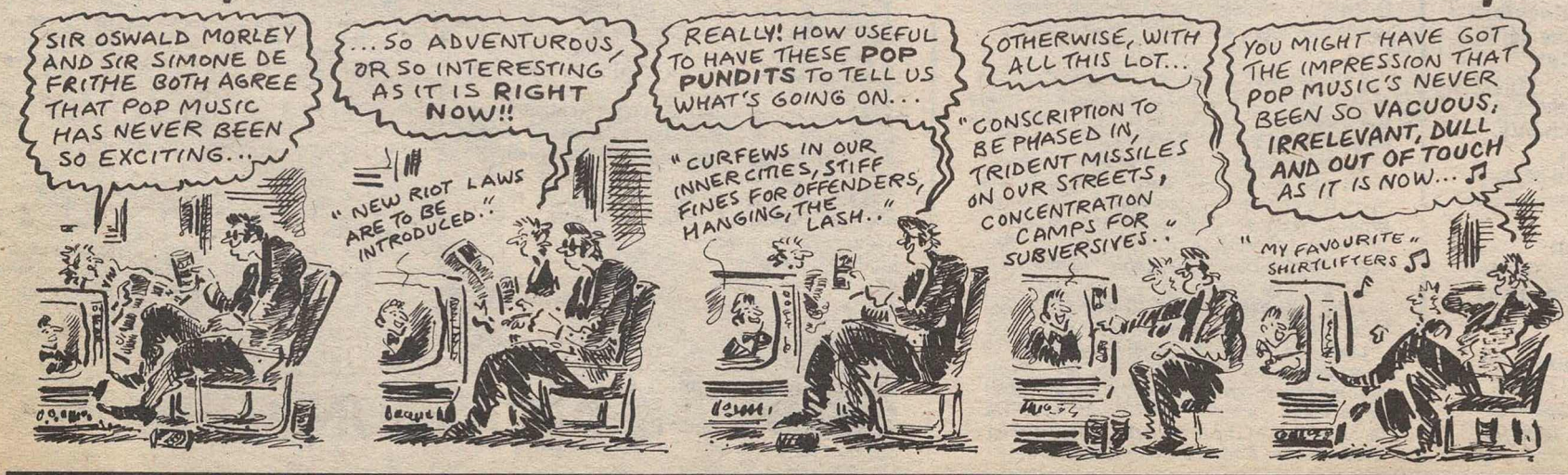
No copyright on genius, see.

So wither the GSOL?

Emphatically not says their publicist. . .*Comics Become Cult. . .The Greatest Show On Legs have taken the world by storm*, she squawks in a press release.

So why are the boys looking so twitchingly nervous? Perhaps it's called earning a living. That's no joke either.

Not Only Rock And Roll — Lowry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...SO ADVENTUROUS, OR SO INTERESTING AS IT IS RIGHT NOW!!
"NEW RIOT LAWS ARE TO BE INTRODUCED."
REALLY! HOW USEFUL TO HAVE THESE POP PUNDITS TO TELL US WHAT'S GOING ON...
"CURFEWS IN OUR INNER CITIES, STIFF FINES FOR OFFENDERS, HANGING, THE LASH.."
OTHERWISE, WITH ALL THIS LOT...
"CONSCRIPTION TO BE PHASED IN, TRIDENT MISSILES ON OUR STREETS, CONCENTRATION CAMPS FOR SUBVERSIVES.."
YOU MIGHT HAVE GOT THE IMPRESSION THAT POP MUSIC'S NEVER BEEN SO VACUOUS, IRRELEVANT, DULL AND OUT OF TOUCH AS IT IS NOW... ♫
"MY FAVOURITE" SHIRTLIFTERS ♫

NOT DROWNING BUT WAKELING

Are The Beat all at sea?
Dave Wakeling and Andy Cox set their feet firmly on dry land and talk to Graham Lock about commerce, commitment and singing in bed.

Photography: Pennie Smith

ON A RARE patch of parkland in the heart of Birmingham's Handsworth district, a very serious football match is underway.

On one side, a scratch team of passing schoolboys; on the other a bunch of slightly older young men, resplendent in their shiny new shorts. To begin with, the older team plays well: they rush around at great speed, call out phrases like "my ball" and "through the middle", and go one, *two*, THREE goals into the lead.

Ten minutes later, though, the game has undergone a dramatic transformation. The older team no longer rush around. Those members who are white-skinned now possess beetroot-red faces, while those who are black display an ashen-grey countenance. Many of them sit on the ground and rub their legs, while others gasp and grunt in desperation as the score rapidly changes: 3-1, 3-2, 3-3, 3-4. PWEEP! The Beat are beaten.

Handsworth's celebrated pop sextet have kept such a low profile in Britain these past few months that anxious fans have written to them asking if the band has broken up. Broken up, no. But broken down. . . ?

The Beat, you see, are currently in heavy training for a five-a-side charity tournament to be held on QPR's infamous astroturf in the middle of May. Their opponents will include teams from Fun Boy Three, Madness and Gillan. . .though Beat singer and guitarist Dave Wakeling is more daunted by the prospect of being interviewed by "whassis name, that guy with the pointed beard?"

"Do you think they'll have dope tests?" inquires Wakeling, with a grin. "My God, the results on Gillan could be horrendous. The other thing is, they've got this rule that people *connected* with bands can play. Knowing Stiff, they'll sign up a pool of 12 international footballers to make a salsa single, then draft them into the Madness team."

Football, though, is not the main thing on Wakeling's mind. Nine weeks ago, he became the proud father of a baby girl, Ingrid, and is now in a constant state of amazement at just how much babies can cry.

However, every trial brings its compensation.

"I do most of my writing at night", he explains, "and Dominique used to get mad when I woke her up singing in bed. Now she has to keep getting up to feed the baby, so she doesn't mind so much."

This is just as well. The affable Wakeling must have been singing in bed a lot recently because The Beat have just released a new single, 'Save It For Later', and are due to start recording their next LP — as yet untitled — within a fortnight: a burst of activity which ends what has been a testing time for the band.

A disappointing second LP in 'Wha'ppen', a switch of producers and a decision to manage themselves were followed last autumn by the single 'Hit It', The Beat's first fully-fledged flop. It was a sorry and confused state for a band who, barely two years before, had burst upon the world in a blaze of pop glory via a brilliant debut LP and a series of hit singles — 'Mirror In The Bathroom', 'Hands Off . . . She's Mine', 'Stand Down, Margaret', 'Best Friend' and 'Too Nice To Talk To' — which left everyone doubting that their own Go-Feet label could ever put a foot wrong.

Last year's setbacks engendered a bout of heart-searching from which The Beat have bounced back with fresh determination and hope. Plans are afoot for a US tour with The Clash, a visit to the international Festival Of Music, Dance And Arts at Shepton Mallet in June, and a renewal of their commitment to CND with an appearance at a Peace Festival in Vienna in August — "so people from East and West can sit in a field and all feel the same," jokes Wakeling, who maintains a healthy scepticism with regard to pop's proselytising capabilities.

Perhaps the only wrong step in recent Beat history was their appearance on *OTT*, possibly a case of commercial insecurity clouding their normally astute political judgement.

It's all go for Go-Feet, too. The Beat will release three new singles on their own Handsworth-based label over the next few months: 'Fire' by Birmingham reggae band Eclipse, 'Song Of Love' by Congo Cedric Myton, and 'A Go Talk' which features the band backing their own Ranking Roger and his mate Patu in what Wakeling says is either "a dual toast or a toasting duel".

The one shadow hanging over The Beat at present is Saxa's decision to retire from live shows and become just a "studio member" of the band. Touring has taken its toll on the ageing saxman's health, though his own habit of drinking rather than eating *or* sleeping while on the road can't have helped.

"We tried to tell him that food and sleep were, you know, necessary," grins Wakeling, "but he'd just say 'no, man, I'm on tour now'. It'll be a real problem to replace him on stage. It's not just, like, 'Can you play 32 songs?', it's also 'Can you dance around in a psychedelic hat?'"

The Beat singer has been revealing extra talents of his own. Not only do he and Ranking Roger supply most of the band's jubilant onstage charisma, Dave Wakeling has also grown into one of the most engaging and articulate interviewees in pop. Which means he's in *demand*.

Towards the end of last year, for example, he was on *World In Action*, talking about the miseries of unemployment; then, a few weeks later, he was discussing the nuclear threat in *NME* and explaining The Beat's support for the pro-CND 'Life In The European Theatre' LP to which they contributed 'I Am Your Flag'.

But Wakeling's role as figurehead is one in which he feels increasingly uneasy. "The other people in the band have just as interesting things to say," he insists. "I've got the gift of the gab, OK, but people attach too much importance to it. Like, I've just been voted Second Best Guitarist in a local paper's readers' poll, but my guitar playing is rubbish compared to Andy's (Cox, Beat lead guitarist). I know people only voted for me cos I'm always talking so much in the media. It's getting to be a real problem."

On the other hand, when you're as eloquent and as reasonable as Dave Wakeling is, why not use it?

Last weekend I travelled up to Birmingham to find out about The Beat's return to the pop fray. I met Wakeling and the laconic Andy Cox — both suffering from heavy doses of flu — in the latter's tiny terraced house in Handsworth. The talk straggled over several hours, interrupted by Cox's generous supply of tea and toasted teacakes, news bulletins about the Falkland Islands and rough demos of new Beat songs — a couple of which, incidentally, definitely recapture the tight, feisty sparkle of their best recordings. What follows is a highly-selective replay of the evening's chat.

"Compromise around the corner/can you hear accountants call?/could you refuse another dollar?/could you stop yourself from falling?"

LAST YEAR you decided to manage yourselves. Why?

Dave Wakeling: "Mm . . . cos it's so easy to palm it off on somebody else. And people generally had this desire to . . . protect you, really; so that very quickly you didn't *have* to come in contact with the real world.

"Things weren't working as well as they had in the first year, and it seemed to hint that we weren't taking enough responsibility. I think taking responsibility for *where* we play will make us take more responsibility for *what* we play — it'll make sure we've always got our feet on the ground."

Almost the first thing that happened after you started managing yourselves was that Arista released the wrong mix of 'Hit It', and it failed to reach the Top 50.

DW: "Well, it was our fault, really. We made the record then went off to America. We shouldn't have relied on someone else to tell the difference between the mixes.

"Having a flop really made us think about what we were doing. After two and a half

Dave Wakeling & Andy Cox face the future with a smile.

years in the same transit van, things were getting a bit stale. But since then a load of good ideas came up, so it kind of goaded us, I think."

Bob Sargeant, who produced your earlier records, didn't work on 'Hit It' but is doing your latest material. What's that all about?

Andy Cox: "He's a lot more confident now, since he's worked with Haircut 100. He doesn't feel he's got to rely on us — it got a bit like that on 'Wha'ppen' cos he'd never worked with anyone else."

DW: "On the first LP, he was, like, chairman of the board but by 'Wha'ppen' we could bully him too much, really."

AC: "I think we were too cocky on 'Wha'ppen'."

DW: "It's a shame, cos I like the songs on the second LP better than the songs on the first, but I don't like the execution of them or the feeling . . .

The music on 'Wha'ppen' sounds slower, looser, less well-focused than on the first LP.

DW: "The trouble was we'd been dancing at frenetic speed for 90 minutes every night between the first and second LPs, so it seemed *just* like what you needed. Like opening the car window on a hot day. We were sick of dancing fast, so I suppose it was a sort of overcompensation for that."

Coming back to 'Hit It', you said its failure made the band reassess their position, and I remember in Viv Goldman's *NME* piece last November, Roger was saying that once the band had made enough money, you'd probably retire. Was that a possibility at the time?

DW: "No, no . . . it had to be, like, *well* reassessed, to make it worthwhile our doing it. Cos unless we were gonna do it properly, get satisfaction from doing it, it probably would have been a good time to knock it on the head and say, well, you've done alright up to now, don't blot your copybook (laughs). So we'd have a sort of honourable exit or whatever.

"I mean, it *was* one of the choices, really: to think, do we wanna stop? Or, if we wanna carry on, why? Then once we'd found out, we did."

So why *do* you want to carry on?

DW: "The main reason's the one you can't put into words, the one that's to do with why you wanna be in a group playing music, really — cos there's no other way of getting that particular worm out of my system. And when you start to think you *could* just stop doing it, then there's a sudden sort of *hunger*, a reminder of why you did it in the first place."

Are you rich now?

DW: "Not particularly. Not as rich at all as I thought I would be (laughs). No, I mean when I used to watch *TOTP* and I saw any group more than once, I used to think 'Cor blimey, farm in Hertfordshire'— which I wouldn't particularly want, but I always presumed that it came with being on *TOTP*, and it hasn't at all.

"I'm certainly better off than when I was on the building site. I think probably, at the most, by about £40 a week. Which is fine — far more than I ever thought I'd earn. And otherwise, now, I'd be expecting, what, £23 on the dole? Oh, I forgot, I'm a married man, I might be getting £33.19!"

So that line in 'Drowning' about the "accountants call"?

DW: "A bit of wishful thinking, I'm afraid (laughs). Although the difference between those two wages is enough to bring the doubts on, especially cos you're dealing with songs that you *believe* in or *feel* about and somehow that gets tied up with earning money from 'em which, like, puts a question mark over it straight away, cos they don't really lie that comfortably together. They are not *natural* bedfellows at all.

"I dunno . . . I just worry about money. I always have, I've never really come to terms about it properly. What I have, I tend to spend right away so it won't cause any more trouble. 'Ere, ugh, get out of my pocket!"

If it's not money, what are the compromises you're most wary of drowning in?

DW: "It's those decisions where you've never got time . . . you're always doing things on the spur of the moment and it's always a compromise — you know, where the release of something, the *schedule*, is *more* important than the thing itself.

"And you don't wanna be bigheaded and say, 'Look, I'm an artist, this is important' but you're feeling like 'Oh, that wasn't really proper, we just made do'. That's a constant compromise, cos you never actually have time, you never get on top of anything.

"But 'Drowning' wasn't solely about how I felt or the situation in the band. I felt a *twinge* of it, but I wrote that in America after seeing lots of big record company people there who it seemed really were playing in that kind of world. We were just getting a taste of it. That was the fear — not that we were right in the middle of it, but just like seeing that the door was open."

You finished your second US tour just before Christmas. What do you think of America?

DW: "On the first tour, we used to get loads of people who'd *fall* into the dressing room, like crash on the floor, and ask, you know, 'got any *ludes*, man? Uh, yeah, great show, whaddid ya say the band was called?' (laughs). And we came back with that traditional 'Yeeeuk — vile — hated it' attitude.

"But the second time, we met loads of really nice, sensitive, concerned people, and came back a bit humbled really. I think there's a change in the air there. Like, young people in America have got Ronald Reagan to kick against now. The political songs, especially 'I Am Your Flag', went down really well on the second tour, cos you can see nationalism is glaringly obvious there. I mean, you know it's here, in this country, but America's like a cartoon of it."

AC: "Reggae has got a lot more popular there, as well. The first time we went, people would come up and say 'You're the first reggae band we've ever seen'!"

DW: "Yeah, but this time the audiences were dancing with their hips, that sort of thing. The extreme version of it was that in some places they'd got like *white* rastas. They'd always make a beeline for Roger and start talking to him in Dread patois, and Roger'd insist in talking in Brummie. You could see their disappointment. You know, they'd say 'wha'ppen, mon', and Roger'd go 'Yow awlright then, mate?' He just didn't know what to make of these people at all — Jah Chuck . . . it was really funny."

"I ran into Northern Ireland/I ran into Afghanistan/dying to become a man?/well I am your flag"

ARE YOU still involved with CND?

DW: "Yeah, yeah. But we've not done anything for a while. It's nice that other groups are doing things as well. That's really important, cos otherwise not only do your trousers go out of fashion, but also your CND badge could've gone out of fashion if it had been restricted to just one small section of the pop world.

"I think the job's more or less been done, too . . . people have thought about it a little bit more. And, like, on TV last night, there was a report about these doctors who've criticised that *Protect And Survive* nonsense and said what it *actually* would be like after a nuclear attack . . . so those views are becoming almost establishment."

I don't think the job is done. There's a report in this week's *New Statesman* about an anti-CND propaganda group called the British Atlantic Committee that the Government are funding. One of the things they've done is to complain to the BBC about playing 'Life In The European Theatre' on the radio. I mean, look at this quote from one of their reports.

DW: "'We heard a BBC presenter commending a gramophone record made in aid of CND and put in a strong complaint to the Director General. We await a reply. A lot of things like this are slipping through simply through sloppiness. Please keep your eyes and ears open.' Phew! What are these people called? The British Atlantic Committee? Bloody hell . . .

"It struck us that a lot of people played it on the radio, a lot of DJs wanted to play it, and they got away with it cos people don't listen, they don't take pop music at all seriously."

Well, they do now. It looks like an all-out attempt at political censorship.

DW: "Hmm . . . I think we've already suffered from our involvement. It's less easy for us now."

How do you mean?

DW: "Well, it's like you have to do *more* just to get the same reaction. I don't know. From the interviews we've done for the new single, it's like people are almost *willing* us to be less political. 'Does this mark any less of a *political* push in your music, Dave?' People want that, I think. It's hard to say.

"The good thing is that I've about said what I fancy saying about nationalism or whatever. Once you've said something, you don't want to say it again anyway."

You mention nationalism. Is opposition to that your main reason for supporting CND?

DW: "No, it's just that it's one of the main causes of the whole pickle we're in. Everybody sits on their lump of rock being nationalistic about it. You know, tightening their belt and pushing their chest out."

Are you pacifists?

DW: "I'm not sure. I think ideally I'd be a pacifist, but . . . if you get under enough pressure, you'd do almost anything. The skill is to weave and dodge it."

I was thinking of, say, SWAPO or the guerillas in El Salvador. The question facing pacifists is, do you support them for fighting repression, or condemn them for using violence to do it?

DW: "It's a mixture of both, innit? It's a bit like the riots last year. If there hadn't been riots, then the whole question of unemployment, of police racism, would never have been aired. People said it didn't exist, now they accept it does. I don't think that would have happened if those bricks hadn't been thrown — but I don't know whether that's *enough* to make it a good thing the bricks were thrown.

"I'm just not sure . . . The only time I've ever been in that situation I decided not to throw the brick, but at the same time I was quite happy that someone else did. I think you just have to keep making judgements on the spur of the moment, depending on what your situation is.

"It would be easy for me to say, oh, it's terribly wrong to pick up a machine-gun and shoot people, but if I was a black guy in South Africa and I've got a wife 500 miles away and some starving kids somewhere else, then perhaps I'd pick up a machine-gun too. And a black guy in Handsworth would, I think, be allowed to throw a brick sooner than me, cos he gets more stick. He has more reason to throw a brick.

"I'm not particularly oppressed, so it would be pretty glib of me to be a pacifist on someone else's behalf. If you're in a corner, the rules are different."

AC: "It's not so much a question of, do you shoot someone, as do you want anyone taking shots at you (laughs). That probably plays a big part in how you come to your decisions."

What do you think of feminist writers who relate the nuclear threat with a more generalised level of male violence, and see it as a kind of machismo on a global scale?

AC: "Boys' games, yeah."

DW: "Right, it is, innit? I saw a guy on the television who was saying that possibly the only thing that could save the world would be a matriarchy, cos it's so heavily out of balance with boys' games — like when the male side starts denying it's got any female aspects. That's when it gets gruesome.

"He was saying you'd have to have a matriarchy to swing it back to the centre, and have one for a couple of centuries cos he thought the world was, like, dreadfully out of balance, and this was the result of a couple of thousand years' misrule — so it wasn't anything you could just have a seminar on and actually cure (laughs).

"I'm sure it's right. Look at how Margaret Thatcher tries to impersonate a hard man, cos for her to join in the game she has to take on all the aspects of the patriarch. It *is* something to do with overbearing maleness.

"One of our new songs, 'Soul Salvation', touches on this — how there's got to be a new deal between men and women that kind of matches strength with understanding."

So how come you played on *OTT*, which is pretty rottenly sexist?

DW: "Cos we thought . . . well, we had refused to appear on *OTT* earlier in the series, we thought it was well dodgy. I could see what they were trying to do, but when it came to the crunch, they'd go for the *Two Ronnies* way out everytime — instead of a punchline, you'd get a nipple.

"It was the boys' games thing again. And all the wives were meant to sit there and dutifully laugh. And they had things that made light of rape — at the same time as Rhoda's record was banned for treating rape seriously, so . . .

"But they seemed to get better. I watched a couple before we agreed to go on and I thought they were less offensive, so I thought it was worth doing. I mean, it's a very popular TV show and we had a record out and the last one did bleeding useless (laughs)."

You didn't mind the racist jokes?

DW: "I didn't hear any."

Well, apparently Bernard Manning was on the week that Scotland Yard released their notorious 'statistics' on crimes of violence, and he was saying things to Lenny Henry like "Oh, it's OK for you, you can walk home safely after dark" — which is a total reversal of the truth.

DW: "Well, I didn't see that. I don't know. I think the people running the programme are well-meant but they have made a lot of bad mistakes. But they're aware of that and are trying to do something about it."

What was your response to the Scotland Yard statistics and the way they were treated in the press?

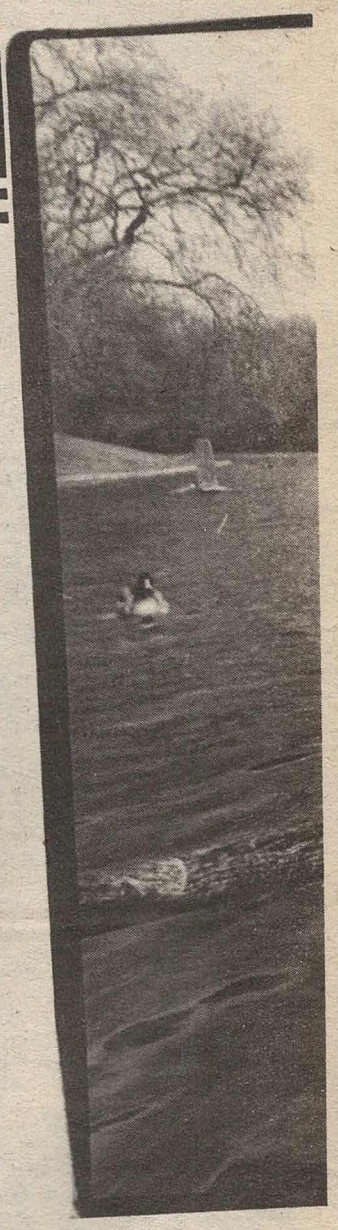
AC: "People are always looking for new scapegoats. Sometimes it's a scandal about social security scroungers who earn more than top scientists or whatever (laughs)."

DW: "The police are racist and so are the press. I wasn't particularly surprised, they always have been. It's just getting to be more extreme times. They're bound to make shots like those, I'd have thought it was bound to get worse.

"The one good thing about this Falkland

continues page 49

THREE WOMEN IN A BOAT



"Bring me a sandcastle on the beach . . ."

THE NEW TOWN of Hatfield in Hertfordshire lies some 60 miles away from the lure of the rockpools, sand dunes and starfish of the east coast, so it was by the shore of the more modest boating lake in London's Regents Park that I encountered The Marine Girls, three young women who appear to have an unnatural fascination with all things maritime.

The Marine Girls don't sing solely about the seaside. It just seems that way sometimes — their two cassette albums have been called 'A Day By The Sea' and 'Beach Party', the latter distinguishing itself with tracks like 'Holiday Song' and the murky '20,000 Leagues', while their distinctive home-made handbills are liberally sprinkled with sand-shuffling slogans like Go Dolphin Go and Catch The Cod.

But there is something more than the merely fishy going on here. The abundance of breathless beach chic is in reality no more than a hard shell, veiling the emerging belief that The Marine Girls are crafting some of the most memorable, melancholy love-pop since the post-punk heyday of Buzzcocks, Undertones and the mighty, unsung Distractions.

The Marine Girls sing what guitarist Tracy Thorne calls "drippy love songs". And she should know, for most of those whimsical and occasionally ironic songs come from her perceptive pen — little vignettes that are in turn vulnerable and vitriolic, capturing the joy, the uncertainty and the bitterness of an affair with conversational ease and unpretentious honesty.

"You said I broke your hearts / But I said I told the truth / So I win, yeah."

Like most good bands, The Marine Girls began as a hobby. Tracy, then in the sixth-form at Hatfield Girls School, had quit as guitarist in local group The Stern Bops and was looking for new musicians. She found them in her classmates Gina and Jane, the latter's younger sister Alice later joining as an additional vocalist.

Early performances were confined to bedrooms, parties, sheds and garages, one of these surfacing on the C30 cassette 'A Day By The Sea', to be followed by the more ambitious 'Beach Party', now also available on vinyl on the TV Personalities' Whaam! label. Other than this, the girls contribute one track to the Naive compilation 'Rupert Preaching At A Picnic' and recently released their debut 45 'On My Mind', an *NME* Single Of The Week early last month.

Like 'On My Mind', the 'Beach Party' cassette was released on the small Essex independent In Phaze and produced by the label supremo Patrick Birmingham. Despite its low-budget lo-fi approach — the 16 tracks were recorded and mixed in just two days — the album contains some stunning music, Tracy and Alice sharing the vocals with Jane bossing the bass and Gina, who has since left the group, contributing the chiming guitars.

Like many female groups, The Marine Girls music is completely devoid of the cack-handed bluster often associated with your average male rock band and the trio don't even possess a drummer, although Alice occasionally chips in with some hand percussion. This more natural, uncontrived approach to the propensities of sound gives them a deftness of touch that gets their witty words across with the minimum of fuss — even the more epic of their tunes rarely exceed two minutes in length.

"Some girls are really obvious/And with a quick glance/You see them smile at every word you say/Some girls like to stay cool/You can stare and stare/But they give nothing away."

"SO WHERE DO we go from here? Down to the lake I fear, to hear The Marine Girls story in their own words in the Saturday afternoon tranquillity of Regents Park. The sun is shining so I decide to get my feet wet and we hire a couple of rowing boats, head well away from the shore and hear Tracy explain her songs.

"At first they might just sound like wimpy little love songs, but they are all about things that have actually happened to me. They're all about someone, but we never say who each one is actually about. Sometimes if something happens, I'll write it in my diary as a song. I couldn't just sit down and say, right, I'm going to write a song about unrequited love 'cause that would be really crappy!

"I don't know if people will look at it as typical girlish stuff. There are difficulties in being an all-girl band these days. There are pressures on you to be either this wonderfully glamorous trio of females like Bananarama or to go completely the other way and do something like The Raincoats and come across as strong feminists or whatever. It's difficult to try and do something in between and also show intelligence and some perception of what it is to be young."

"Try so hard, try to be, what every girl should be/Meek and mild, good with children, not too bright and no opinions/Proud and pretty, sweet and willing, finds every party thrilling . . . Marine Girls."

Tracy, Jane and Alice will probably shortly be accused of coming on too winsome and childlike for their own good, although their persons are very much their own and not some contrived exploitation of their obvious teen appeal. And the sweet surface of their songs should not hide what is basically a hard and honest, realistic and unromantic approach to affairs of the heart. Of the 16 songs on 'Beach Party', there is hardly one that portrays a completely happy and harmonious relationship, the love-lines always containing a subtle twist of bittersweet vitriol and irony.

"Quite a lot of people think that we're just cute little girls singing about lovey-dovey things," says Jane. "But they just can't have listened to the words of the songs. And nobody would be able to call Alice 'sweet' to her face and be able to get away with it!"

"Unfinished letters on an unmade bed . . ."

THE MARINE GIRLS' refreshing and original approach to their music and the fact that they are female might just be coincidence, although I can't help but feel that they have benefitted in some respects from never being part of the schoolboy rock tradition, taking up their instruments at a slightly later age and with a wonderfully untutored individuality.

"In some ways it is limiting not being able to play your instrument very well," says Jane. "But it also gives you more scope in that you'll find a new way in which you can play it. You play it in an unconventional way 'cause you are desperate to get some

THOMAS DOLBY
RADIO SILENCE

NEW SINGLE VIPS 102

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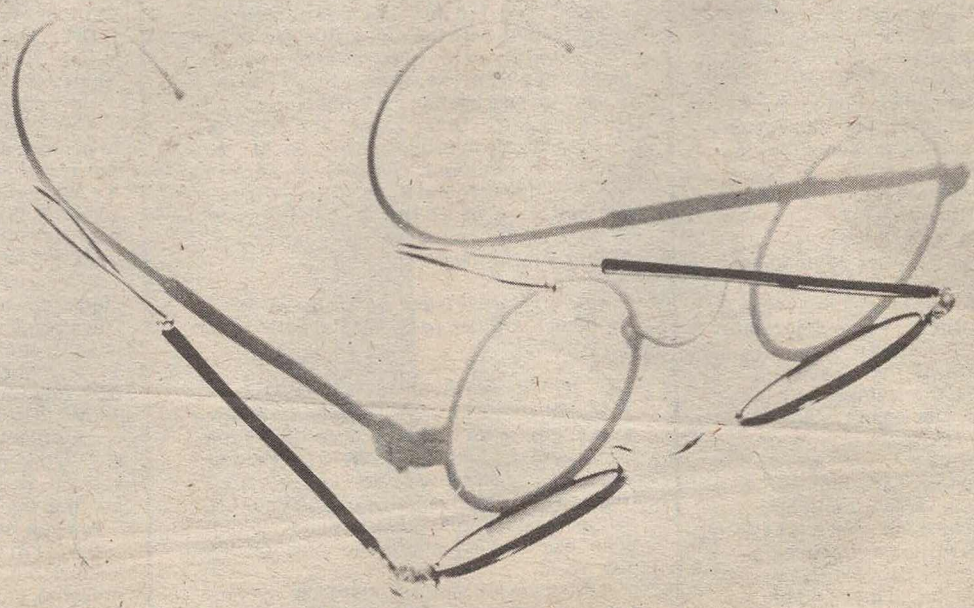

ADRIAN THRILLS on Marine Girl manoeuvres

Marine Girls prepare to repel autograph hunters, led by midshipman Thrills, L-R: Tracy Thorn, Jane Fox, Alice Fox. Pic: David Corio.

sort of noise out of it. It's an advantage in some ways and a setback in others."

Their current sound is light and melodic and probably all the better for that. But would they ever consider tightening up towards something a bit more robust?

"Sometimes I think our sound is just great as it is," says Tracy. "It is clean and bright and there is nothing there cluttering it. On the other hand, it is also very tinny. I can never decide. It might be an idea to have a percussionist or another guitarist, but not a drummer. That would destroy it, 'cause we put most of the emphasis on the singing rather than the playing — the harmonies and backing vocals."

"Honey wants possession of my heart/Wants to know the secret of my dreams/He doesn't understand my treachery/I know I'll love him forever, or at least until I find another boy."

Rather than start hunting for a major record deal, The Marine Girls are reasonably happy with things as they are at the moment. With Alice still at school, Jane hoping to go on to study printmaking at college after her foundation year in St Albans and Tracy at university in Hull, the looseness of the independent world suits them fine for the time being.

With the Easter holidays now approaching, they are hoping to resume live work for the first time since last summer and have arranged a local date at Ware in Hertfordshire and one further afield in Birmingham in the coming weeks.

Their leisurely, fluid attitude to the band, howeve, does present its problems, particularly with Tracy resident in Hull for most of the year, where she is also working on a solo single under the name Nothing But The Girl.

"Sometimes it means that we don't practise for ten weeks and we haven't written any new Marine Girls songs for a while," she reflects as we head back for the shore. "If you're in a band it helps to see the other people and bounce ideas off one another.

"Obviously we've had to rethink things lately 'cause so many things have come up at once with the single and exams and my solo stuff. It never occured to me that I'd have to think so seriously about the group before. When we did our first cassette, we only pressed up copies so that our friends could hear us. We never actually expected people to want to buy it. We used to treat things as a real joke.

"The interest people have been showing lately has given us a real incentive."

(All lyrics from the 'Beach Party' album, In Phaze Records, 14 Emmott Avenue, Ilford, Essex)

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BLOWING OUT TINSEL TOWN

RICK JAMES tells how to keep your ass on the streets, your head in the sky, and your record sales around the four million mark

By LLOYD BRADLEY

Not So Long Ago:

THERE WAS a time when nearly everybody in the world owned a Motown record. Motown was like a baby's security blanket, warm, familiar, comforting and safe. Diana . . . Stevie . . . Marvin . . . Gladys . . . christian names only, no one was left in doubt. Just as there was no doubt about what was in that brown and white sleeve you'd just paid 6/4d for.

Occasionally the conveyor belt bucked. The Temps did an acid album, Marvin Gaye had an ecology outing and there was Stevie Wonder with the plants, but as a rule it soon settled down.

People up and left, so others replaced them. Life went on. A sleepy, multi-million dollar turnover backwater . . .

1978:

DISCO' DONE and damn near dead. Funkadelic are chewing up the debris and spitting it out on their way to the top. Prince shocks while he rocks and the rappers rev up. The growl from the gutter is being replaced by the snarl of the streets.

A tough looking kid struts out of Buffalo (where?), upstate New York, into the arena. Swinging braids, fringes, leather, mucho macho posturing, a bass guitar, women and a spliff. Wild style and wilder eyes, an uptown Geronimo.

Just one more young turk usurping the throne of Old King Clinton.

But wait, this guy's on Motown!

Drugs, debauchery and dust-music on Motown?! Obviously the man's a mercenary. Armed with his own anthems 'You and I' and 'Mary Jane', wrenched off the 'Come Get It' set, he's been engaged for a token strike into the seamy side of things. Don't worry though, it can't last. Give him a couple more years, a couple more hits and a mansion in Bel Air and he'll be wearing a tux same as the rest of them . . .

The In Between:

EARTH WIND & FIRE sold, Funkadelic split, Miami burned and the youngblood from Buffalo bided his time. The next two albums, 'Bustin' Out Of L. Seven' and 'Fire It Up', were some serious songs. The costumes became more outrageous and the swagger more exaggerated. Punk-funk turned into platinum power and Hollywood opened its arms.

The Super Freak in Flakey City? Made for each other.

It didn't work out though. The young turk tasted the maggots of success, turned out the below par 'Garden Of Love' album and swapped the Randolph Hearst palace for a ranch in upstate New York. Like the album, California was too soft. Back on the streets of Buffalo with their sub-zero winters and their heavy-handed police force, our man found the inspiration for his most recent album, 'Street Songs'.

Zap! Pow! It sold four million! The single 'Give It To Me Baby' was THE SONG for the summer of '81. That year the black buyers in America only hit on two albums, and the other one was by his former protege Teena Marie. The man had sell-out shows, one with a five-mile queue, all across the States. Rick James had arrived.

1982:

RICK JAMES, lengths ahead of the field. No flash in the pan, just plain flash. Super Freak flash, pimp flash, ghetto flash — like a pre-army Elvis in a gold lame jacket and a pink Caddy or Bootsy and his Space Bass and star shaped shades — on the street yet up in the sky.

That's the balance that they go for in the US, but in England celebs are made of more than tinsel, and need to stand up to closer scrutiny. Therefore, that he is even *talking* to the Brit press is a surprise, just as the slightly defensive edge to him isn't.

Tonight the caravan's in Germany. They've brought a touch of that street flash to 'Rock Palast'. That's a kind of huge scale *In Concert*, set in a vast pre-cast concrete hangar and televised live from 10.30pm to about 5pm all across Europe. Tonight's session is being sent to England, presumably to test the water for the proposed autumn tour.

Unfortunately, the set is well substandard. Adapted for a white rock audience, it's low on excitement and high on contrived outrageousness and ego-caressing 'call-and-response' So, back at the hotel I'm expecting some kind of time-wasting, "let me tell you how great I am session". What I got was surprise number two.

Away from the stage, the entourage and the hi life of super-stardom though, there is a different Rick James. Still the hooligan with the sharp sense of humour that's inbred, but like George Clinton once told me, "You've got to hang up the boots and costume, all that shit, the minute you walk off stage. Otherwise you'll go crazy."

So I ask about the 'Street Song' thing and figure on a lowdown answer.

"I'm fucked if I know why it happened!" James explains. "Listen, my favourite album of all time is Stevie Wonder's 'Songs In The Key Of Life', it's one of the greatest albums ever made. It stayed on the charts for 21 weeks at number one, and 'Street Songs' stayed on the charts for 22 weeks at number one and broke Stevie's record. But if I've got to say that 'Street Songs' is the better album, then no way can I say that, yet when you got shit like this happening. I mean the shit that we did on our last tour was ridiculous!

"It's so strange, that you can never tell what's going to work. Of course you have a fair idea, because you keep in touch. I think that for any artist to say that he's in touch with the pulse of the people is a good thing, but for him to actually believe that he knows what they're going to go for, he's got to be off in space!

"It's just totally blown away, so for me to sit down and say I know what is going on is impossible."

He's spoken about being in touch with the pulse of the people, and since Funkadelic turned black music upside-down, that pulse has been much more basic. EWF had a tough time with their last one, as did the Stevie Wonder single 'That Girl'. 'Street Songs', however, fell in time with that pulse. This is where the move from LA to Buffalo comes in.

"Stevie is not a good example of somebody who's in touch with the pulse of the people. You see, the kids aren't going to buy a Stevie Wonder record just because of who made it. Shit, the kids who bought 'Super Freak' are like 13, 14, and they don't care what he stands for.

"You see he's moved out there to LA, he's out there in the fucking sunshine . . . that's why I moved the hell out of LA, you can't hang out. In order to write the kind of shit they're vibing on you got to hang out, with the pimps, the whores, the dope dealers, the rats and all those fucking freaks! You got to go into the little nasty clubs to watch those young bands. Unless you know about all that, you'll never be able to write songs for them.

"Of course it's difficult for me to do so much of that, but I'll still do it. I will not let these people dictate to me that because of this Rick James bullshit I got to learn from somewhere else. I got to stay on the street.

"If I stay out there in Hollywood — I had a place out there a couple of years ago, one of Randolph Hearst's old homes, 1.5 million dollars or some shit, motherfucker was ridiculous — my writing'll start to change. I'm living in that house that ain't even comfortable, not seeing none of those crazy people, and I could'nt find nothing to write about. Yet when I went back to Buffalo, the shit just started coming. The real basic shit, and that was what they tuned into.

"The quickest way to lose touch with your black base, is to go out there and start writing pop hits for the white market. That's what Stevie's doing, and The Commodores. Lionel (Ritchie)'s writing his ass off, but it's the white market that's for. Black people don't buy those 'Sailing's and Three Times A Lady's, and they had to cancel their tour!

"I would never do that."

Upstate flesh ranking: Rick plays the superfly guy.

WE MOVE ON TO Motown, and the way it's going now, the conflict between the new blood and the heritage that seems to have cost them a lot of chart places lately. Are artists pushed in a certain direction like everybody thinks?

"Artists at Motown are in control of their own destinies just like everybody else, they just aren't coming up with songs. Take Smokey for instance, everything he cuts, or everything he sings, is what he wants to sing. Just like The Commodores, he's just out of touch like everybody else.

"The newer artists that are clinging to that heritage, are just doing that because of what they think they can make by doing so. They're just not doing the right records. A hit is a hit, and all that other shit's bullshit.

"Much as what Motown means to me, I can sit back and say that a lot of those cats want to come down out of those fucking hills, and get their asses back on the street. Smokey's one of them!"

It's gone four in the morning now, and getting to the right time to call it a day. Rick has noticed that his lady friend is starting to yawn, so tact prevails. It was my last remark that really drew a response.

What's it all about for Rick James?

"For Rick James, it's about the paper, the green. For the people who are buying the records, it's about the music. They put you up there, so give them the best you can. But as fast as you come up, you can go down, so prepare yourself for the future. Then it's business, so you got to get whatever you can.

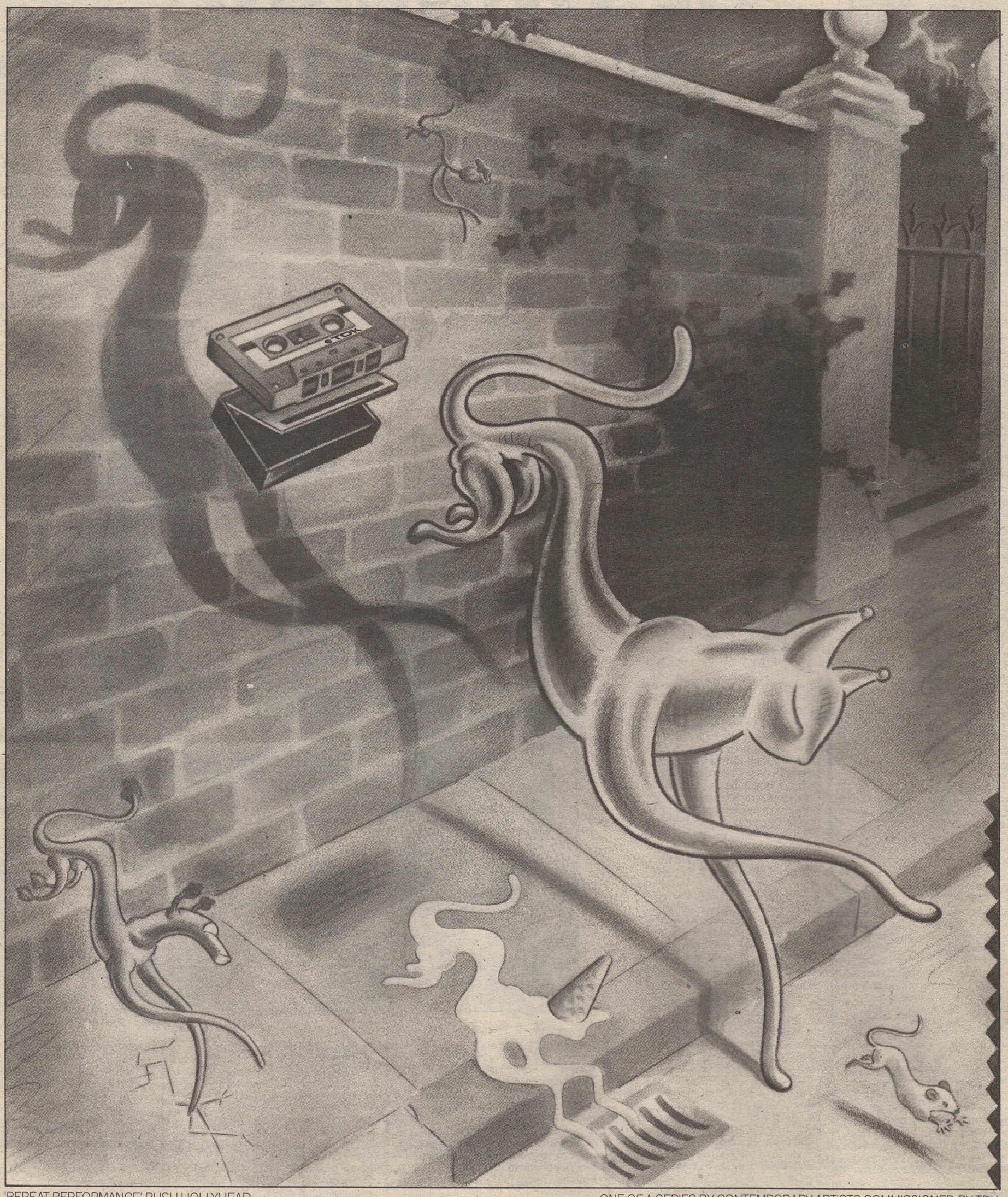
"Like with the record company. If Motown ever fucked over a royalty cheque or if ever had an audit come back not correct, then Motown can kiss my ass, OK? Any other record company can kiss my ass! I make millions of dollars for Motown, and I do not need a record company jacking me off.

"Record companies are all full of shit. I love Motown, but I didn't grow up with Motown — *in Motown* — like Stevie. I'm not a 12-year-old kid, I don't go into negotiations and start crying. I'm not a cat who came up with Berry Gordy and Berry says: 'Hey, remember when I helped you out and loaned you a hundred dollars in Detroit?' and all that shit like he does with a lot of people!

"If Motown ever fuck me around, then I want the fucking money, and I'm out. I've told Berry that.

"It's like those agents that book me on these tours, they're making a pile of money off me. but when I had an album that didn't sell I can't find the mothers! Where were they then? They screwed me but now, after 'Street Songs' I can go back to them. But I'm a fair guy, so I tell them "OK, you fucked me before, but now we're going to do some SERIOUS fucking!"

Hopweee, pass the 'J'!



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SINGLES

Reviewed by Vivien Goldman

THIS WEEK'S TRINITY

PABLO: Bo Mbanda (Island)
I've been staying in Paris recently, where African music is in a parallel position to reggae over here — large local immigrant community to sustain specialist shops and cultural events — except that native Parisians haven't yet twigged, and apart from the patronage of a few mediacrats, there's no cultural overlap. A soiree of cultural interpretations like the Language Lab couldn't happen. At this point, it looks like music-thirsty Brits could be dancing ecstatically to those tingly, bouncy Zaire guitars before the French who have it growing in their garden. True to its history of releasing roots music, Island have kicked off with Zaire, whose guitars have totally changed my mind about the redundancy of that instrument. It's a constant hypnotic, babbling, bubbling, that makes you twirl at the sublest shift. It fulfills a similar function as the bass in reggae, and is just as addictive. Zaire has a different style to Mali, Nigeria or the Ivory Coast; Island are planning to release another African guitar sound with Nigerian Sunny Ade's electric swoops, but Zaire, which seems to carry the main African music swing with groups like Linga Lunga star Nico, the Orchestra Mode Success, and Franco and his OK Jazz, is a good place to start. *A l'aisement!* (as they say in the tropics. Translate to: Cool runnings . . .) As to this 45, I prefer the flip. Not the greatest Zairean record of all time but a perfectly adequate taster of those GUITARS!

WEEKEND: The View From Her Room (Rough Trade)
Weekend features former Young Marble Giants chanteuse Alison Statton swathed in South Americana, samba soft shoe shuffles, and spikey, teasing trumpet from the wonderful Harry Beckett (who adds atmosphere to Robert Wyatt records). I feel that this is a good time for a sort of Astrud Gilberto revival, with misty, delicate voices darting past and leaving a trail of perfume behind. Weekend smell somewhere between sun on fresh-mown grass and wet leaves, with some Chanel 5 stolen from your big sister. This record is excellent for tense, nervous headaches. It is elegant and wistful, as Alison sings of frustration and isolation. A good song for sunny gardens; a good song for 1.19 am, which it is now.

THE PEECH BOYS: Don't Make Me Wait (West End NY import)
Built on bits of broken glass made by a fragmented, double.speeded, half-backed-up then whizzed round in a centrifuge drum machine that sounds like the Peech Boys have been copping Adrian Sherwood's licks, this is the most inventive sounding dance record in Groove Records this week. Wicked cross-rhythms whirl round like flying castenets comin' atcha in 3D. I'm talking about the dub side of this New York disco twelve inch. The regular straight side is pretty hot too, with a dash of psychedelic era Temptations in the echoing, full-bodied vocals, bouncing back over heavy, heavy bass and drum section, then splintering off into fragmented handclaps again. Then end just spirals off into smeared, whining crescendoes implying the imminent falling off of the edge of the world.

TEARS FOR FEARS: Pale Shelter (You Don't Give Me Love) Phonogram
Mathew White's photography on the sleeve — a young man sitting on an unmade bed staring out the window as if he could will some activity on the boring street outside, young man climbing up window as if being in the house was being in a cage, with window-leads for bars — are more expressive than the songs they're illustrating. Tears For Fears are a Bath duo, who like John and Yoko in their time, have become engrossed by Janov's Primal Scream Therapy — in short, you confront all the traumas from your infancy that are blocking you and have a good, primal YOOOOOOWWWWLLLLL till you let it all out like pus from a spot. Whether you think it's dodgy therapy or not, the interesting question here is this: why have Tears For Fears (get it?) whose ambition is to pursue their therapy in Los Angeles of all places (maybe they should see a shrink after all) made such a weedy electro-funk? There's a plaintive melody locked in there somewhere that's most pleasing. Let it all out lads.

SOFT VERDICT: At Home/Not At Home (Crepuscule)
Turgid semi-avant-garde instrumentals full of funny squeaks and electronic bleeps, self-described as Two Short Pieces of Classical Oriented Music. Would work a lot better if they hadn't forgotten to put a film out to liven up the soundtrack.

THE MEMBERS: Radio (Genetic Records)
If you were a radio programmer, wouldn't you like to play a single like this? It advocates listening to the radio rather than the stereo, for a start, and secondly, it's tailor-made to be danced to, with horns coming in just so, but it doesn't sound like it was designed by a computer, there's enough raucous mess amid the cheery inanity to reassure you that The Members are still hanging on. (Sorry about that, it just slipped out).

RED LIPSTIQUE: Drac's Back (Magnet)
A completely harmless, trivial and unmenacing nod to the sexual overtones of sinking your fangs in someone's neck, brilliantly filmed in the German 'The Tenderness of Wolves'. A pedestrian, plodding disco beat, vocal that couldn't possibly thrill, and twee girly back-up voices. It doesn't surprise me that it's got a novelty cult following; lots of people are too scared to laugh at the real killing joke.

CHELSEA: War Across The Nation
I Always hated music like this, even in 1976. Believe me, it's *really* No Fun to be time-warped back to punk. Every-one who loved punk and never threw out their bin-liners can rush out and run a safety-pin round the groove of this one. Could be a hit . . .

TERRY MANN: Fire (Fly By Night Records NY)
What a militant sleeve! Terry's Che Guevara facial hair half-covered by a white blindfold as he smokes a (presumably a LAST) cigarette . . . on the back, heavyset Terry looks you straight in thr eye, beret on the slant, arms crossed like a Guardian Angel squaring up to hoodlum on the subway. Behind him, a laughing helmeted soldier on one side, on the other, a stencilled message: Why Be Afraid? A 'NOT' is scribbled in at the appropriate spot. Let's forget the militant urban guerrilla packaging, and concentrate on Terry's schizophrenic 45. One side, 'Dead Or Alive' is a sub-Cult

rock and roll thrash recorded live at CBGB's. You can imagine the tedium — pass the earplugs, mum. The other side 'Fire', is a weird, wild headlong flight through skyscrapered night streets as Terry howls his emotions: *"I keep dreamin' of yesterday, when my heart was so young, but so quickly it burned away . . ."* OK, so the guy won't get a Pulitzer Prize for originality, but something *is* burning.

PAUL McCARTNEY & STEVIE WONDER: Ebony and Ivory (EMI)
"If ebony and ivory live together in perfect harmony side by side on my piano keyboard, oh lord, why don't we?". Because we're not made out of wood, klutz. Cloying, even nauseating, as this hymn to racial harmony from two such lovable black and white minstrels is, it could earn untold millions as a Pepsi-Cola advert. Not that I won't always love Stevie, but . . . it's slight and trite, though not totally untrue.

CHAZ JANKEL: Glad To Know You (A&M)
I guess folks like Chaz Jankel and Pete Wingfield are elder statesmen of British funk, and this slots in good next to 'Poison Arrows' — it seems to be about betrayed trust, springing along on a classical blend of hi-hat and bass, seasoned with those big, fat keyboard chords that sound like Booker T. Old Chaz has fuel-injected some feeling into the tune, even though I can't make out the words. Sounds like a successful record, on both big levels.

THE LONE RANGER: Johnny Make You Bad So (Greensleeves)
Having made some of the most imaginative toasting records, London-bred Lone Ranger shows us that "Papa Ranger can sing". Yup, he can sing right enough, but the song isn't as pithy or colourful as his finest toasts.

BUNNY WAILERS: Back To School (Colomonic pre)
The Wailer who never leaves Jamaica cuts a rap. He'd done it before, being about the first Dread to cut a disco tune — 'Follow Fashion Monkey' — in 1976. Bunny combines with kid's voices — takin' rhymes to the 'Double Dutch Bus' playground — with his rapped nursery rhymes and exhortations to study. Trouble is, he raps like he's a dry stick school teacher you'd draw vicious cartoons of in class. Takin' you to school in the worst way.

CORNELL CAMPBELL: 100lbs. Of Collie (Gorgon pre)
At least somebody's happy. Cornell Campbell has 100 lbs. of marijuana burning in his chalawah/chalice, and he's feeking no pain. Not much of a theme for a song, you might say, and truly, there's as little melodic enough as verbal variety. It's a great reggae record, funnily enough, as repetition is part of the package, and seasoned singer C.C. caresses the lovely melody as if he was st(r)oking the bowl of his beloved.

THE HYPOTHETICAL PHROPHETS: Wallenberg/Budapest (Hypothetical Records)
Apparently it's two years since the Hypothetical Prohphets released their last goodie. Who knows what inspired them to go it again? Must be that mysterious force, the Creative Spirit saying unto them: Go forth, my Hypothetical Prophets, and record for me a twelve-inch record of monotonous mechanical drones with a vo-codered voice solemnly intoning the strange history of Raoul Wallenberg. You don't know it? Check out the *International Herald Tribune*, 9 November 1980. He was the bloke who saved the lives of 30,000 Jews from the Nazis by issuing special Swedish passports. After the war, he mysteriously vanished during an interview with a Russian army minister. No-one knows whether he really died of a heart attack in Moscow's Lubinska Prison or is still imprisoned in a labcur camp in the Gulag Archipelego. "Make a record that will draw attention to this mystery — but, my sons, you must make it so tedious that no-one will ever play it on the radio. Except maybe John Peel."

OLIVIA NEWTON—JOHN: Make A Move On Me (EMI)
Olivia was so direct and clear on 'Physical' I'm sure I wasn't the only one to have yearned to accept her invitation for a work-out in the gym. Now she's swopped her sheen-of-perspiration athletic look for the sultry sea-child clad in white look and her invitation seems a wee bit more passive: "I'm the one you want, I'm the one you need, make a move on me" doesn't rock the body immediately, but I still might consider saving her the last dance.

THE IMPOSSIBLE DREAMERS: Life On Earth (Fresh)
Speedy white reggae with male and female voices which deal with impending cataclysm, breast-beating about the mess we humans have made of the planet. The theme's better than the treatment, though the club picks up well.

CARROLL THOMPSON: Smiling In The Morning (Excaliber)
Lovers rock queen Carroll pours sugar all over this one. So much sun shines out of this tune, you need shades. You can just imagine Carroll, flooded by admiration for this knight who has taken her to *"the land where dreams come true"*, waking up beside him in the morning, propping herself up on an elbow, and muttering anxiously as she gazes at his sleeping face: "Is it just a casual affair?" Carroll sings with as much wistful intensity as Patrice Rushden, and is a good reggae balance to Rushden's disco smash, 'Forget Me Not'.

SQUEEZE: Black Coffee In Bed (A&M)
Sounds somewhere between the Eagles and Elvis Costello. In other words, Squeeze are a sure money-maker for somebody, hopefully themselves. A classical tear-in-your-beer slice of country, well-crafted and traditional as a bentwood chair, though less useful in the kitchen. I never want to hear it again, but I will doubtless stand alone.

SHARON BROWN: Specialise in Love (Virgin)
Dance-floor favourite on import gets deserved British release. Sharon's a specialist in love, with a triumphant voice that equals having letters after her name.

ANGELA CLEMMONS: Give Me A Little More Time (Portrait)
Such palpitating passion as Angela begs for a little time to make it work. Great climax, with the music suddenly cutting back to reveal voices and a ticking clock. Gradually, the picture fills in again, quietly with strings, at first, then — back to the carnival! It's a rousing, solid finale, worthy of Cup Final weekend! The mood is so triumphant that if Angela doesn't watch it, she'll get life, instead of "just a little more time." Yes, the original was by the Chairman of the Board.

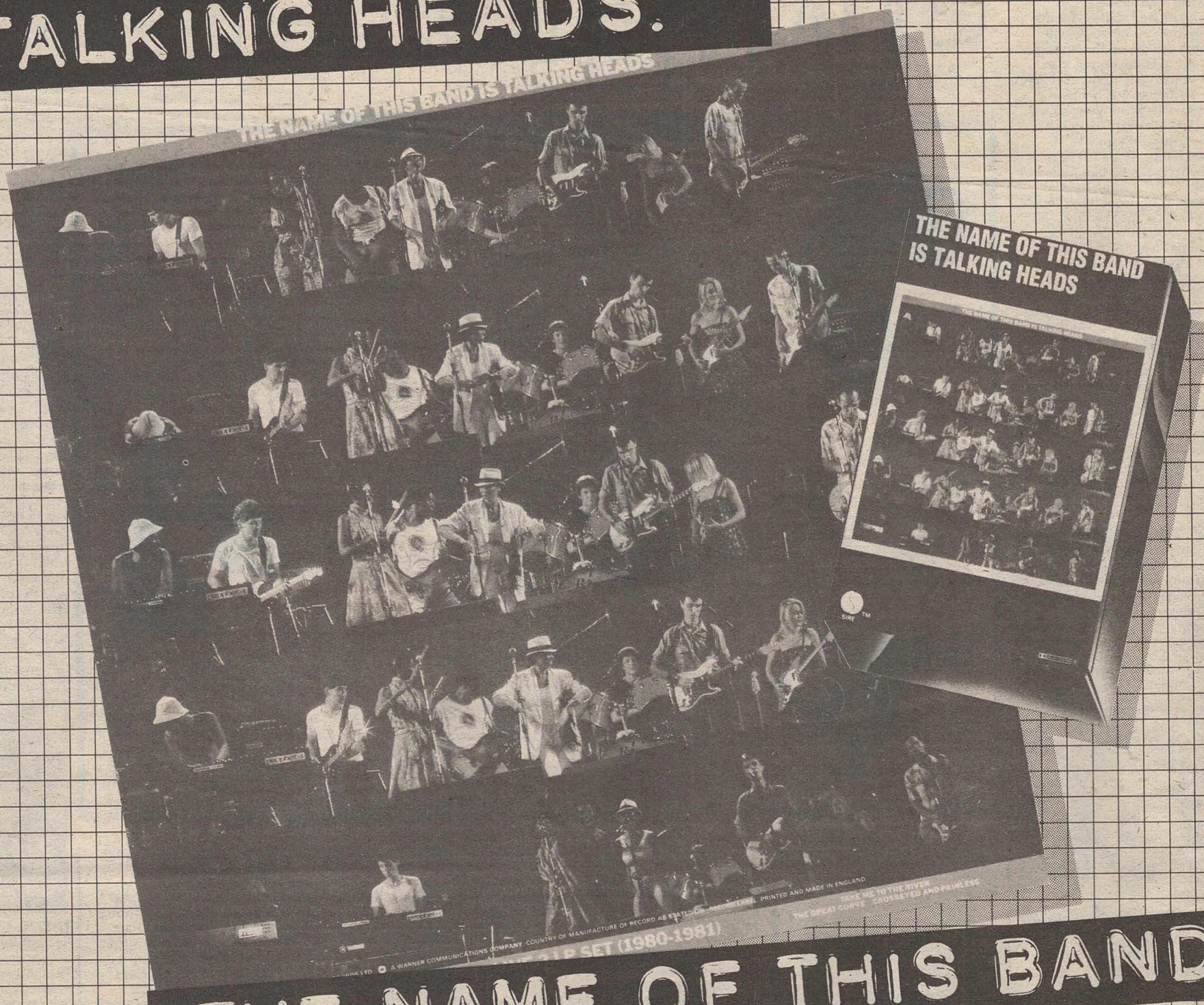
THE GO-GO'S: Our Lips Are Sealed/We Got The Beat (A&M)
I get the impression that the Go-Go's are taken less seriously in this country than their peer groups like The Cars and the Knack. This 45 features two — just two, ladies and gennulmen — of their US Top Ten hits. One side shows the Go's shouting: *"We got the beat!"* joyously over a very unimaginative 4/4 rhythm, which indicates that they're fibbing at least. Still, why shouldn't the girls get their mega-bucks? They make Bananarama seem extremely wild and outrageous, almost threatening; but they make the Nolan Sisters look like nuns. They're faintly kooky, but they wouldn't flip out your folks. And their cheerful, tuneful pop has squeaky-clean Monkees appeal. They're good, clean, fun — and at least we know they're not manipulated dummies.

PETER SINGH: Rockin' With The Sikh (Screamin' Out For Red)
"Always a hit at family gatherings and parties," is how Peter Singh's press release describes the birth of his art. *"I don't drink bourbon, I don't chase women, all I wanna do is — shake my turban . . . I just wanna show the world that Sikhs can rock and roll too!"* hiccups Peter in the Elvis imitation that shocked 'em in Swansea. In case we miss the point, there's a mug shot of Peter on the label, looking sauve in a turban that could teach Puma from Black Uhuru a thing or two about headwraps. An obvious novelty hit It's even competent rock and roll — this could be the first tricklings of a flood of British Asian kids, going overground with music — groups like Southall's Kalla Sona, Bengali group Dishari and Monsoon. Some people have already dusted off sitar records from the 60's, I'm sure . . .

VIVIEN'S LISTEN LIST

ORCHESTRE MODE SUCCESS	Marie Jeanne (Edifon/Innovation
Franco Et L'Orchestra O.K. Jazz	Fabrice (Edipop/Afriq'Musique)
Prince Nico Mbarga	Sweet Mother (Sonodisque)
Prince Nico Mbarga	Christianna (Sonodisque
Patato	Ready For Freddy (Latin Percussion)
Nina Simone	My Baby Just Cares For Me (Charly)
Pigbag	Dr. Heckle & Mr Jive (Y)
John Coltrane	My Favourite Things (Affinity)
Nino Rota	Soundtrack for Fellini's Casanova (Barclay)
Robert Wyatt	Nothing Can Stop Us (Rough Trade)
Lora Logic	Pedigree Charm (Rough Trade)
Bembeya Jazz National	Minuit (Silifon)
Rodgers & Hammerstein	South Pacific (WEA)

TALKING HEADS.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PIERS THOMSON talks to video maker Tim Pope about how he got started and where he — and the video promo industry — is going. Pictures by PETER ANDERSON.

Promotion candidates

Tim Pope on Monday, taking Marc Almond through his paces and (top) doing whatever directors do on those uncomfortable looking chair things.

IN THE OLD DAYS, promotional videos were made by one or two companies of experienced pros like Mike Mansfield and Millaney Grant — who recently signed up most every director with a track record, including Julien Temple and Godley & Creme. Paradoxically this is opening the way for a new generation, more in touch with the younger bands, who will hopefully break the stylistic mould which has already set so rigidly.

Tim Pope is house director for the Gordon Lewis Organization, which is in fact Gordon himself, Mark Stokes, and Tim. GLO is one of the production houses dotted around W1 specializing in promos (ie pop videos) and their credits so far include 'Bedsitter' and 'Say Hello Wave Goodbye' by Soft Cell and Altered Images' 'I Could Be Happy'. Current projects include Soft Cell's 'Torch' and The Associates' next 45 'Club Country'.

He did a TV course at college, "which wasn't very interesting; how to push a camera round a studio. Though I had been making films from an early age. I went to see a friend in France and I ripped an incredibly valuable stamp off him. I went out and bought my first Super-8 for a fiver with the money I made. I actually got ripped off selling the stamp. So I was making films when I was about ten."

Most promo directors graduated through TV, but Pope drifted into it from working with bands on stage. "The first groups I worked with were, like, The Psychedelic Furs when they were around, and Martha And The Muffins, which was the first one I got paid for: quite an important step obviously. Then I did stuff for Virgin Music but the first important one for us, the first promo, was Soft Cell's 'Bedsitter'."

Although people have been making promos for some years now, certainly since Queen's 'Bohemian Rhapsody', the whole business still seems to be in its infancy. As yet there are no regular channels.

"It varies from record company to record company, from band to band. With Soft Cell, we were making the second one quite early on, 'Say Hello, Wave Goodbye'. We had a lot of meetings about it with them before the thing was out — but some companies ring up five days before the shoot and say 'We want a video'."

In many quarters, there is still some doubt as to exactly why bands are making promos all of a sudden. There are only three or four slots to place them in, and the cassette market is simply not big enough to accommodate all the films. "It is a problem. In Soft Cell's case, they're very busy and the single's peaking all over the world so they send the video out instead of them.

"But they are a slightly strange instance, in that they don't want to play live much any more so they're channelling all their efforts into making a video album. They're very keen that it should be cheap so kids can buy it. But you can't make it that cheap if you want to do it properly — and we want to do it properly."

Even if the processes involved in promo-making are still relatively ad hoc, the promos themselves are beginning to look decidedly formulaic. The Ultravox / Spandau school, for all their glossy images and Vogue-ish charm, are starting to pall, and yet they appear to have set the standard.

"Promos, as far as I can see, are just ripping off feature films at the moment — it needs to be developed. I'm not saying we've got all the answers, but we have got to take advantage of the medium. It's got to become more abstract. I mean, a lot of people might interpret 'Vienna' as Art. I think it's a very good video, a very good piece of marketing, but it's not Art."

Mark Stokes: "Yeah, it's no good romping through the detective films, and then the science-fiction, and treating them as a training ground for your first feature, looking over your shoulder to see who's about to sign you up. It is now time to face up to the challenge of the medium."

So where to?

Tom: "It relates to that Gas video. As video equipment becomes more accessible, people can bring different disciplines to it. On 'Bedsitter', to be honest, we put a lot of ideas in and did the storyboard, but on the second, they came to us and gave us a base for it.

"It really freaks record companies out when you say you don't want the band in it — of course it does. But the way I'd like to see it go is the bands having more input into things and coming to people like us for help on how to use the cameras. It might put me out of a job in the end, but they should be having more 'hands-on' experience, more ideas, actually extending the lyrics into a whole piece with its own textures. Video doesn't necessarily mean someone standing and singing to camera, and making a fool of themself."

Cool in the pool

ALBION LEISURE Services are the agent behind A.B.See, a pioneering video 'pool' service.

The idea: a monthly E-60 video compilation, comprising approx. 14-18 video songs or segments, flash new productions (chart position unimportant) or archive fun, quality the qualifier. The input: there is "no charge to either the record company or the artist", all that is required is a first generation 3/4" U-matic tape and your written permission. The output: £50.00 + VAT a month gets any club or similar institution (*not* individuals 'fraid) a handy selection of well constructed, well chosen collages — what's current, what's aired once on *TOTP* or *Tiswas* and disappears, what would otherwise languish expensively in record company cupboards.

A.B.See is now in month five, and the past three tapes comprise a spectrum spanning Chas and Dave to Colin Newman (which is, you must admit, quite a spectrum), Heaven 17 to Rod Stewart, Bowie to Bauhaus, as well as popular chart fare like 'Don't You Want Me' and 'I Could Be Happy'. The Island video stable features heavily, and impressively.

Interested? Further info: Roz Bea (01) 734 9072.

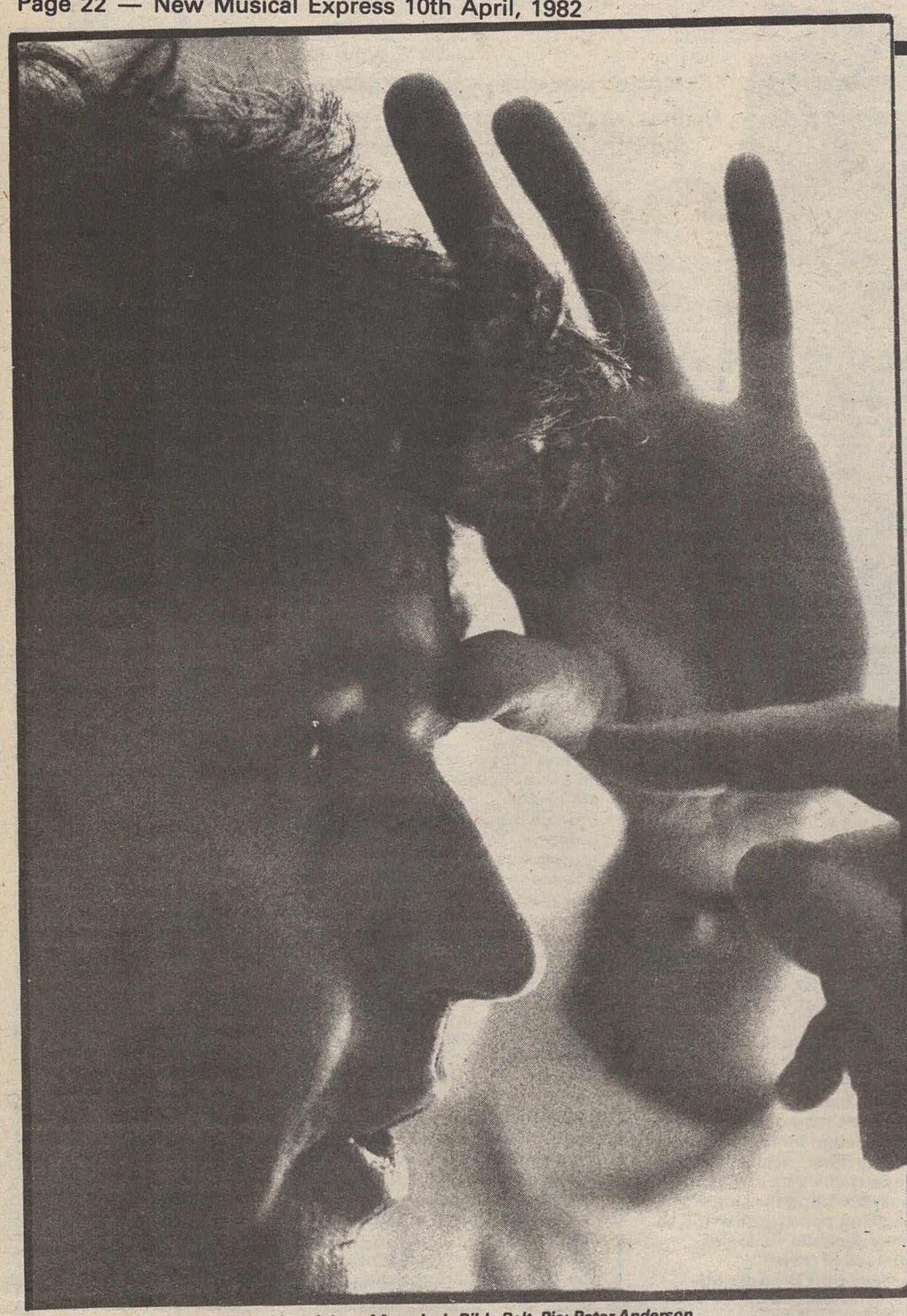
23 Skidoo videoo

. . . comes in a cheap plastic bag, complete with boiled sweet, elastoplast and colourful prophylactic; the finer conceptual point of this lucky dip bag paraphernalia escapes me.

The tape itself is really little more than visual muzak — the sort of neo-psychedelic backdrop (Cabaret Voltaire are fond of them as well) that would 'work' well enough live, but is slightly less than refreshing in the cold comfort of one's living room — unless you're r-eee-a-l-y 'out of it'; I watched over a mug of coffee and salami on toast and the impact was minimal. Roughly divided into seven segments to fit their (I think) admirable 'Seven Songs' LP, all that is made of videosubjectivity are shifting shards of watery colour and swathes of cut-up (TV news: the obvious stuff, tribal documentary voyeurism, one jarring operating table sequence) . . . all very Burroughs, all very avant-guarded, but a pretty easy option, and amateurish to boot. For 'dead head' Skidoo fans only, I think.

IAN PENMAN

● 23 Skidoo's Seven Songs video costs £15 and is available mail order from Fetish Records, Flat 3, 40 Denbigh St, London SW1. Potential buyers might like to note that the tape has a half hour blank, to be sent back and filled with new Skidoo bits and pieces when they crop up — that's their idea anyway.



Jean-Jacques Annaud lets slip his opinion of America's Bible Belt. Pic: Peter Anderson.

Silver Screen

HOM SAP RAP

"EVERYBODY IS sort of puzzled, you know? The reputation of films set in that period is so bad. Everybody expects *The Flintstones* or *Caveman* or *One Million Years B.C....*"

While *Quest For Fire* does feature at least one beautiful young lady adorned with nothing beyond an imaginative make-up for the entire movie, it is difficult to imagine anything further from the fur-clad frolics of Raquel Welch and Barbara Bach.

For one thing, *Quest For Fire* boasts contributions from Anthony Burgess and Desmond Morris; for another, it is clear from the opening shots that director Jean-Jacques Annaud has done a considerable amount of homework and that, despite the promotional gambit, his film is a great deal more than an Ice Age version of *Star Wars*. Even if the rug-covered elephants and bedentured lions compare somewhat unfavourably with Ray Harryhausen's dinosaurs, the more inventive elements are set within a robust and realistic depiction of life as it might have been lived 80,000 years ago.

Jean-Jacques Annaud laughs a lot. A youthful and energetic 39, he graduated from L'Institut des Hautes Etudes Cinematographiques at the age of 20 before rapidly achieving success directing commercials.

Dissillusioned with the world of advertising, he was to turn his back on a lucrative career a few years later to go to Africa where he made his first feature, *Black And White In Colour*. The Oscar he received as a result refuelled his laughter and his enthusiasm and it was his African experience that first set him thinking about the origin of the species.

"It was a whole conjunction of elements. For years I could not understand why I was so fascinated about Africa. I knew it was not because of the exotic Africa — banana leaves do not do a special effect on me, you know.

"What I liked was having a relationship with people with whom I apparently had nothing in common. We didn't go to the same ballet or concert halls; we don't talk the same language; we don't have the same culture, so called, and at the same time I had fantastic pleasure being with those people and I had a good time and could laugh and have emotions ...

"I understood that what I liked was not to be a Frenchman any more but just to be a human being with other human beings sharing through the basics ..."

THIS PASSION for early primal man was something he shared with Roman Polanski's scriptwriter Gerard Brach, whom he met in Paris, and their eventual collaboration on a related project seemed inevitable. Annaud remembers another reason for his burgeoning interest. While at cinema school he lived with a girlfriend whose parents were crazy French intellectuals.

"Her mother had a husband and a lover and they were all living together in the same apartment. They were all mad about archeology. The lover was the main anthropologist in France specialising in early man and the husband was a dentist. In order to get his woman back he decided to become a specialist in

"Ubangi! You betcha!"
Rae Dawn Chong, inventor of the missionary position in Quest For Fire.

Neil Norman joins Jean-Jacques Annaud on his Quest For Fire. 80,000 years later (approx), Ian Penman prefers to hang out with Guys And Dolls. Chris Bohn (over page) sticks with Animals.

Brando as Sky: "Hey — I'm wid joo, Jean. Creationists 0, Evolutionists 4."

THERE AIN'T NUTTIN' LIKE A CRAP GAME

prehistoric teeth ..."

He laughs at the memory of the dinner parties held by the wife, herself an expert on pre-Celtic art, where he often found himself conversing over the After Eights with guests like Iran's leading authority on early Persian culture, a sorcerer or a witchdoctor from Malaysia who just happened to be passing through Paris at the time, doubtless to study the therapeutic rituals of the Folies Bergere.

All these elements coalesced in the young Annaud's head to form the germ of an idea that was to become *Quest For Fire* — an idea that was consolidated by some anthropological documentaries he later made in Africa during his period of National Service.

It becomes clear during my conversation with Annaud that, while possessed of a dynamic imagination and an innate sense of humour, his ideas are firmly rooted in science rather than any religious conception of the origin of man. An 'old-fashioned' Darwinist by nature, his reading has gone far beyond Charles D.'s controversial best seller to include the likes of Konrad Lorenz, Richard Leakey and Kenneth Auclain.

"We felt it was better to read whatever we could. We took six months in reading, going to museums, meeting people and talking without any preconceptions and after that we didn't go back to books for a long period. We just dreamt and invented and *then* I went back to books for all the details of the face and everything I could get; and this is why the reaction so far from the specialists has been excellent.

"What we know for sure we respected and what we didn't know we invented according to the theory we preferred."

DESPITE THE film's enormous success in America there was vociferous criticism from the Creationists, who were already smarting over the results of a trial which led to the clear distinction within the education system between the religion of Creationism and the science of Darwinism. Annaud's monkey business was the last straw and he found himself confronted with angry reactions in some quarters of the States.

Caught between the Prophets and the profits, he managed to retain his twinkling savoir faire in response.

"My favourite answer was that their ancestors nearly killed Galileo because he stated that the Earth was round and turning around the sun when they wanted the Earth to be flat and the centre of the Universe. You can believe that if you want but it's not provable — it's not in evidence.

"It's very funny, you can draw a map of America and put little flags where the Creationist lobby is strong and you'll see that the figures for the film are something like a third less there than in other places. In what you call the Bible Belt the film is doing less. It is very strong in big cities and university towns, even in industrial towns, but Kansas City is the weakest of all."

Annaul's attitude to film-making is that of the artisan which, given his

■ *continues over*

Guys and Dolls

Directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz
Starring Marlon Brando and Frank Sinatra (MGM/Blue Dolphin)

SEEMS LIKE it's springtime for Cinemascope revivals in London. West End theatrical overhaul having already afforded us a chance to peek anew at Wyler's *Little Foxes,* here comes another parallel archive treat by way of the National Theatre's current production of golden old chestnut *Guys And Dolls.*

This blockbuster began life in Damon Runyan's short story *The Idyll Of Miss Sarah Brown,* which city-slick author Abe Burrows adapted for Broadway's broader ways, music and lyrics supplied by cohort Frank Loesser. Five years and 1,000 performances later, Sam Goldwyn bought it up for the screen with a cool million, and signed a budget cheque five times that many dollars. Even the hardened dice men on whom the story is spun would be in awe of this guy's visionary gall.

Another longshot Goldwyn took was casting Marlon Brando in his first song and dance part, as main roller Sky

■ *continues over*

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HE KNOWS, ANNAUD *(Oh, no! — Ed.)*

● *From previous page*

intellectual capacity, is probably what makes *Quest For Fire* so entertaining. He likes to be involved in every aspect and freely demonstrates the various techniques he used to make the film authentic over its year-long shoot in the variously harsh climates of Canada, Kenya and the Scottish Highlands.

Now he can look back and laugh, which he does in between regaling us with stories of the rigours of film-making, the problems with the animals and the actors, and the immense amount of detail that went into the film — detail that will pass unnoticed beyond the subtle development of time and character.

He tells of the discovery within the last few months of a tribe on the border of Tibet and Bhutan who have apparently no knowledge of fire. He enthuses over Golding's *Lord Of The Flies* and *The Inheritors* and, best of all, he recalls the first time he spoke to Anthony Burgess to whom he had humbly sent his script, adopting an hilarious parody of Burgess' stentorian tones.

"I got a phone call from Monaco with Burgess screaming, saying: 'WELL, I'VE READ IT. IT'S BRILLIANT! IT'S BRILLIANT! IT'S BRILLIANT! I WANT TO DO IT. I WANT TO DO IT. I WANT TO HELP. JE PEUX AIDER. JE PEUX AIDER. I WANT TO HELP ...'"

He breaks off, laughing in sheer delight.

"The man is magnificent ..."

Jean-Jacques Annaud hasn't exactly just come down from the trees, either.

(Richard Cook reviews Quest For Fire in Silver Screen in colour next week)

GOOD GUYS

● *From previous page*

Masterson. Sinatra was an habitue in such affairs — but Brando, at that time, was still very much the Satori word in gutter sensuality. The world needn't have worried.

Little Foxes and *Guys And Dolls* are as far apart as Hollywood poles get. Mankiewicz's baby is a baseball game against Wyler's mannered classicism; high kicking, heckling musical that transports the genre to a cloudy peak.

It revels in an aesthetic of heightened, hemmed-in studio artificiality that has inspired disparate members of a current generation of directors — Scorsese, Coppola, Fassbinder — to painstaking recreation. But the magic of a *Guys And Dolls* is that it never looks to try too hard, even at its most complex. The shark with hidden aces, and the funniest thing is that every delicate stitch probably had commercial considerations looming large behind it; producers and directors these days should have to justify their budget so well — in 1955 they weren't arrogant enough to assume any other outcome than a smash at the box office.

The subject within *Guys And Dolls'* double love story — *"You can bet a guy's doin' it for a doll"* — is the ethics of Broadway's intinerant gambling community. More specifically, the activities surrounding Nathan Detroit (Sinatra, when he was still capable of a weasel face and a worried walk) and his oldest established permanent floating crap game.

This is an annual tradition of great import to one and all, to wit, a matter whose urgency requires the subordination of everything else, or more. Nathan is desperately desirous of a sum of 1,000 dollars, with which to hire Joey Biltmore's garage for this year's crap game.

But Sky Masterson — the world's most pathological gambler — is also in town, so Nathan confidently bets him the required sum that Sky cannot take any doll named by him, Nathan Detroit, to Havana. The doll he names is Miss Sarah Brown (Jean Simmons) of the Save-A-Soul Mission. Nathan, meanwhile, has doll problems of his own, as his engagement to Miss Adelaide (Vivian Blaine) enters its fourteenth year. . .

This is your starter for 150 minutes of music, mirth and mayhem(!) that seems to last no longer than one lingering glance between Brando and Simmons.

The Broadway of *Guys And Dolls* is an abstract Hollywood dream — 'street' clothes that would shame a sultan for opulence, colours that we'll never see screened again, choreography that tells its own story. Even the background is crammed with detail — behind the action, silly things are happening between a dog and its owner, rows are breaking out around the pizza counter.

From the unimpeachable, wordless opening sequence onwards, through to the happiest of happy endings, there are too many moments to number, too many gags to juggle with.

The dialogue is a poetry of wisecracks winding from surprise to snub, scheme to steal. "No Danish today?" cries an exasperated Detroit in Mindy's restaurant. "What do I know?" ripostes Mindy, "it's a holiday in Denmark today."

Dawn descends on the returning lovers: "I live in the nightime," — Brando's Masterson. "Now is the time you can hear footsteps on Broadway." See *Guys And Dolls* if you possibly can. I'm going back to drink it all in again — but more especially the closing moments I missed. Wouldn't you know? Had to keep an appointment with a doll.

Ian Penman

(Guys And Dolls opens at London's ICA; a new Cinemascope 35mm print; on April 9. Performances at 5.30 and 8.15).

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The sorrow and the pity

"Two monkey brains on rye! Hold the mayo!"

NEW YORK film-maker Victor Schonfeld is huddled in the corner of a Wardour Street lunch counter, seemingly oblivious to the sensibilities of neighbouring diners as he passionately recalls the trials and tribulations of making *The Animals Film*, which finally opens in London this week.

Sandwiched between the premiere of topsy Tippi Hedren's cute lion movie *Roar* and another Disney Easter holiday, its opening couldn't have been more ironically timed. Or more savagely appropriate, what with its intention of shocking viewers into a more accurate picture of man's treatment of his fellow creatures.

His film compiles irrefutable evidence of the exploitation of animals for fun, food and profit, taking us into research establishments and factory farms, accompanying hunts and fur fashion shows, to drive home a message of horrific waste and needless brutality.

Yet somehow it is compulsively watchable. *The Animals Film* is more than a catalogue of cruelties; it is the work of an accomplished, committed film-maker who knows how to maipulate images and sound (interviews, Julie Christie's narrative, Robert Wyatt's angry, shocked music) to best effect, safe in the knowledge that his point is not only true but worth making. Objectivity be damned?

"But there is such a thing as objective reality," argues Schonfeld. "And the objective reality is that human beings oppress animals through a lack of necessity because it benefits an elite of people that run corporations and those people in government who profit from it. That is objective! That is the truth! And that is what the film is exploring."

Schonfeld began his exploration four years ago, after reading Peter Singer's book *Animal Liberation*, whose revelations about animal research and factory farming he added to his personal experiences on an Israeli kibbutz's turkey farm. His film takes Singer's discoveries a stage further by placing them in a political context.

"That element wasn't in his book at all," Schonfeld says. "We suspected the link between the exploitation of animals and the multinational corporations and our investigations confirmed it."

But how would he respond to the suggestion that factory farming is one way of solving food shortages?

"It's just the opposite," he conjectures. "You might get a supply of meat or eggs but the expense of it in terms of grain is enormous. It takes three times as much plant protein to produce one unit of meat protein.

"Factory farming is capital intensive, resourse intensive, it wastes food and valuable fossil fuels. The only thing it saves on is labour and that's why the corporations wanna do it. Factory farms create unemployment so it doesn't make any sense at all."

That's not to mention the inhumane treatment of the animals involved. The greatest area of resistance, however, is to the segment of the film dealing with medical research. People insist that human lives are more valuable than those of the animals sacrificed.

In essence Schonfeld doesn't refute this, but his film makes the point that most vivisection in the name of research is repetitive (because the drugs industry won't share their findings with each other), worthless (testing toxic levels of cosmetics, cigarettes and alcohol on animals!) and, most wasteful of all, inconclusive.

By the time The Animal Liberation Front are introduced theirs appears to be one of the few sober responses to the waste. Schonfeld isn't about to argue that it's the only one.

"It's one response among many," he says. "We wanted to show the level of passion and dedication among these people as being exemplary, but people needn't imitate their style.

"Personally, I feel more upset about what happens to human beings than animals — which they would argue with — but it seems to me that anybody who has any commitment to changing, er, society, should embrace the cause of animal liberation as well, or else the ALF will always be reduced to looking like cranks . . .

Chris Bohn

(The Animals Film opens this Thursday, April 8, at The Gate, Bloomsbury, to be followed, it is hoped, by a nationwide release through selected cinemas.)

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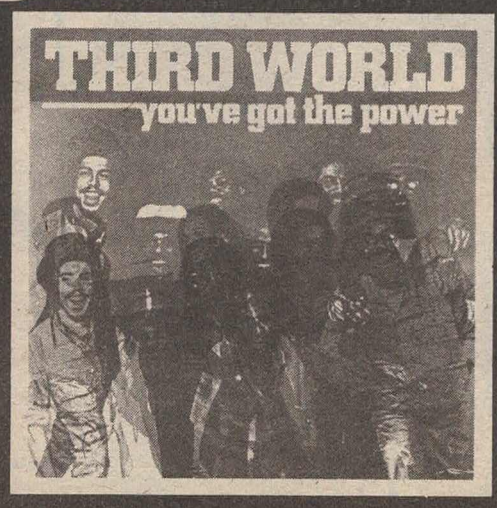

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Tour presented by Derek Block

THRILLS, FRILLS, CHILLS: Cynthia Rose

NATIVE INTELLIGENCE OF THE REBEL BREED–Pop and Pulp

SOMETIME IN 1969 reviews by one Lester Bangs began to crop up in *Rolling Stone*. Lester was the invention of ex-shoesalesman Leslie Bangs from El Macon, California, who moved in '71 to Detroit and went to work for the soon-to-be-seminal *Creem*. From there he added a whole new alphabet to what Patti Smith called the "dream soup" of rock and roll — trying by turns accident, outrage, sheer invention, insane gambles and — above all — insatiable curiosity and a wit that's yet to meet its match.

Bangs raised the ante of 'criticism'; everything he writes (like his best stuff on the Stones, Iggy Pop, Van Morrison and Lou Reed, his recent outrageousness on Big Youth and 'Ms Yoko', or his obituary for friend Peter Laughner) is an *event*. Even, I expect, his 40,000 words on the Ventures and his 80,000 on the Troggs.

This — in addition to the fact that he also consistently mediated between subculture and subscription rates by coining terms like 'punk rock' and 'trash aesthetic' — accounts for his reputation as a 'gonzo journaist'. Which Bangs is not, for the simple reason that 'gonzo journalism', when its context falls away, tends to date. And the best of Bangs' writing, like the music that inspires it, will never age. Read it again and it's as funny and honest and important as it ever was.

Bear this in mind when you check out *Rod Stewart* by Paul Nelson and Lester Bangs. Don't worry; it's not *about* the hapless ex-son of Highgate now ensconced in Hollywood. It's about the nature of rock stardom in the '70s, the absurd position in which it landed both purveyor and punter by the '80s — and, consequently, about sexual politics and corporate considerations themselves. It is informed less by the usual stuff (anecdote, fax, dates) than by Bangs' wide experience of 'personalities' across the spectrum in a business which as he says "would market the Guyana tapes with disco backbeat overdubbed if they thought they could make a dime out of it."

One of the innovations in this book is a chapter where the two collaborators discuss their subject and their lack of progress so far, with Nelson earnestly making a case for his disillusionments and evaluations of Stewart while Bangs impatiently bypasses him again and again, establishing without saying so that making points isn't *the* point. (Sample: *Bangs on 'Do Ya Think I'm Sexy': . . . after thinking about what's in there that does appeal to so many people, and why, is when you wanna make plans to leave the human race.* Nelson: *Well, it's just a complete ripoff of the Stones' disco hit.* Bangs: *Yeah, but their's was undoubtedly a ripoff of somebody else, too, who was probably black to boot . . . Look who it's aimed at.)*

Nelson provides a real 'Rod Stewart' for the opus; Bangs provides proof, among other things, that the only critics who help an artist make progress rather than just profits are those with the Big Picture firmly in view and the first person under control.

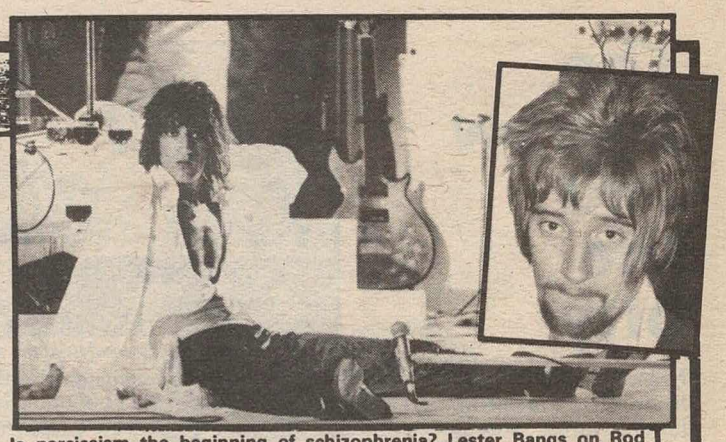
Lester has actually adapted better to the times than those who did become "cheerleaders in the pages of *Rolling Stone*". For here he is able to turn whatever format is available to him (pulp biog) into yet another vehicle for his righteously hilarious quests. And with only the example of his own *Blondie* to guide him; that is the sort of ingenuity this era needs.

So is Lester's debut LP: Lester Bangs and the Delinquents' 'Jook Savages on the Brazos' is another case where 'phenomenon' may be the operative word. The Delinquents are now defunct (former member Brian Curley is exiled in Roky Erikson's new outfit), but when I saw them live in '80 — as one of a 6-strong audience in an also-now-defunct Spanish bar — they were more capable than they sound behind Lester. Also the Bangs vocal should have been mixed right up, because no one else could've come up with lyrics or phrasing quite like these.

Six of the LP's eleven cuts are just fine by real garage band standards (the sort brought to most critics' attention by Lester and his earlier critical colleagues in the first place). Some ('Kill Him Again', 'Day of the Dead', 'I'm In Love With My Walls', and 'Life's Not Worth Living (But Suicide's a Waste of Time)') manage to carry ideas out with the garbage in just the same way no less than The Stooges started out.

Who could resist a C&W-slanted wail that kicks off with 'Yew call yoreself a nigh-hill-ist' anyway? Not me' . . . But then, Lester has added a lot of important stuff to my life since 1969 and I've never set eyes on him. His pronunciation of 'slime' on 'Jook Savages' (like his treatment of Britt Ekland in *Rod: RLAA of Rod Stewart)* could not have been *thought of* by anybody else. It's the vision which drives Lester that makes laughing matter. And that *is* survival in the modern world.

Cynthia Rose



Is narcissism the beginning of schizophrenia? Lester Bangs on Rod Stewart

Rod Stewart by Paul Nelson & Lester Bangs, Sidgwick & Jackson, £4.95

'Jook Savages on the Brazos' by Lester Bangs and the Delinquents, Live Wire Records, 5254 Meadowcreek Drive, Austin, Texas 78745 USA (Free liner notes by Nick Tosches).

BOHO BONANZA: Berets Away!

JUMP BACK, CADILLAC! It's all go on the floorboard-fan front, aslongtime Kerouac kultists from Lester Bangs to Charles Shaar Murray and Nick Nolte should be glad to hear. Daughter Jan Kerouac has an autobiog out *(Baby Driver)* detailing her falls from grace (sexual, chemical and familial) and her trans-American, Mexican and Central American travels in Dad's vein; a new Granada edition of *The Subterraneans* and another book on Neal Cassady *(The Holy Goof)* are also in print. By autumn, there will be a new book on Jack himself: Gerald Nicosia's *Memory Babe.*

Labelwise, Jack Elliott has come up with 'Kerouac's Last Dream' on Folkfreak and Mark Murhpy with 'Bop for Kerouac'. The latter includes readings from the JK *ouevre.*

Even cassettes seem to have copped the beret: Dave Moore of Bristol has hunted up a 1949 party tape Jack and Ginsberg made "just after Jack returned from that San Francisco-New York ride with Neal at the wheel." (Had to be Neal, of course — as *Heartbeat* director John Byrum was shocked to discover "Hell, Jack didn't even have a driver's license!" This reel has Ginsberg reciting, Jack letting everyone in on the then-unpublished *Town and The City,* and a lot of boho conversation. En finis, Jack even indulges in some 'bop singing'. Cassettes of Neal Cassady warming up audiences before early Grateful Dead concerts are also in circulation.

And more: Robert Fripp's new King Crimson perform *his HeartBeat* tribute, 'Neil And Jack And Me' (should have been on the album!) and the Motorway Amateur Staff Dramatic Society of Great Britain just opened their musical verson of 'On The Road' to acclaim in Watford Gap. They're now on the road themselves, to "Newport Pagnell and then a summer season in France"!

The real collator of all such titbits, however, is *The Moody Street Irregulars,* a "Jack Kerouac newsletter" put out by a team of dedicated folks from around the globe and printed in America. *Thrills* received issue nine, of which the best bits include lengthy reviews (then and now) of Jack's *Valley Of Duluoz,* info on Kerouac's last editor Ellis Amburn, and a charmingly self-contradictory indictment of Byrum's celluloid *HeartBeat* by JK's ex-missus herself, Carolyn Cassady — entitled 'HeartBeef'.

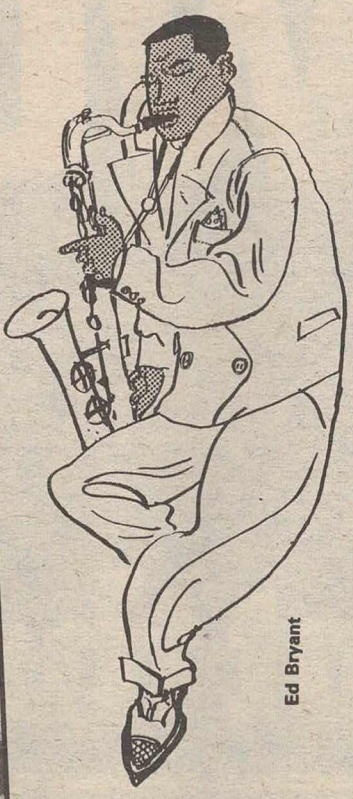
Subscriptions to *The Moody Street Irregulars* cost $4 (four issues) or a stamped, self-addressed envelope for initial enquiries. They should go to Editor Joy Walsh, at PO Box 157, Clarence Corner, New York 14032 USA.

Relevant literary matter can be ordered through London's Compendium Bookshop, at 234 Camden High St, NW1 (Tel 01-267-1525). And cassette enquiries can be made via Alan Griffey, 43 Chatto Rd, Torquay, Devon, or Dave Moore, 19 Worthing Road, Patchway, Bristol B312 BHY.

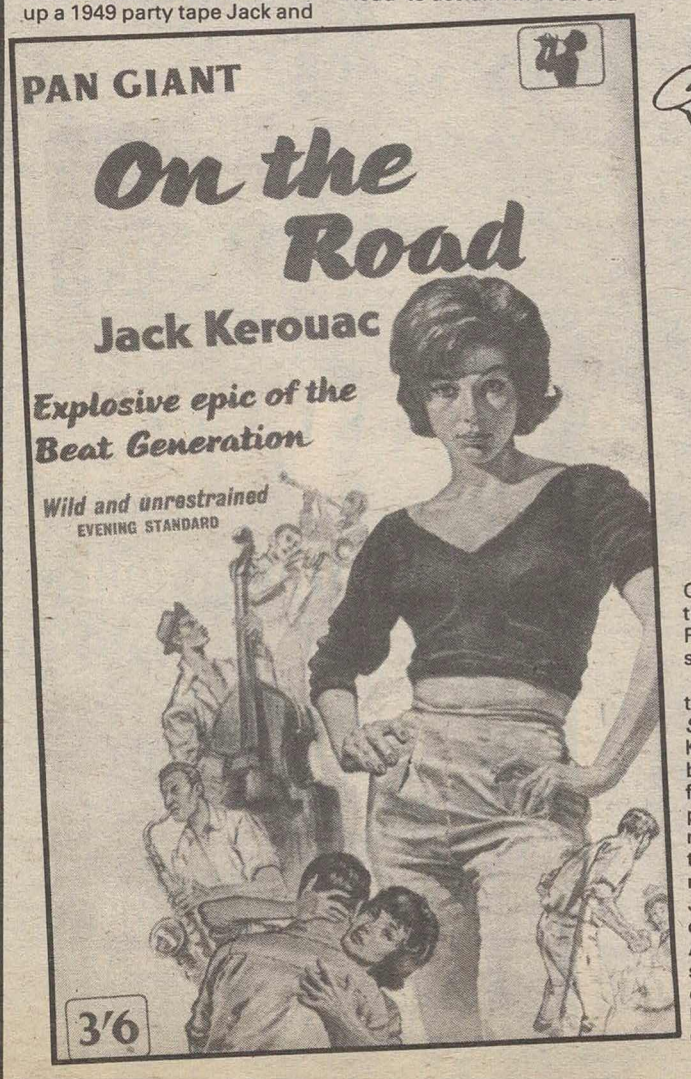
Cynthia Rose

Mark Rusher

Sunglasses after dark: two moody Street Irregulars take the night air



Ed Bryant



A NEW SATURDAY NIGHT PLAYLIST

WE'VE ALREADY GOT you into gear over outfits like 'Jook Savages', Denton's punk-polka band Brave Combo, Rank and File ("the Commie-punk-country band from New York") and Poughkeepsie's Dan del Santo and his Professors of Pleasure. While you await the debut LP from Austin's Skunks, here's six more remove-shoes-or-Sony-before-spinning recommendations — with instructions in How to Acquire:

1. 'Roscoe's Family' b/w 'Lights Out'; No Sisters. These are genuine Bay area siblings, who have dancefloored a majority of American clubs. One of the biggest across-the-board club spins since 'Rock Lobster'.
2. 'Right to Know' by D-Day; D-Day's 'Too Young to Date' was that perfect teen anthem The Runaways never cut — this has the same pop hooks filtered through a neo-psychedelic guitar and a spunky synth line.
3. 'Moon Twist', an EP from the LeRoi Brothers. Four cuts: Churning swing r'n'r with gruff chiming vocals and climbing acceleration; one maintaining the basic Dr Demento juke jazz; a novelty number of the straightahead 'devil made me do it' rockabilly school; and bayou rock, swung along with harmonica. Absolutely one of the best party records of the year.
4. 'Vertigo', a 12" EP from Standing Waves, was voted "Best Texas EP" of '81. Ample reason in six cuts for George Clinton's verdict that this band are "Standin' on the verge of gettin' it on".
5. Additional percussion and synthesiser on 4. were handled by Patrick Keel. Keel has performed with everything from garage outfits to Top 40, and now he's a "community-based artist" drawing other talents into his exotic tape systems. Keel's 'Make It Simple' b/w 'Sing', and his 'Pool 2' cassette follow hot on the heels of the slinky funk that was Pool 1, and breaks away from the endless post-Neu influences on the use of repetition to substitute a more American angle: plenty of percussion.
6. Another experimentalist: Laurie Anderson's 'Let X = X' is a flexi contained in the latest issue of *Artforum* magazine. The issue is great to look at — with its Warhol centrefold-out, pinball art photos, Issey Miyake couture, and pulp art paperback covers — though few critics are able to cope fully with the mag's new ambition of synthesising disciplines that already work tightly together. Read Anderson's lyrics (printed on the D-I-Y bag) and you'll think, like 'O Superman', this is another love song. But listen to the distanced resentment of the delivery and you'll hear the revengeful valentine of a disappointed lover on her way out the door. Is the overwhelming 'irony' an art world affectation or the display of a real emotional defence? Maybe it's up to you.

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4. Classified Records, PO Box 49431, Austin, Texas 78765 USA.
5. The Pool, c/o Patrick Keel, 1607 West 6th St, Austin, Texas 78703, USA.
6. *Artforum* magazine; import newstands or direct from Single Copies/*Artforum,* 205 Mulberry St., New York, NY 10012 USA for $5.75 pre-paid to *Artforum.*

STAYIN' HUNGRY

THIRST! Vampirism at the Venue

EURO-HEARTHROBS David Bowie and Catherine Deneuve made a day's meal of ascending a staircase, lifting drinks, and exchanging a glance during recent shooting at Branson's rockpalast Heaven. . . one venue in their nouveau-vampire flick *Hunger.* Not *too* nouveau, of course: *Hunger* has been filming at locations all over England, including Whitby, ancestral site of capers by Bram Stoker's Dracula. And one technician was heard to remark as he ho-hummed his way through the rowdy rent-a-sleaze assembled for the spot of nightclubbing "Maybe this would look hip if it were being made ten years ago". Still, DB's Presleysque quiff (teensy-weensy and jet-black) indicates that he's still into altered images so long as he doesn't have to originate 'em. Poor guy hardly has time for a sit-down, either, before rumours are flying to the effect that he'll appear next with Yellow Magic Orchestra's Ryuichi Sakamoto in a celluloid confection by Japan's Nagisa Oshima of *Ai No Corrida* notoriety.

Beverly Hills

BILL WYMAN

THE NEW ALBUM
Includes the hits
[SI SI] JE SUIS UN ROCK STAR
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whomping the suckers

Yep, it certainly is hard to understand these yank expressions . . . What it amounts to is JOAN JETT — baseball fan, former Runaway and one-time punkette of this parish — has gone and hit a home run to the top of the US charts.
GAVIN MARTIN rides a record company limo to the heart of the American rock dream.
JOE STEVENS hangs in there for the pix.

"IT'S SO HARD to even think of being famous, of having that responsibility. It's really weird, I mean — me!! — a rockstar! Hey, are you a rockstar? Gotta Rolls Royce, or a Cadillac? Oh my God — wake up! I must be dreaming."

Joan Jett has just turned 23 and the rock'n'roll machine that she's worked in without much recompense for ten years has suddenly picked her — a cog in the mechanism — out of the works and shoved her to the top of the heap where everything glitters and if you look down, way way way down to the bottom, your head goes light and your legs turn to jelly. You could crumble away completely.

"I try not to think about it, I know it could end tomorrow. What I've already done is the real success, all the rest is phoney, money is phoney. But going to number one in the country was something else, the record just steamrollered to the top.

"The first week it got a superball which means you're doing really well. Then a couple of days later we got a phone call to say it had jumped 40 places. Then it starts to get scary — 37 places the next week and you're at 17 with a superbullet and you go, Oh God it's got to slow down sometime. God, it all happened so fast, it's definitely a different feeling but as long as you keep your head on straight you're ok because it could end tomorrow."

For today however Joan Jett, under the auspices of manager Kenny Laguna (who wrote steered and produced most of the time as Joan Jett and The Blackhearts brought themselves and an old Arrows b side 'I Love Rock'n'Roll' from obscurity to two million sellers), is the hottest new property in American rock'n'roll.

IN THE HALLOWED LAND of opportunity Joan Jett's rags to riches story is some kind of affirmation of the American dream. Tonight a tour that started in September and doesn't look like ending until Christmas (Australia, Europe and The West Coast lie waiting to be conquered) brings her to Kansas City where The Blackhearts will support The Police at the 17,000 seater Kimper Arena.

As near as is possible Kansas City lies right in the middle of the USA. It was here that *The Dream* began with the early settlers rustling cattle on the wide rolling plains. Mark Twain country, where Tom Sawyer and Becky Thatcher had their adventures, isn't more than a steamboat drive away up the Missouri. It's hardly surprising that the undulating landscape and dusty railroad stations that are dotted over it remind me of the first childhood picture I had of America, one that suggested hope, freedom and ambition.

Perhaps Howard Hughes, a symbol of all that is great and grotesque in the American dream, was attracted to Kansas for these reasons — he tested his first aircraft out here and subsequently opened the massive TWA corporation. Its centre of operations remain in Kansas to this day.

So much for the myths, so much for the history. Today Kansas seems to be lost in typical Mid-west inertia. Although it was once a famous jazz centre — Count Basie, Charlie Parker and Duke Ellington spent much of their early careers here — the town's nightlife seems to be permanently asleep, just like most of the big league US music scene. I've come 3000 miles to America — my first trip — expecting something more than a 'Pasta Awareness' week (no kidding, that's what the sign said in the Italian restaurant) and a convention for agricultural suppliers and wheelchair athletes. Perhaps they were having a Sympathy Curfew for the elections in El Salvador, who knows?

The Holiday Inn guide urged a visit to the stockyards so I sat back and watched the TV. The weatherman was sending out a birthday greeting to a 100-year-old woman who plays the accordian and the harmonica *"... not at the same time of course."* Cue stomach churning grin and into adverts. A lissom hosewife shudders when presented with her normal laxative but returns refreshed having tried a new gentle solution. I thought of the sign in the pub downtown — The Happy Houligan *(sic)* like everywhere else Kansas has an Irish bar, of course — *"beam me up Mr Scott — there is no intelligent life here."* Before I knew it, it was time to meet Lenny Laguna.

KENNY LAGUNA has a curious facial characteristic — his upper lip permanently juts out and his mouth is always slightly ajar, it could be a rock'n'roll occupational hazard, the result of a lifetime of sucking in cheeks and intoning "uuhh duh", Ramones style. Nah, put it down to a native New Yorker's mis-pronounciation of vowel sounds because Kenny Laguna may be lots of things — a cultural trashman, a bubblegum pop mechanic, an arch hustler — but dumb he ain't.

Along with partners Ritchie Cordell and Bo Gentry, Laguna *was* Tommy James and The Shondells, 1910 Fruitgum Co and a host of other studio entites at the tail end of the '60s. They churned out 35 hits, recording, Brill Building style, eight or nine songs a day to a strict formula. He was rich, times were good, but with the '70s slump into a quagmire of 'progressive' album based music the sweet smell of success turned sour. Laguna, an endless earbender, spills out his life-story in ten minutes, an intense, energetic flow — more words per minute than an auctioneer with amphetamine psychosis.

"We didn't have a lower standard of living we had *no* standard of living. I ended up working in a mailroom, my old lady had to go out to work as well. In the '60s I wouldn't get out of bed in the morning for 100 dollars, I could earn that by overdubbing a piano in the afternoon. But suddenly I found myself working for a 100 dollars *a week,"* he says with disgust.

His luck turned in the late 70s when he got involved with the Berserkley stable and The Steve Gibbons Band and The Barracudas. Toby Mamis, who was Blondie's PR and managing The Runaways, asked Luguna to come to LA to produce Joan Jett recording the soundtrack of the ill-fated Runaways movie. Joan was making the movie herself, The Runaways having split up but the contract on the film still legally binding. The snag was that the LP had to be cut in three days. Luguna was about to pass up the offer when his wife, now an integral part of Jett Lag productions, urged him to see Joan Jett.

"So I go out there and we do this joke of a project in three or four days. But during that time Joanie and me had this thing which just clicked between us in the studio. We looked into each other's eyes and you could tell, rightaway you could tell.

"She reminded me of a very dear friend of mine, who I made some records with late in her career — Darlene Love, you know who that is? It was in the *oooh babys"*, Joan's got this song called 'You Don't Know What You Got' — that's when I fell in love with her. When I heard her sing that it was like the artist I'd always waited for.

"I said to her, 'There's only one thing wrong, do me a favour and get rid of your guitar and we'll overdub it'. She said 'If my guitar isn't on the original track then there ain't going to be no song'. I thought — shit, y'know?, because I came in there with this natural predudice about looking at this little girl in a baseball cap and thingking she can't play guitar, but it turns out she played guitar better than anyone on the tape."

But they were far from home and dry and the hustling, the endless visits to record companies, the endless refusals and a concentrated campaign to bring Joan Jett and The Blackhearts straight to the listener via radio had only just begun. This is where the Joan Jett story became a quest. Laguna pulled out all the stops and it's his favourite part of the story — the battle against the record industry.

"It was one of those things where the music was right for the kids and right for the radio guys but it wasn't right for the industry. So we had to go round kicking everybody's asses because suddenly we were selling out 2000 to 5000-seater stadiums and no-one was taking Joan Jett seriously."

LAGUNA MASTERMINDED the operation but old friends in high places provided assistance. Steve Leber of Leber Krebs management (Aerosmith and Kiss), his neighbour in New York, became managerial assistant. Bill Curbishley of The Who group, who Laguna had liaised with via The Steve Gibbons Band, gave credit and studio time as they awaited the arrival of royalties; and The Howard Bloom Agency also lent their support.

"Gradually I became her manager, my own type of manager. I had to have Steve Leber to keep me sane because basically I'm a songwriter, I don't have the temperament for it. I get too involved. If somebody has a toothache it becomes my problem. Like they're all nervous, I'm here alone with you, they think anything could happen."

You don't say. Jett Lagg productions, the company set up between Joan and Kenny with a 50/50 split on all earnings including outside production work like the EP Laguna has just produced for Bow Wow Wow, produced a poster recently which runs with a banner headline — "EVERY MAJOR RECORD COMPANY SAID NO BUT TWO MILLION ROCK'N'ROLL FANS SAID YES."

"We've got letters of rejection from every major record company there is. CBS in America said she couldn't sing. I couldn't believe it, I was looking at them totally astonished, pointing to this garbage and that garbage and wanting to know why the fuck they were signing it. What's wrong with Joan Jett, what's wrong with Kenny Laguna? I knew, I knew — it was obvious all the radio stations were rocking it and they still didn't want to know. I couldn't understand these people we were going to give it to them free, no advance just market the record and pay us a monthly salary I said and they *still* wouldn't do it."

Leeds and a host of other promotion men were hired on a state by state basis, the original finance coming from the fund Laguna had set up for the his kid's college education. The strategy worked, with nearly every radio station across the land playing the record — but still no contract. Eventually and with some reluctance a deal was secured with the independent Boardwalk Records and the rest, as they say is history.

So you're happy now?

"I'm not happy, everybody says I should be happy but until we achieve a certain stature — a place in history that I think belongs to both me and Joanie I won't be happy. The people who are embarrassed by Joanie's success are now saying it's a fluke. We have to be around for a few years to prove that Joan Jett is unique and something special. If you look at Chrissie Hynde's make-up and hairdo — she's acknowledged this, coz she's a gentleman (laughs) — you'll see she took a lot of her role from Joanie, as did Pat Benatar. Joanie was out there sweating her guts out, and taking the abuse because she was a chick with a guitar.

"I'll be thrilled if Joanie finally does bring about something like what happened in 1964-65 when there were rock'n'roll bands occupying the charts. They call things like Foreigner, Styx and Reo Speedwagon rock'n'roll but is it? I don't think so, I'm not knocking those bands but there seems to be a line in the record business where those bands are getting signed but the purity and naturalness of that other band isn't allowed through."

Kenny Lugana is an old style romantic rock'n'roll manager — stuck on some grand vision of thrash pop. He's a hustler and idealist in the '60s mould — Spector, Epstein and Loog Oldham, a type everyone thought had died away to make way for the corporate heavies of the '70s and '80s. But then everyone thought that Joan Jett's music — hard, fast, almost crassly basic rock'n'roll (Gary Glitter meets The Sex Pistols) — had died out as well. Together they've proved popular opinion wrong and if they can give the dreaded sated complacency of the American Top 40 a kick up the rear in the process they deserve drinks all round.

THE STORY takes on a curious dimension when one remembers how Tony Parsons used to champion Joan Jett in these pages as 'The World's Last Rock'n'Roll Star' before writing the fictional *Platinum Logic*. Those of you familiar with that book may

The Runaways 1976, Joan on the left: "We were just too honest."

with a superball

notice parallels between what happens between the book's two main characters and what has happened between Laguna and Jett. A '60s pop tycoon spends the '70s mooching, alienated from prevailing trends, he meets an all girl band and takes one of them to the dizzy heights and excesses of fame.

The extent of Kenny's zealous image building and protectiveness soon becomes apparent , firstly when we tell him that 'Little Drummer Boy' which Jaon wanted released *only* as a Christmas single has been included on the European CBS copy of the 'I Love Rock'n'Roll' LP and it's called 'Woe Is Me' (the track that was meant to take its place) on the sleeve. And secondly when he finds out we've arrived to do the interview without having made an arrangement on photo approval. The scene becomes positively surreal as he grabs the phone in the truckstop cafe and starts screaming down the blower to various managerial and record people all around the world.

We arrive at the hotel, having still not come to an arrangement on photographs. It's when we finally come eye to eye with Joanie that Joe and I renege on our journalistic ethics, realising the reason for the photo approval rule. To be blunt Joan Jett is far from the healthiest looking 23 year old on the planet. Her eyes roll at odds with one another and the lids droop cushioned in endless rolls of flesh and layers of make-up, her speech is slurred and the voice is hoarse. Evidently the effect of the last ten years touring, struggling and partying have taken their premature toll. She's a complete contrast to Laguna — drowsy, fumbling and forgetful. Kenny is present during much of the interview, helping her come up with answers and jogging her memory. As far as the music is concerned, the partnership seems to be 50/50 — Joan's got a good basic pop sensibility in her arrangements, writing and playing, but Laguna seems to be her rock'n'roll tutor giving her naive glitter punk utopia an historical context.

Joan has seen quite a bit in her 23 years, rock'n'roll is really the only life she's ever known, right from the time that Kim Fowley plucked a group of Californian teenagers off the boulevard and onto the merry go round.

"We were a hardworking band but it was a lot of fun. We just couldn't believe some of the reviews that were written. I can take constructive criticism but, boy, some of it was away over the top. I think The Runaways were just too honest. Girls act like that — girls drink, girls smoke and girls swear. If it would have been an all guy band no-one would have given a shit."

Did you get many groupies following you in The Runaways?

"Yeah, especially in England they were the worst, or the best — whatever way you want to look at it. They broke through the windows and tried to climb into the dressing room and stuff."

When they split up Joan became involved in a number of projects, the ultimate aim being to get a group together, the immediate aim being to 'stay alive'. She produced Californian punk band The Germs before lead singer Derby Crash died of a smack overdose, the resulting platter was hailed as 'LA meets 'Never Mind The Bollocks' a comment which pleased Joan — an unshakeable Sex Pistola' fan — no end. While trying to put a band together in London she recorded her first version of 'I Love Rock 'n' Roll' with Cook and Jones, a track which was to be included on her 'Joan Jett' solo album. Between times she was meeting legal commitments in California filming *The Runaways* movie.

"Oh God," she grimaces at the memory, "I'm sure that's going to pop out someday."

During the making of the film she came close to death.

"It turned out to be six weeks of torture, we were working out in the desert and I suddenly discovered I couldn't breath. The next day I got sick and the film crew sent for an ambulance. I woke up in hospital feeling really weak and with a fever. There was all these tubes around the bed. I'd contracted bacterio enderities or something from all the dust and shit in the desert. For a while I was close to death and it was really scary. But when I was better I had to stay in bed for a real long time and it became a complete bore, I missed the start of The World Series. I just remember lying there screaming and screaming — you bastards let me outta here."

Does it bother her that the movie may someday be released?

"Well remember this; when I was doing that my life was breaking up. I was doing that movie out of desperation. Basically it was some money and something to do, it kept my name alive while I figured out how to continue."

Soon after she met Kenny Laguna Joan split from manager Toby Mamis to go under Kenny's mad, flapping wing. Why?

There's a long pause.

"Well," she says and stops for another uneasy silence. Laguna's attention is distracted from rolling a funny cigarette and he begins to twitch menacingly.

"Well," she says again, "things just didn't work out. And I think I'd better stop right there."

And let the ever ready, ever present and ever willing Laguna step in.

"Toby's still a friend of ours. It's still a good vibes situation."

OVER PAGE

Whompin'

FROM OVER PAGE

Just then, with Laguna's lip curling into a vicious snarl and the vibe situation getting decidedly dodgy, there's a loud high pitched bleed from source unknown. "What the fuck was that?" yells Joan, "Where did it come from . . . Jeez, that was really weird."

And Toby Mamis vanishes from the conversation.

Did you ever think you were going to be famous, Joan?

"Oh sure, we couldn't understand why we weren't. It was so different than anyone thought — we were a bunch of girls in a band partying and travelling round the world — not many people get the chance to do that. I realise now that we were tagged with a sex image but I didn't then. But basically I've got fond memories of The Runaways. I learned a lot and it made me wary of the music business and how cut-throat it is."

Have you been messed around by managers in the past?

"I don't know I was so naive. You don't know, how can you know? You're in school. You can get paranoid about it or be happy in a band and I chose to be happy in a band, I didn't think too much about the money. But I'll take the money this time, you have to try everything once and if you don't like it you can give it away. I could buy a car, a hotel," she considers, just beginning to come to terms with the possibilities. "Anything I want. Boy, that's pretty wild."

AFTER I TALK to Joan in the Hotel we go to a radio station for a pre-concert interview. I get into the limousine beside Joan but Laguna, who takes great pleasure in telling everyone over and over again how I've come *all the way* from England just to interview Joan Jett, sidles in between us.

On the drive to the radio station Steve Leeds follows us in a fancy sportscar, Kenny plays a little 'head move' on Joan pretending to be worried that the car is being followed. Joan rises to the bait, until we arrive at the radio station and the sportscar pulls in behind us, and she unleashes a panic. "Well who the fuck are they? Get rid of them." When she sees Leeds emerge from the sportscar she lashes out at Kenny, banging her fists on his back as he runs up the stairs chuckling gleefully. "You low rent cheapstake, you bastard you knew all along."

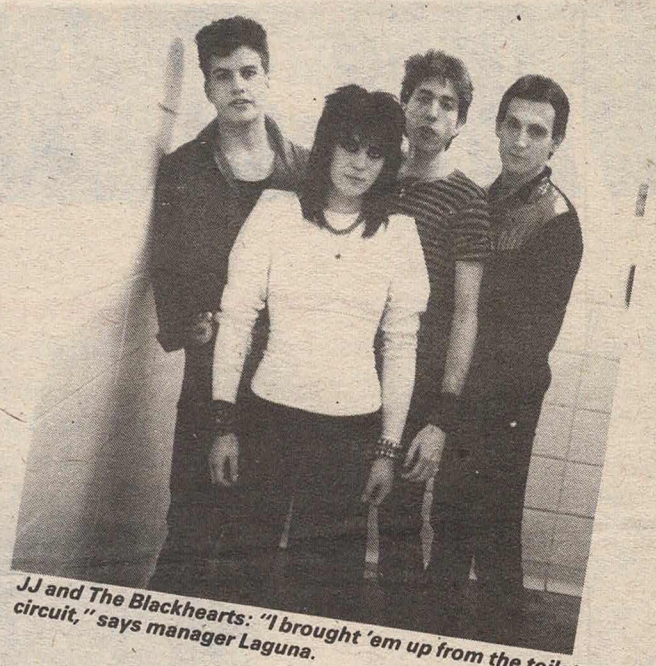
I'm left wondering if this and an insult session after the show is some kind of weird 'star psyching' programme on Laguna's part. The interview goes along pretty well, Laguna of course gets his ha'ppence worth in edgeways. Afterwards in the lobby a fan presents Joan with a bouquet of red roses embroidered with silk black hearts. The girl who presents it is dressed in leathers, has medium length black hair and mascara painted around the eyes; a Joan clone.

"There's lots of girls like that," she tells me, "and they've got it right down to the last detail. They've got Pro-ked red basketball boots, the leather jacket, the make-up, right down to the type of buttons they wear on their lapels."

At the Kimper Arena Joan Jett and The Blackhearts put in a show which perfectly consumates Joan's limited vision of what rock'n'roll should be — hard, energetic, stomping and chanting 4/4 beats matched to songs that show the archetypal tough/romantic leather girl in a series of sorrows and delight.

"I don't think of it as an image, it's just me. I used to get really mad, the first thing that hit with most people was sex. But people don't give me too much shit anymore. If they do I blow up at them or Kenny does it if he's around. Look, I'm tired of hearing that girls can't play rock'n'roll, it's bullshit and it's untrue."

Joan Jett is more than another feeble American concession to punk rock, sure she's succeeding where the likes of Holly and The Italians and Pearl Harbour and The Explosions failed. But she's also bringing the spirit of Suzi Quatro to America which is an experience they never had — perhaps because Quatro's mentor Mickey Most was aiming for a specifically British market. Kenny Laguna seems to have hit on a nerve with a specifically American appeal, easily assimilated by kids who find the likes of Benatar and Foley too old and too stereotyped. The music hasn't changed much since The Runaways days. Joan's listening tastes are still pretty much as they were four years ago — mid '70s British Glitter pop and primetime punk, though these days it's expanded to include



JJ and The Blackhearts: "I brought 'em up from the toilet circuit," says manager Laguna.

The Who, The Stones, and Cheap Trick. Ain't she ever going to grow up?

"But I don't want to change. I've heard all the different types of music there is and i like this type of music best, it feels best and it works best. I'm satisfied I'm doing what I want, nobody'll stop me. It's still really exciting to me. I don't want to grow up. I enjoy playing rhythm guitar if my rhythm guitar broke I'd play the bass. I like the feel of it, the body part. I don't care if it's something that sends rays down from the skies. I'm happy with what I'm doing. I'm lucky to be happy and working. You've got to be happy for as long as you can."

Do you think that by getting to the position you are in and using the resources of organisations like Howard Bloom, Leber Krebs and The Who group that you're breaking the mould of American rock'n'roll stars?

"I don't know, I hope so. Kenny always calls it a Cinderella story. I don't know what's going on. I'm just glad to be on the road. It's my life, I've been doing it since I was 15 and it's all I've ever wanted to. We've got more work to do now than before 'I Love Rock 'n' Roll' was a hit. Before it was easy, it was just a matter of playing gigs but now you have to do everything."

Laguna: "You know there was no record company that wanted you so you forced your way up by working hard, you broke the mould."

"Seven years of breaking it," screams Joanie.

Laguna looks at me: "She's not interested in fame and all that heavy shit, like I said before, it's the place in the history books we're after now."

"Yeah," says Joan, "When they write the official book for all types of music, they're bound to someday, I want to be in there."

Do you believe in the American dream, Joan?

"What's that, that you come to America the land of opportunity and no matter what you want to achieve, if you work hard enough it can come true? That's definitely the truth in my case. I fought my way up from the fucking street to be were I am today."

Do you have any heroes, Joan?

"Not in the music business, though I'm sure glad The Sex Pistols shook up the fucking world, I'm telling you man . . . James Bond is the only hero I really have. I'd do a film if I could be like a female James Bond but I'd have to be able to use one of those terrorist machine guns that you hold sideways and get to throw a couple of grenades, maybe a World War II film with spies and stuff. But I'm not really thinking about it right now, maybe later when the time comes."

What do you like to do in your spare time?

"I don't have any, but if I get a day off and I'm not so tired that I have to lie in bed I like to play baseball. If I wasn't doing this I'd probably be fighting to get girls into the professional baseball leagues. It'd be much harder to do that than to do this. They only got the blacks in there a few years ago, which is a total disgrace."

AFTER THE performance I meet The Black-hearts, briefly (Laguna seemed to find it more important that I meet the promotion men). The Blackhearts are all young, average age about 20 and the kamikaze guitar and thumping glitter beats on the record are probably accounted for by their background, playing in a number of post New York Dolls outfits. They seem dazed — the drummer admitted with the hectic schedule it was often hard to know what town they were in — but most of all they seem grateful.

"I brought these boys up from playing toilets, they were earning ten dollars a night," says Mr Laguna, "I've got rules like there's no heavy drugs allowed around this band. Because when they start taking massive amounts of cocaine lose their sense of reality, start to think they're Gods and shit."

The last memory I have of Joan Jett is in the touring van playing a baseball video game, which looks more complicated to play than any of the songs from her set. She thumps the ball way to the outfield and sends a player round the bases. "Whomp that sucker," she yells.

"I'm getting the last laugh even if it doesn't come a tremendous roaring. I'm still having a giggle at a lot of people all down the line. The list would be too long to mention. But they know who they are. Hey, you remember Rat Scabies, I saw him the last time I was in London, I'd just come offstage and I was all sweaty and stuff, I raised up my hand to take my glove off and he started yelling, 'Don't hit me don't me don't hit me!' I just thought, pathetic, y'know?"

Joan Jett is a tough diamond. She's pulled through and she deserves all the trophies she can get into her cabinet. But when the sugar mountain of success melts away and the faithless mistress that is rock'n'roll turns it back she has to be able to hold her head high and walk away strong and proud. That's the difference between a rock'n'roll loser and a showbusiness trouper. For her sake, in some ways, for all our sakes, I hope she's able to walk away with her memories, her dreams and her pride intact. There can be no other way.

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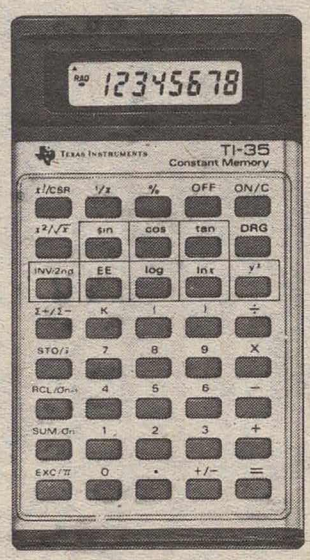

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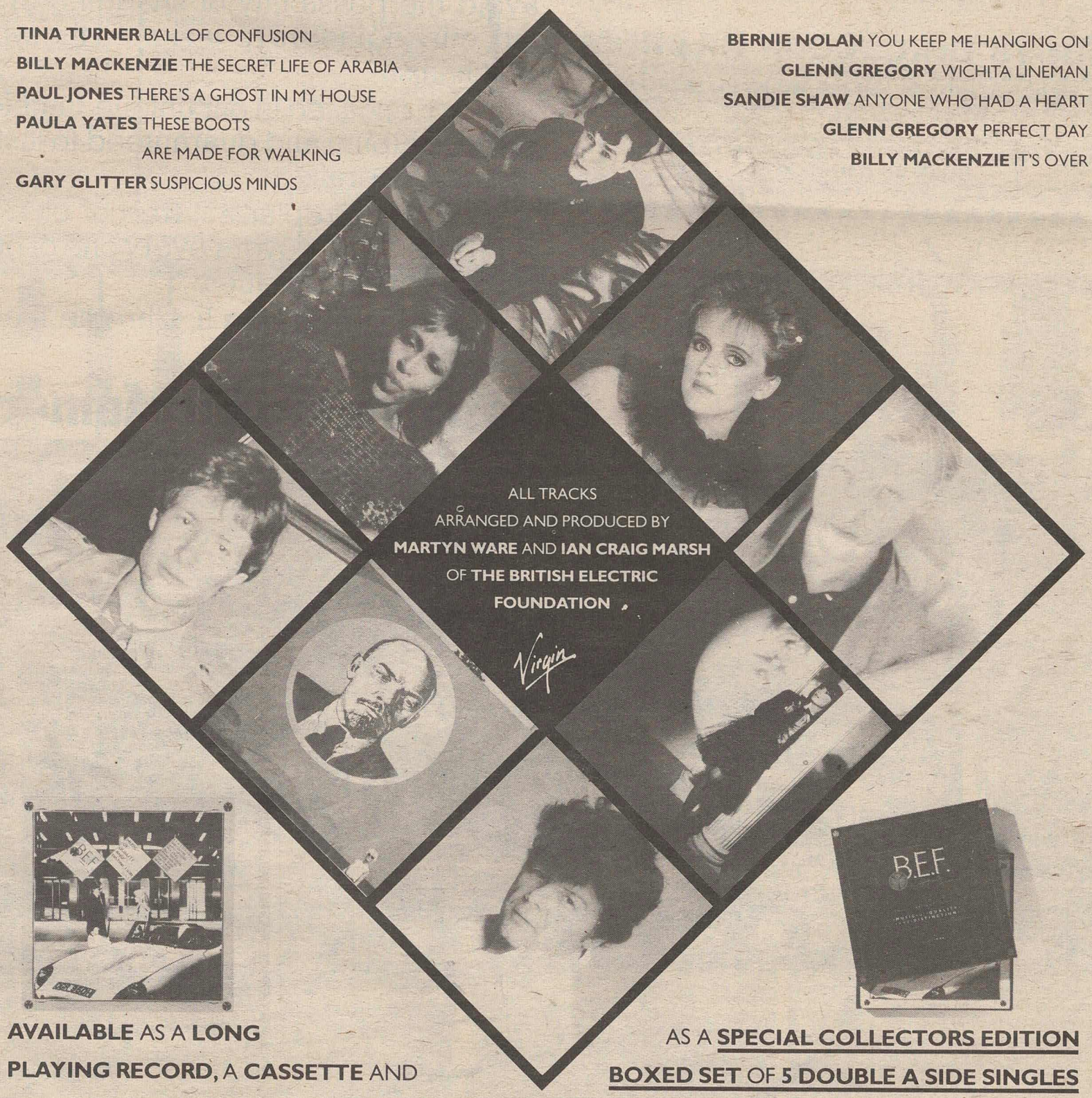

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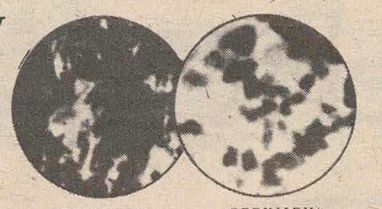

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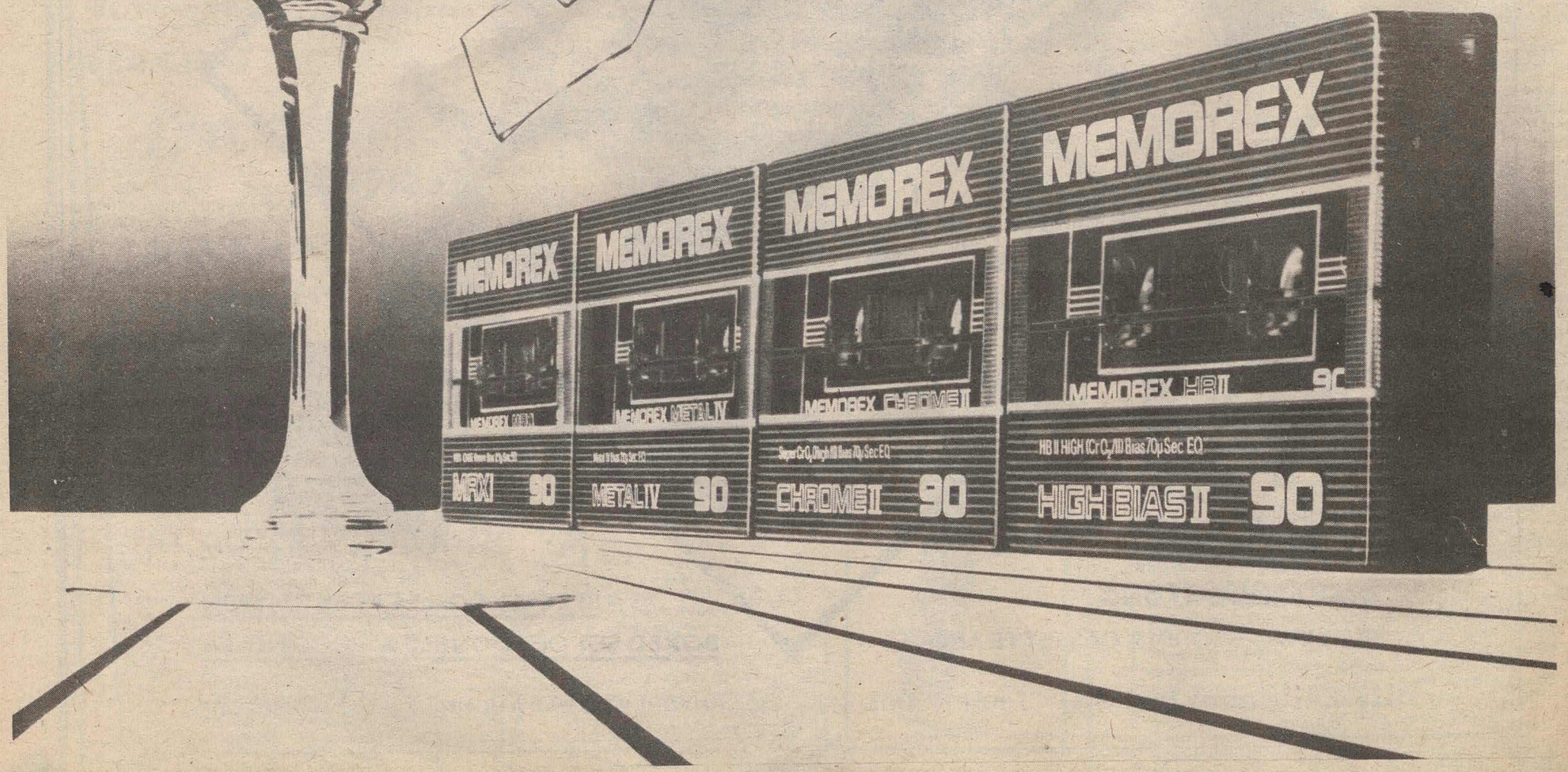

LPs

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WHAT KEEPS our suspicious minds hanging on in this all-night ball of confusion if not: *the eternal return of pop?* The most refreshing news all year is that pop isn't a series of sartorial flashes in the dark after all, but *a cyclic process!* To see the flux of pop stilled (if only momentarily) by two leading practitioners is a major boost to the concept of permanence. And since 'Penthouse And Pavement' was the most intelligent dance record since Bowie . . .

Let's have an ALTERNATIVE SINGLES REVIEW.

1. **Tina Turner, 'Ball Of Confusion'** : A dynamic transformation of the Whitfield/Temps psychedelic pulp protest; both the BEF's programming and the Beggars' horn blast are superbly disciplined, giving the song an acute, infrangible menace that the original sacrificed in its fuzzy overkill. Tina has nothing on Dennis Edwards' final scream, though, which is one of the all-time great moments of soul music.

2. **Billy Mackenzie, 'Secret Life Of Arabia'**: This is too determined by the demands of funk. 'Breeze' McKreith's guitar and Jo Dworniak's bass lack the essential swing and flow of Alomar, Davis, and Murray on the original, making it rather wooden and hardboiled. A pure gift to Billy, whose aesthetic, I would guess, probably derived from this one record more than from anything else, and who now sings it with an untrammelled hysteria Bowie would never dare attempt.

3. **Paul Jones, 'There's A Ghost In My House'**: The attempt to obtain the classic Benny Benjamin Tamla snare roll from a Lindrum meets with unfortunate consequences, and this particular song — out of all the Motown classics of the '70s this was the most successful dance record — really does need a crisper, zippier beat. In fact, it demands a rhythmic *fill* between beats that the synthesiser simply can't supply. So with these cardboard-box drums, it sounds a bit like Showaddywaddy's brand of "rock'n'roll". Paul Jones isn't much better either.

4. **Paula Yates, 'These Boots Are Made For Walking'**: Surprisingly one of the week's best — producers Martyn Ware and Ian Craig Marsh turn Lee Hazelwood's curious anthem into a flip, funky novelty worthy of Jonathan King. Paula's puff-powdered tweet giggles down from a little pocket of echo above Jo Dworniak's marvellous double bass, mellotronic plucked strings and a macho, Morricone-style "boots WALK!" chant reminiscent of the intro to 'Height Of The Fighting'. The burst of horns after her final "ready boots" is, incidentally, a great pastiche of the equivalent break on 'River Deep, Mountain High'.

5. **Gary Glitter, 'Suspicious Minds'**: Reunited with the original Glitter Band (the first time they've actually played on vinyl together!), this is the tackiest, crudest arrangement of the song imaginable, with the boys *chanting* "caught in a trap" as though it were a football slogan! Interesting that it should appear at the same time as Candi Staton's painful reworking of the song with Dave Crawford on Sugarhill. However, nothing beats Waylon Jennings' version.

6. **Bernie Nolan, 'You Keep Me Hanging On'**: Frankly, this is appalling. Martyn Ware's very run-of-the-mill disco beat fails to lull one away from the realisation that Ms Nolan is singing the entire song flat. Moreover, when it reaches that miraculous break on the Supremes record — "and there ain't nothin' I can do about it . . ." — the inflexibility of electronics, as against those almost psychedelic Motown guitars, speaks for itself.

7. **Glenn Gregory, 'Wichita Lineman'**: The elder Glen's original is subtler by far, less anxiously melancholy and thereby the more discretely despondent. I must stress that this has little or nothing to do with the revised electronic form of this version, but everything to do with its innate insipidity. I really find it hard to believe there wasn't a better voice in the Sheffield area than GG's. Ware and Marsh attempt to grace the song with a mystery it doesn't require and the result is sadly stilted. Campbell's subdued yearning — in the line *"I need you more than want you"*, for example — becomes through his interpreter listless and opaque.

8. **Sandie Shaw, 'Anyone Who Had A Heart'**: The fact that Dionne Warwicke's 'Anyone' is very nearly my favourite pop ballad OF ALL TIME inevitably prejudices my approach to Sandie's rendition. But where the original's miracle is its ecstatic succinctness and restraint, not only does Sandie go over the top but the instrumental sound, dragging and plodding from the awkward opening of Nick Plytas' piano, fails to match her. The record only picks up with the piano-hopping runaway rush of its last thirty seconds. I hate to think what Bacharach would have made of this dead, leaden beat, but Sandie was never that great a singer anyway. You only have to hold this up to Dusty Springfield's 'Just Don't Know What To Do With Myself' to see what a white girl *can* do with Bacharach.

9. **Glenn Gregory, 'Perfect Day'**: Glenn really brings nothing new to this song, either consciously or unconsciously performing a more or less direct Lou Reed pastiche. Piano and a vaguely *Clockwork Orange*-y synth blend over a gluey bass, adding a somewhat sinister tinge to what is otherwise fairly unremarkable.

10. **Billy Mackenzie, 'It's Over'**: A thumping finale, however excessively Billy sings it. John Foxx of all people contributes a whiplash acoustic guitar, combining in the front line with Hank Marvin's vibrato whirring electric. What's more, there are th[illegible]s, a cello, tympani, and French h[illegible] castanets! — making up a belea[illegible] for smart young thin[illegible] mitted so bold a translation [illegible] formula for radio sou[illegible]

"HOW WELL disposed you have to be to yourself and to life *to crave nothing more fervently* than this ultimate confirmation and seal . . .", said Friedrich of *his* eternal return. There *is* something a little suspect about 'Music Of Quality And Distinction', from the outset, from the title to the immaculate packaging to the music itself. Less a quest than a speculation, it has an unmistakable aura of safety and gloss about it. Gleaning up after the reaper of time and fashion has consigned these songs and their singers to the files of memory, the British Electric Foundation stage their recuperation in what feels like a clinic of sound. One feels the artistes chosen have somehow been imprisoned, framed in their respective compartments. As a covert cultural manoeuvre, Ware's and Marsh's concept is misguided and has led them to uninspired treatments which for the most part only succeed in smudging the imprint of their originals.

Naturally this viewpoint will be read as predictably reactionary. Perhaps the question should be asked, to what extent is comparison with the "originals" of the ten songs valid? More than a few people, I suspect, would answer that it is not valid at all. They would have a point, too. Who, for instance, would consider it worthwhile attempting a version of 'Stay With Me' as intense as Lorraine Ellison's? Besides — owing to the harrowing vicissitudes of subjectivity! — there is no such thing as the optimal arrangement and performance of a "classic" song. At the same time, Ware and Marsh have stated that the songs they chose were ones they felt they could improve so they have invited comparative criticism of this nature.

The reviewer is thus put in the position of having to analyse motive and intentions that he may, in the light of the music, find irrelevant, even boring, while at the same time having to concentrate on each track as a distinct product. Some *politique des auteurs!* To what extent is it even BEF's album?

The problem with 'MOQD', which simultaneously can be seen as a collection and as a backroom epic, a two-man venture, is that it's rather like Spector releasing Bob B Soxx and the Blue Jeans, the Crystals, and the Righteous Brothers all in the same week. One could of course approach the record as a collection of real hits from, not *the*, but *a* past (or even *a* future.) Just as Ware and Marsh took the name Heaven 17 from the top ten in *A Clockwork Orange*, so the ten songs of 'MOQD' might almost be another planet's hit parade. Occasionally they sound as though they'd come out of some alternative past in the popular memory.

Messrs. Marsh and Ware — *Pic: Anton Corbijn*

POP GOES THE ETERNAL RETURN!

Barney Hoskyns finds his own little Nietzsche in the BEF boardroom

But are the "departures" of this confectionary assemblage really all that radical? While one cannot ignore the quasi-political strategy of its makers, it doesn't seem nearly so radical, nor indeed successful, as the coldly compelling 'Penthouse', of which Ian Penman so rightly reported "there is no beauty, only accuracy . . ."

Here we hit the truth. Ware and Marsh claim the mix of 'Music Of Quality And Distinction' is geared towards radio, even mono systems, failing to see that what they call the "dry" sound of 'Penthouse And Pavement' — the almost dehydrated sparsity of 'Play To Win', for instance — is their forte . . . their true dessicated spirit! For as a pop album, 'MOQD' is not pleasurable, which is to say not camp, which is to say, indeed, not "wet" enough. BEF are right to deny that Bernie Nolan singing 'You Keep Me Hanging On' is an example of camp and to castigate the charge as elitist, but their major failure with this record is not to realise that pop's greatest moments *are* camp.

This crucial point is something that Phil Oakey understands and they don't. It's Oakey who was the real *pop* mind in the old League, and it's Oakey and his new League who've got their fingers on the real possibilities of *pleasure* in the commercial sphere today. The difference between 'Penthouse And Pavement' and 'Dare' is not, as Ware and Marsh would like to think, Martin Rushent — I agree totally with Paul Tickell's point in *The Face* about their wishful and self-protective thinking on the subject of Rushent's contribution — but the distance between their ascetic hygiene and Oakey's lush synthetic warmth — the same distance between the classical and the romantic.

In 'P & P', Marsh and Ware really *were* stamping out a supremely subversive and ironic aesthetic of capitalist iconography. Like chameleons they adopted the guise of record company executives and sang, to a soundtrack of software technology, of bombs and fascism! The bosses really had been ousted — *symbolically.* BEF is about music as Business — a new form of the protestant work ethic. Unlike the Human League, they are part of a reaction to "decadence" — although it would be hard to define what that is. The sobriety of their style, the frugality of their technology, is the substance of a new British socialism, a socialism of the enlightened small businessman finding, through machines, autonomy rather than enslavement.

But this is precisely why they are not qualified to bring off a project like 'Music Of Quality And Distinction'. To the degree that Martyn Ware and Ian Craig Marsh have pop sensibilities at all, those sensibilities are schematic and codified: that is their interest, one might almost say their mystery — whereas the Human League's love action is the true (and modern) stylisation of kids' romance. The League know how to grip pop by the throat; they caught more of its glory and history in that one record 'Love Action' than BEF manage in a whole LP's worth of investigation.

Without denying for a moment the admirable *ambition* behind 'MOQD' — it is tantamount to an *essay* on pop — I must reiterate that, in the straightest musical terms, not much of it is great *pop music!* The ten songs fall either to the side of pastiche or to that of emulation — no new ground is broken in the middle. The dour reverence and tastefulness shown to the canon of pop results in a string of lost opportunities. On the one hand there are flagrant pastiches of anthems of hysteria like 'It's Over' and 'Suspicious Minds' — Marsh and Ware are really exploiting Glitter to deflate the song's customarily epic pretensions — and on the other, more serious failures (as challenges to the memory) like Sandie Shaw's 'Anyone Who Had A Heart'.

At least Glitter is good camp: as Susan Sontag originally defined it, camp's essential element is a *seriousness* — a seriousness that fails but which in its failure does far more than titillate. "Without passion," as she said, "one gets pseudo-camp, which is just chic." That holds good for most of pop's great moments, from the Shangri-Las to Dollar. Billy Mackenzie's 'It's Over' is bad camp because it doesn't convince. Roy Orbison sang the song with a luminous despair that genuinely shocks to this day — and because, moreover, he was innocent of any *idea* of pop. He *was* pop, which in turn *is* camp. The difference is that Billy sings it as though inside his head he were laughing at himself.

The pop return is eternal but also imperfect. Above all, this is not a kids' album — I think it very unlikely that any of these tracks released as a single could make the charts. Perhaps that should be their true test. Is there a ghost in *your* house? Is there a ghost in *their* machine?

LIGHTNING STRIKES

JIMMY PAGE
Death Wish 2 (Swansong)

LEAVING ASIDE the ironies of a member of Led Zeppelin making an LP titled 'Death Wish 2', I'll say only that this is a despicable slice of shit involving such leathery old turkeys as Chris Farlowe and Dave Mattacks, which apparently serves as the soundtrack for some equally despicable slice of celluloid. Lots of sludgy synthesiser, "rock" guitar, grunty vocalisings, and the occasional snippet of orchestral stuff to while away the bits in the film where nothing violent's happening (about two minutes, by the sound of things.) For a latterday Faustus, Page seems surprisingly devoid of inspiration.

Andy Gill

NEW MUSIK
Warp (Epic)

VESTED INTERESTS claim that if pouts and eye-pencils were properly sneered at, New Musik's deep devotion to their idea of melodic and production perfection would easily have delivered them to the dizzy heights of critical and household acclaim. I took this into account, and still found New Musik's impact anaemic, and still found the mannered wistfulness with which the faintly 'thinking' lyrics were delivered distinctly unstirring. Nothing nasty about it; just a rather pale noise which evaporates upon contact with the ear.

Dave Hill

SIMON AND GARFUNKEL
The Concert In Central Park (Geffen)

WELL, IT'S either a nostalgia-based indication of a rekindled American protest spirit, or it's half a million guilty and/or guileless Americans saying thanks for the memory, it's all we'll ever need. You know the songs, you don't need the record, and you can stir in whatever cynicism you feel appropriate.

Dave Hill

Simon and Garfunkel

Jim Kerr

SIMPLE MINDS
Themes For Great Cities (Stiff USA, Import)

SUBTITLED 'Definitive Collection 79 — 81', a "Best Of" package which for once comes close to bearing out such claims. Contains 'I Travel', 'Celebrate', 'In Trance As Mission', '30 Frames A Second', 'Premonition', 'Sweat In Bullet', 'Love Song', 'The American' and 'Theme For Great Cities'.

Andy Gill

MAZE
Joy and Pain (Capitol)

THE TITLE of this set has caused a fair amount of confusion among those who have been wandering about in a state of shock since 1977, repeating "Where the party at?" to anyone that will listen. It's my unfortunate duty to put them right. No, this is not a continuation of that Ohio Players series that's been lying about in someone's cupboard for five years. It's the belated British release of 1980 set by a cooled out, doped up, mellowed down West Coast pop group who will soon be performing, as live as they can manage, at Hammy (sic) Odeon. More power to the pyramids . . . . Spin back 'Hydraulic Pump' one mo' time!

Lloyd Bradley

THE YARDBIRDS
Single Hits (Charly)

A GILT-EDGED 10" collection of classic early psychedelic pop ('Shapes Of Things', 'Still I'm Sad', 'Heart Full Of Soul', 'For Your Love', etc.) from one of the few original units operating in '60s pop. It's an interesting example of how hindsight colours history that the features thought most daring and innovative at the time — the guitar breaks of Brit-blues founders Beck, Clapton and Page — are mere irritating intrusions in the '80s, to these ears at least. Given that former Yardbirds were responsible for (amongst others) Cream, Led Zeppelin and Renaissance, this *has* to be the finest hour of all concerned. Well, finest *half*-hour, at any rate.

Andy Gill

The Yardbirds

T. Dream

TANGERINE DREAM
White Eagle (Virgin)

I FEEL sorry to poor old Tangerine Dream — after all, there's a limit to the number of European groups we hip Englishmen can accept without losing all our native pride, and Germany's already given us Can and Kraftwerk. The unfortunate Tangerine Dream can never hope for Can's credibility and never aspire to Kraftwerk's danceability and sales, and yet they continue importunately to issue albums, and people continue to ignore them.

'White Eagle' is perfect Nordic / Teutonic muzak and wherever it reaches it creates a near-vacuum. Like those gross air "fresheners", the antiseptic odour lingered after the record had finished. It took Captain Beefheart to restore my home again, to re-asert humanity against these dull Houyhnhnms.

Tom Baker

GILBERTO GIL
Luca (WEA)

LOS ANGELES-inspired Latin "jazz". Completely harmless to infants of all ages, which accounts for its popularity in jazz/funk discos.

Has its uses though, like on Sunday afternoons when you're crawling round looking for the Alka Seltzer and need some kind of sound to prove you're still alive, but nothing that'll crave your attention.

Lloyd Bradley

LESTER LEAPS ON

LESTER BOWIE
The Great Pretender (ECM)

SOMETHING SPECIAL, from the label that is still pressing some of the best sessions of the new jazz — if only you'd take them! Lester on leave from the Art Ensemble picks a team of Donald Smith, Fred Williams and Phillip Wilson to take care of the rhythm and puts his trumpet to trace parallels of tradition and newness in such an enticing, joyous, flipster gaggle of dialects — I'm speechless. This is horn craft that defines the art. This is the best new record this year.

A knowing, piercing humour is the keynote to this example of Bowie's contribution to our understanding. The first side demonstrates the reconstructive attitude he shares with jazz's great satirists — Monk, Rollins, Lacy — to the sentimental failings of popular tunes. 'The Great Pretender' is indeed *that* song, mocked and mauled and teased out over sixteen minutes, led blindfold from a sweetly meditative introduction, through a rancidly vulgar, bow-legged exposition of the tune itself (backed by yearning 'woo-oos' from Fontella Bass and David Peaston) into a scorched improvisatory realm prowled by Bowie and guest baritone saxist Hamiet Bluiett, and back into an even more ragged replay of the theme. Funny and not a little affecting — a sadness broached in wholly different manner to the song's original grossness.

'Howdy Doody Time' is a brief raspberry to American vaudeville folklore, and an ancient songalbum piece, 'When The Moon Comes Over The Mountain', appears as a whimsical tag to a squalling bout of group sniping. Is it all to be in this vein of drollery?

No — the second side is reserved for Bowie the amorist, melodist and spiritualist. 'Rios Negroes', a feint towards Latin rhythmics and a bass line that captivates Williams, clams up on the frivolity and stakes out a trumpet rhapsody that rubs my heart sore. Wilson's drums buoy up in jubilation,

Pic: Jak Kilby

Lester Bowie

Smith's piano strays into dark terrain and the coda will tip you right over. 'Rose Drop' turns the lights very low, kneels in pretence of a ballad's guise and finally slinks away in other clothes, closing with a drum solo that leads to the barely tangible dungeon-world of 'Oh, How The Ghost Sings', where Lester bows down into the deepest trough of register on one track and snaps abrupt spotlight notes on another.

The virtues of the new jazz find voice in every moment here. Bowie's uniquely corrugated sophistication makes this a record to learn on, play with and dream to. Venture within and drop the veil on this beneficent addiction.

Richard Cook

PLUS CA CHANCE

THE HONEYMOON KILLERS
les Tueurs de la Lune de Miel (Crammed)

"Your lips are dry and you're oh so dissolute,"
"It doesn't matter what I say to you, you've got that look in your eyes . . . The camera never lies!"

TO LISTEN with justice to The Honeymoon Killers, I have to listen through the sound of James Chance and his contortions. Don't look so quizzical — it's a simple enough proposition; eg, 23 Skidoo are how I always expected, wanted Cabaret Voltaire to sound . . . when all around me were sounding off about them. Another sound which always leaves me cold is DAF's (a hi-cultural Ramones to me): I obviously need a mediator, on the rocks.

The Honeymoon Killers are, in large mottled parts, how I imagine many people always expected, wanted James to sound; but that stubborn alchemist doesn't sound quite the way anyone wants, except himself and then only on occasion.

It takes time to perceive the life-enriching patterns in James' desiring-production — how many are ready to come face-to-face with such a haunted celebration of all those foolish sado-masochistic things? with such a roving "I"?

The Honeymoon Killers roll off a similar parchment, but are more immediately accessible, prettier. Going back to former allusions, if in my eyes Cabaret Voltaire are irredeemably grey, DAF a painful scarlet, then Honeymoon Killers are purples, pinks, bronzes, bright whites — here a jumbo marker, there a Mondrian, then again — oh, let's cut this arty crap.

The first most immediately appealing thing about The Honeymoon Killers is they obviously enjoy their pursuits, and are not orthodox or casual about letting us know so. 'les Tueurs de la Lune de Miel' has one of those sleeves that defies you not to pick it up and take it home; hhhmmm, this is *better than,* bit of thought, wonder what they get up to — where most sleeves make you think, hhhmmm, why the hell did they blow their record company allowance on *that?*

The second most immediately appealing thing about the Honeymoon Killers is that they don't take themselves any more seriously than is required, which is not too much at all. There are lots of jokey bits — lyrical and musical — on 'les Tueurs de la Lune de Miel'. Just when you think one tone is in danger of

THE TUFF v DUFF DEBATE

ASWAD
A New Chapter Of Dub (Island)

THIRD WORLD
You've Got The Power (CBS)

THIRD WORLD'S album cover sees all six of da boize grinning in triplicate on the front, a cinematic-sized wadge of credits on the back and lilac-coloured inner sleeve. The usual cack.

Aswad's album front depicts marching lions, gargoyle werewolves growling in dark gouache, pulling a prophet-laden redgreen an' gold chariot. The regulation naff-religious equivalent of a Mills and Boon cover. Haile predictable.

Cack artwork identifies the product — take your partners in the Tuff v. Duff debate.

Third World start with 'Try Jah Love', a Stevie Wonder song that says: "We're beautiful and you're beautiful too, baby" and just manages to stay right side of pleasant. One down and the rest of the album is Beverly Hills reggae 'n' futon funk — black liberal music with a guilty conscience, caught half way between patio bar-b-cue and high street revolutionary. Third World should go all the way and become Stevie Wonder's backing group, which is what they do best, or else stop kidding themselves if they think they're sly reggae missionaries, taking rebel music into the charts on the back of a disco beat.

The song that knocked all the 'tryers' into the trash-can of pop oblivion, the *only* reggae number one I can remember, was as tuff as a Bolshevik. Althea & Donna's pop gem 'Up Town Top Ranking' made no concessions either to the menopausal Manilow 'n' Spumanti set or to the nauseous bigots of the reggae scene. It tripped up the charts, a hammer in the head that said rebel music must be castrated before it's ready for white schmuck consumption, and jerked a defiant two digits at the moron macho rasta-stud brigade along the way.

Aswad

Illustration: Ian Wright

Third World's crass attempt at crossover was recorded in Los Angeles, mixed in LA and Burbank California and mastered at *Precision Lacquer* — you must have got the sound fixed in your mind . . . you know: schmaltz, schlooze, schlurp, snooze . . . Californication.

At least Barry White had some meat to his music; Third World flirt with all things chartable chic and still manage to achieve the near impossible of finding nothing with substance.

Scattered in the messy musical tissue are even more desperate steals. 'Jah Love', side one, tangles with the lead line from 'Hotel California', half-inches vocals from 'Off The Wall' and gets nowhere near Michael Jackson or 'Fingertips'-era Stevie Wonder. The other side finds itelf caught up in Max Bygraves' 'Deck Of Cards' with 'I Wake Up Cryin'', a wet liberal's wet dream about screwing that never dares say 'fuck'. 'Zwept, if you're going to dribble on about sex then at least talk

Yvon Vromman — Pic: Jeep Novak

Honeymoon Killers' vocals are shared by main Killer Yvon Vromman (a very unhealthy looking young man) and Veronique Vincent (a very rosy looking young woman). As soul singers go, Yvon spits and sniffs and generally wipes it on his sleeve; when he takes the microphone you *know* because it's a wide and wild rasp, barely — but thankfully — in control of itself (no Nick Cave 'scream on the minute, every minute' histrionics). Veronique is, of course, a counterpoint from heaven. In the homogamous soul finesse stakes, they're certainly no threat to Lionel Ritchie and Diana Ross, but might give Swamp Dogg and Esther Phillips something to think about.

A less immediately appealing thing about The Honeymoon Killers is their lyrical aspect — unless you know French, of course, in which case it qualifies as their fourth most immediately appealing thing. Otherwise, consulting the sleeve insert comes as a bit of a (pleasant) shock. A small print footnote warns: "Not a translation, just an approximation. A lot of slang in the Honeymoon Killers' fictions. For maximal enjoyment learn French." Yvon's strangulatory timbre generally gives a good idea of what's up or cooking — bop music is trans-linguistic, at its best — but these crazy words are a big part of the Honeymoon Killers' playpen beat and pungent social comment (titter titter). And *how about* learning a second language with such lascivious teachers? Gallimard translations were never like this!

"In her flat, listening to Fleetwood Mac and sipping cognac, she contemplates her right foot."

"One should only give important to feelings, I think, if they don't interfere in one's active life."

And, just when I thought Swamp Dogg had come up with True Love Lyric of The Year in 'The Love We Got Ain't Worth Two Dead Flies', The Honeymoon Killers *really* get right to the heart of the matter with the vexed dialogue between "Sophie" and her man in 'J4': *"What!? — Oh no! you're a cunt, you shithead, you pig, you moron, sadist, bastard, faggot!!"* Duck, fella — she means it; And there's more where that came from.

OK, so the Honeymoon Killers aren't trying to revive the spirit of May '68 or unsettle the Earth's axis or anything, but they put words together with *humour* and acuity that put shame to most socially 'aware' young outfits. I should know — I don't understand a word of French. What the hell — what's meaning or identity in this day and age anyway? Close your eyes, open your ears and anyone or anything could be behind that obscure product of desire, *"when the negative is dry"* — that could be Jim Kerr singing on the Buck's Fizz record, and vice versa (singing on the dollar record).

I give you The Honeymoon Killers: hats off to any group that can cover an old Sheila (& B. Devotion) song, a Serge Gainsbourg song, and still sound like *Talking Heads-meet-Pinky & Perky*. Let's just say that the most appealing thing about 'les Tueurs de la Lune de Miel' is that I love it. And I don't see why you shouldn't: take my word for it. After all, *"there's nothing worth living for!"*

Ian Penman

getting a bit hard-edged, a bit rich in its demonic glamour, a really rather silly keyboard noise will burble burble up from the land of Nod and cast away the curdled surfeit.

The third most immediately appealing thing about the Honeymoon Killers comes in those songs — nearly a half — where they drive in a Contortions/pre — 'Mesopotamia' — B52's characteristic groove: that snapping, snappy, snazzy 100 mph-but-still-slovenly hardbeat that keeps sounding like it'll stop any moment, keeps on going and never wears itself out, just suddenly breaks down or snaps out of it. The opener 'Flat' (translation: 'Flat') bursts through the saloon doors at a gallop, with gallons of mock *angst;* like many of their songs, it purues parallel flightpaths of sophisticated tension and pure punky wrath — and they pull them together, pull it off, quite a feat.

SALLY GO ROUND THE POSES

CLASSIX NOUVEAUX

La Verite (Liberty)

ACTUALLY, LISTENING to this record, the Classix Nouveaux single 'Is It A Dream' has really grown on me. Whether this is a reflection on the sorry state of the rest of the LP or just a retarded attraction, I don't know. Some of the others have mellowed out to become bearable background music, and 'To Believe' is quite nice *Top Of The Pops* sop, but Sal Solo's further aspirations remain unfulfilled. He wants to leap, snarl, quiver with pain and walk romantic tightropes, but without the vocal acrobatics of a Mackenzie or visual theatrics of a Murphy, circus games inevitably end heavily in the safety net.

This is an incredibly neutral record — I can't even say it's bad with the venomous relish that I could attack Modern Romance. I left it on my radiator for an hour in the half hope that I'd return to a black vinyl puddle, but EMI have sussed that one. Suffice to say that Classix Nouveaux are pretty acceptable as an updated Hot Chocolate or Lindisfarne, but not much else. Sorry Sal, *mais c'est la verite.*

Leyla Sanai

honest and squalid like Throbbing Gristle's 'Something Came Over Me'.

Listening to Third World trying to make it big and hit it off with the hip mortgaged middle-class is like turning the pages of a wallpaper catalogue full of bad designs . . . First they try War, then they try Boz Scaggs, then try Clint Eastwood . . . forget it, try Prince Far I's 'Throwaway Your Gun' (a real winner) or . . .

. . . Aswad's 'New Chapter', which I'd almost forgotten about amongst all the Third World press releases and 'Let Falkland Be Falkland' gushy crap from CBS.

To be straight, tosh, this is the best reggae album I can remember without looking through me record collection. 'New Chapter' starts magnificently, a real power, with *that* bass riff and marching drums. LION.

'New Chapter' is built like a tank, true, but sounds too sharp to be anything other than uplifting — Aswad, lyrically silenced in dub, are never dumb. Always well clear of passivity, their music has more challenge coming through an earphone than Third World could muster through a sound system.

Songs only hint at other tunes, capture the energy of 'Junkie Slip', 'Voodoo Chile', 'How Much Longer' . . . any number of good 'uns, and remind me to play more militant reggae next week.

'Flikaflame' and 'Truth' (slipping and squawking) keep side one tough, snare *tight,* bass proud and mix taut, while outside Sunday afternoon lazes in the sun. 'Bammie Blow' sees Bammie Rose hisself add some light relief with relaxed sax interruptions but I don't want to be relieved, I want to hear the drums snap and feel the rhythm drive . . . 'Tuffist' finishes the side with jogging snare and crooning horns. Tuff style.

Side two keeps turning the screw and riding the rhythms with sound-experimentation. The only thing that would soften the drive is thankfully absent; Aswad's biblical babble is ultimately as harmless and hopeless as the cautious discontent of Third World's lyrics but Aswad win out cos they don't print their ideology on the sleeve insert. (Dub stays super-hard cos it isn't burdened with naff lyrics). Listen, blind trust in the inevitable righting of wrongs is too lazy — revolution has to be organised and built for and, anyroad, redemption was always a conservatve fixation.

Be honest, 'Back to Africa' is turning your back on responsibility, junking reality, the easy fantasy (political fetishism) but at least Aswad's protest poses a threat and gets up the right rich bigot noses.

X.Moore

SHARD WORK

PHILIP GLASS

Glassworks (CBS Import)

THERE'S ENOUGH critical and, yes, popular concensus at the moment to regard Philip Glass as one of the best and most original American composers. He is a great inventor of gestures (suitably minimal of course), a dedicated refiner and perfector of fresh techniques. So far as organisation and metre and texture are concerned, he is a sort of homeopath, impatient of anything but his own distilled fragment of truth.

Philip Glass — Pic: Robert Mapplethorpe

To be original and good one must be both original and consistent: to paraphrase Doctor Johnson, it's no use being indifferently consistent or inconsistently different. And Glass has never lost sight of the relationship between the whole and the parts that makes his work so immediately recognisable.

This CBS disc is his first for a major label; it shows something of the rapprochement he's currently effecting — making experimental systems music (itself historically a gentle rejection of avant-garde obscurantism) even more easily accessible.

People who've seen his new opera 'Satyagraha' have claimed to hear something of Mahler, Wagner and Bruckner in his new writing. I must admit I had some misgivings at these reports — how on earth could he develop his characteristically spare idiom into the orchestral arena with all its seductive temptations?

On the evidence of this album, the transition is a smooth one. From working with a more or less fixed chamber-sized group with jazzy electric instrumentation, he's effortlessly adopted some at least of the classical tradition's rich timbral resources. Roughly half of the six pieces on 'Glassworks' are in his familiar tensile and dynamic style, displaying his assured, contracted strength as his quick transparent lines move as jerkily and intently as a bird hunting grubs along the ground. What's new is his ability to soar, too.

At last he is making good use of the acoustic piano, and his more usual electric organs, synthesiser and saxophones are joined by a whole battery of reeds, French horns and a complement of mellow middle strings. I hope this isn't only an interim combination of forces — the effect is extraordinarily beautiful.

Right now Glass is at something of a crossroads. A much wider acceptance of this idiosyncratic but illuminating music seems within his grasp. He has always borrowed his inspirations electrically: rock presentation, medieval processes, Indian rhythmic structures, and now all that Western 19th/20th century orchestral tradition. If integration rather than dilution is the result, both parties to the exchange will be enriched.

It's important to remember that — as a Boulanger pupil with all the conventional degrees and ten years or so spent composing quite traditional stuff before he evolved the style he's now exclusively known by — Glass is no wild man emerging from the undergrowth to seize polite convention by the scruff of the neck. He's got background, he's proved his talent, and he still has something new to say.

Felix Jay

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ANOTHER GROAN WORLD...

CHRON GEN
Chronic Generation (Secret)
VARIOUS ARTISTS
Punk And Disorderly (Abstract)
UK SUBS
Endangered Species (NEMS)
THE WALL
Dirges And Anthems (Polydor)

IF YOU reckon something's alive, challenging and relevant because there's lots of people running around and doing it, then punk, whatever the dear old concept means these days, is more alive than ever. But I'd argue (and not for the first time) that the punky compositions to be ploughed through on these four stubborn albums are mostly content to describe again and again nowt but a desperate state of spiritual death. So much of the frantic stuff just adds up to a depressing bellow of bravado at a vaguely identified, monolithic kind of foe, that, sadly, will not give a toss, even if it's listening.

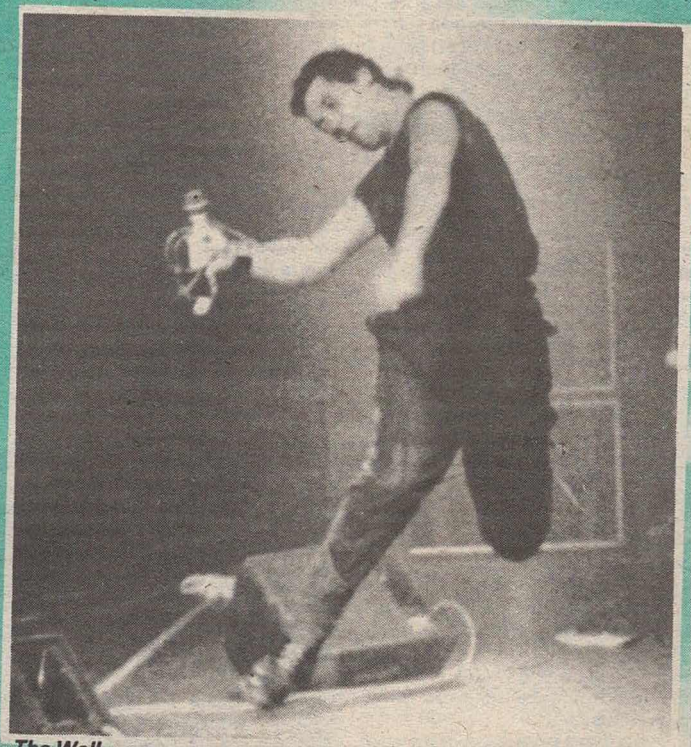
If the predominant drift of these various twigs from the gnarled old oak of '77 somehow defines the 'cause' we occasionally hear of, then its exponents had best take a crash course in the accommodating process by which Ye Septic System handles its 'deviants'. The establishment happily makes a little space for its drop-outs; it maintains the trumpetted myth of tolerance, free expression, blah, blah. If a bunch of ritually self-ravaged youths posed any threat at all, they wouldn't be allowed to do it. 'Punks', or any non-conformist lot with no philosophy of change, interest the State only as social bricks for the construction of the odd moral panic.

We're having one right now! Trot out some meaningless 'crime statistics' (hahahaha!) in a suitably contorted form, blow the odd fanfare, and suddenly, a nation boards up its windows and vows never to doubt the police force again.

Music is the object of real political action only when it forms the cultural tip of an articulate, unified, dissenting iceberg. As a thing on its own, music can only express some segment of the world and remould it as a tool for emotional expression. It's no substitute for the real political business, and just looks daft when it pretends. Excuse me while I negotiate the pulpit steps . . .

All this means that Chron Gen are the most suss of this bunch, if only by mistake. Their music is anaemic, sexless, soulless and numbingly dull, their lyrics keen but tediously literal. Chron Gen, though, are telling a truth which they can carry with credibility; this truth being that basically the punk tribe is just *there*, another degenerate lifestyle based on things as peripheral as music and drugs; a gutter club for anti-heroes. A pretty exclusive one too, it turns out. Chron Gen's title tune goes like this: *"I'm a member of the chronic generation/It's getting me nowhere, it's full of complications"*. It's the only time they say they want *out*. The rest of the songs are excited tales of scuffles with Stray Cat fans, what fun it is to mince your mind with pharmaceuticals, how stupid (but mostly how voyeuristically thrilling) fights at gigs are, and how much they dislike people who aren't like them. 'You'll Never Change Me' is one of their cockiest songs. I couldn't agree more. Chron Gen aren't complaining at all.

Such basic realism is not to be found on 'Punk And Disorderly'. Most of the groups here have this strange idea that they're some kind of menace to society. A compilation of sixteen bands, it includes the Dead Kennedys, the popular Vice Squad and UK Decay, the pathetic Blitz, plus The Insane, The Adicts, GBH and so on and on and on. The music is totally uniform, full of a kind of reflex energy and keen to have a good shriek at the cops, the bomb, patriotic bigotry and all the regular old bogies we find dangling from society's nose. Only a few can be accused of moral bankruptcy, and that certainly counts, but can't reprieve them from their pointless fate. Why? Cos it's all so BORING. What's more, none of the songs take even the lamest stabs at picking through the feelings and dilemmas of their makers' lives, or capture any of the emotional predicaments brought on by the shit-heap they flail at with such rage. This music conjures up bugger all but a sense of peeking through the bars of someone's paranoic cage. Hardly a radical experience. They're all banging on a coffin lid they nailed down themselves.



The Wall *Pic: Tony Mottram*

Charlie Harper seems a bloke with plenty of sense and integrity, but his band's new album 'Endangered Species' wails much the same tale as the kids described above. A bit more variety, a bit more experience, but these assets are often used only to create snarling hard rock rather than something more accurately evocative. UK Subs' songs are testaments to the fear of imminent destruction, nuclear or otherwise. The song 'Lie Down And Die' is the first of this selection to express any kind of hope. But the band's blanket approach tends to reduce everything to the same unsatisfactory level, as far as the ear is concerned. The ideas aren't insensitive, just their realisation.

Finally, The Wall's album is a peculiarly varied thing. But I'll say that its laconic delivery, its ordered, easy motion, and its dark, underplayed sense of concern came as a cool relief after the others. The general hue is often hackneyed, but the messages far more personalised. You could even make friends with The Wall. They close with 'Anthem', a Scottish marching tune, detailing, in folky terms, the tribulations of one broken home. Old hat for sure, but here is a social commentary which colours in the background. The Wall realise that The Problem is the drab, desperate struggle which comprises many people's lives. Their 'Ant Rap' style parody of family quiz shows, is the funniest, most irreverent thing on any of these four products: *"All you gotta do is humiliate yourself"* snigger The Wall.

'Punk' looks more like an alternative career option every day. It's worrying, but I think The Wall just came dangerously close to defining the qualifications.

Dave Hill

HOME MOVIES

PHIL MANZANERA
Primitive Guitars (EG)

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY of sorts: 'Primitive Guitars' is Phil Manzanera's shot at codifying the form and content, development and ingredients of his music in one album. Entirely self-performed (with the exception of some John Wetton bass on the final track) on synths and percussion as well as the inevitable stringed stuff, the album veers from South American *pastorale* to Roxy Music-style beat explorations and some stuff that sounds like a slightly harsher equivalent to Sky.

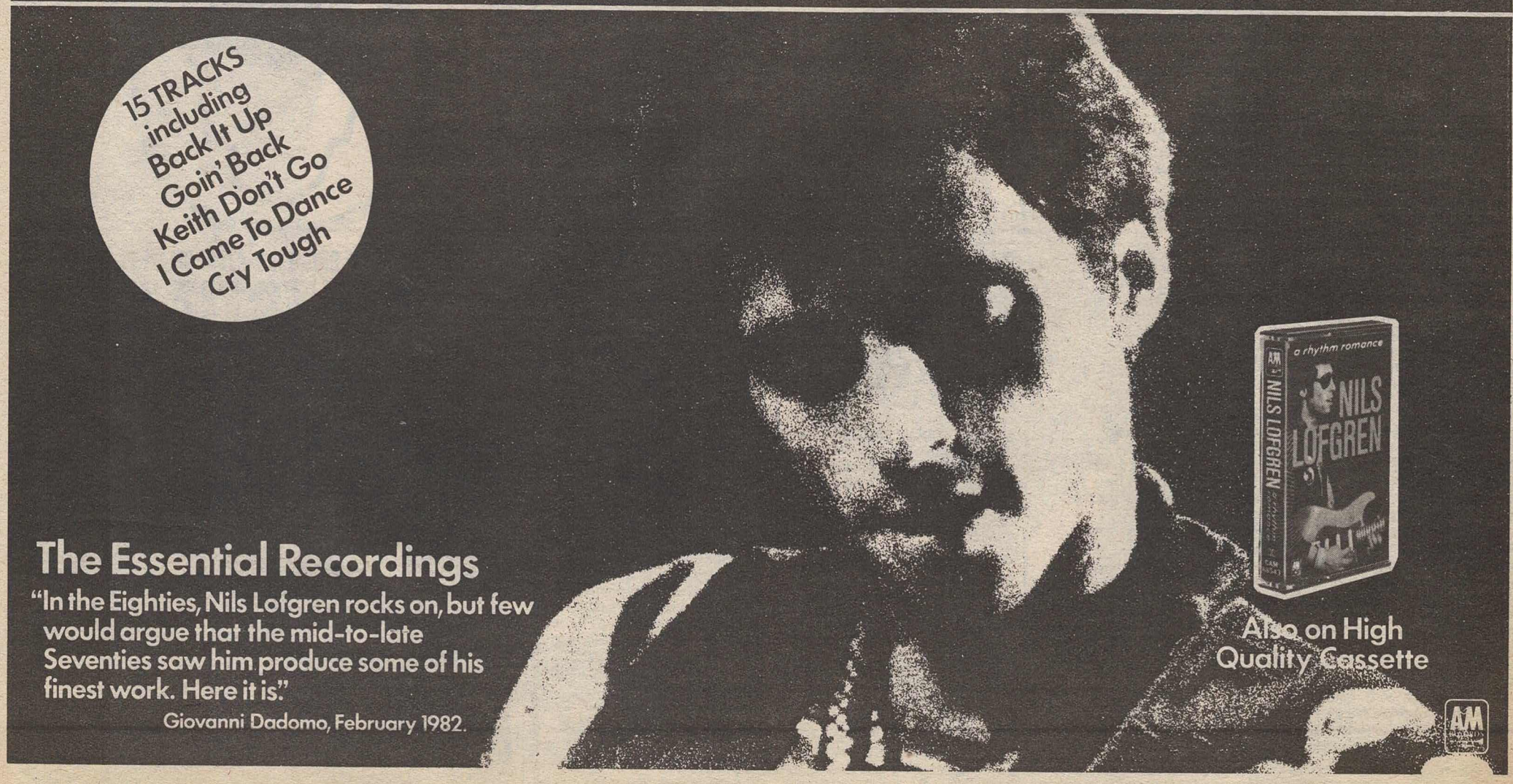
Irritatingly, the pieces are linked with fragments of rehearsal tapes from over the years, most of which are semi-inaudible and all of which get to be a heaving drag over several listens. It's the sort of touch which supports The Concept at the expense of the music.

The album does, however, contain a couple of triumphs: 'Bogota' uses a staggered pattern of ringing harmonic strokes played on a 12-string and filtered through assorted intrigue boxes to great effect, and 'Big Dome' and 'Impossible Guitar' should definitely appeal to admirers of Manzanera's early work with Roxy Music.

'Primitive Guitars' sets out to be and is an utterly personal album, but there is something a little flat about rather a lot of it. Manzanera is an ace collaborator, and maybe this album could have benefited from inviting a few others to contribute to the project. As it is, 'Primitive Guitars' is good value for Phil Manzanera fans, but not remotely as compelling as it could have been.

Charles Shaar Murray

NILS LOFGREN
a rhythm romance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Prince of Wales at Quo's live TV show

EXTRA GIG AT THE FAIR DEAL

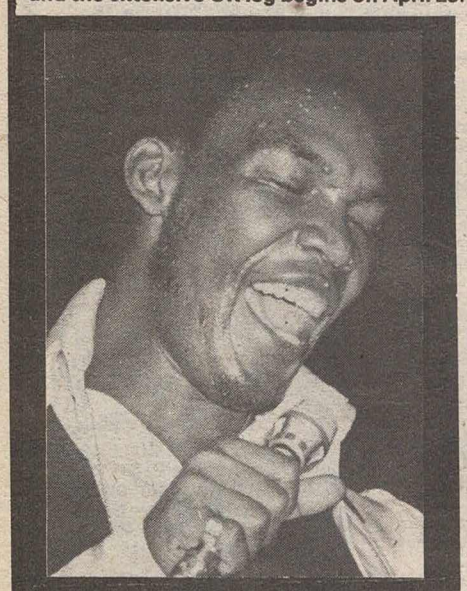
STATUS QUO have added another London date to their massive 20th anniversary tour — at the new Fair Deal venue in Brixton. And one of their Birmingham shows is to be attended by the Prince of Wales, and will be televised live by BBC-1. The details are as follows:

● With their seven nights at Hammersmith Odeon (May 3-9) completely sold out, Quo will now also play Brixton Fair Deal on Saturday, May 15. Tickets are all at £6.50, and are available by post only — make cheques and POs payable to "F.T.M.O.", and send (with SAE) to FTMO, PO Box 4NB, London W1A 4NB.

● The second of Quo's two shows at the 12,000-capacity Birmingham National Exhibition Centre on May 14 will be a benefit, with all proceeds going to The Prince's Trust — and Prince Charles will himself attend the event. It will be the first time he has officially been present at a rock concert, and the first time Quo have performed before royalty. And a 50-minute live telecast of Quo's act will be screened by BBC-1 on May 14 at 9.25pm. The Prince's Trust is a charity set up to help disadvantaged young persons or groups under the age of 25.

The Quo tour opens on April 15 with six concerts in Ireland, and the extensive UK leg begins on April 23.

STATUS QUO



Dekker's Easter special

DESMOND DEKKER makes one of his rare London appearances when he co-headlines with HI-TENSION in an Easter Special this Saturday (10) — it's at the new Fair Deal venue in Brixton, and all tickets are £3.50. The event runs from noon until 2am on Sunday morning, and among other acts taking part are The Skank Orchestra and Sticky Stuff.

GAMMA, the five-piece American band fronted by Ronnie Montrose, are the support act for the three upcoming Foreigner concerts — at Edinburgh Playhouse (May 5), Birmingham NEC (7) and London Wembley Arena (9). To tie in with their visit, a new single 'Right The First Time'/'Condition Yellow' is released through WEA on April 30, both tracks taken from their current album 'Gamma 3'.

THE WAITRESSES, a six-piece American band with a particularly energetic live show, are undertaking a short tour — at Leeds Warehouse (April 14), Glasgow Night Moves (15), Edinburgh Nire Club (16), Brighton Jenkinsons (18) and London Victoria The Venue (21). They're also on BBC-2's *Old Grey Whistle Test* on Thursday, April 15.

DIAMONDS GIG RE-SET

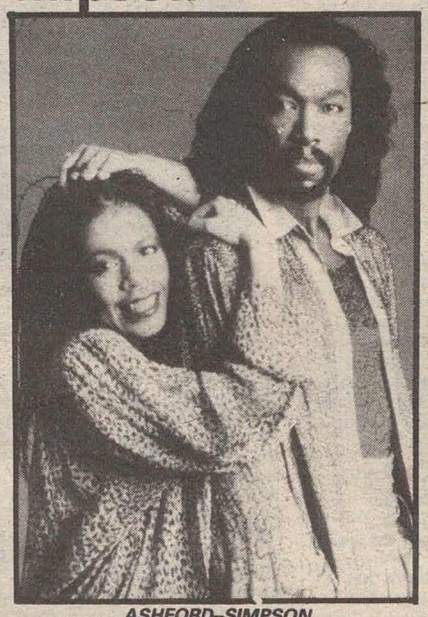
THE MIGHTY DIAMONDS have now re-scheduled their concert at London Brixton Fair Deal, postponed from last Sunday (4) — it's been re-set for Saturday, April 17, and existing tickets remain valid. The group's previously announced date at Cardiff Top Rank on April 13 goes ahead as planned.

UK visits: Judy Collins, DeVille, Ashford-Simpson

JUDY COLLINS is set to make her first UK concert appearances for almost two years, when she plays London Royal Festival Hall (May 5), Hatfield The Forum (7) and Plymouth Theatre Royal (9). Tickets are on sale from today (Thursday) at box-offices and usual agents — priced £6.50, £5.50, £5, £4 and £3 (London); £5.50, £4.50 and £3.50 (Hatfield); and £5, £4, £3, £2.50 and £2 (Plymouth).

MINK DEVILLE return to the UK next month to play a one-off London concert, as part of a European tour — it's at the Dominion Theatre, Tottenham Court Road, on May 29. Tickets are on sale now priced £4 and £3.50, and the supports are Roy White and Steve Torch. The six-piece outfit, fronted by Willy DeVille, were last here in November when they played two sell-out shows at London The Venue. On their upcoming visit, they'll be showcasing material from their latest Atlantic album 'Coup De Grace'.

ASHFORD & SIMPSON — who have never previously performed in this country, despite recording nine albums together in the last 15 years — make their UK concert debut with two shows at London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre on May 7 and 8, promoted by Marshall Arts (tickets are now on sale price £6, £5 and £4). To coincide with their visit, their first album on the Capitol label 'Street Opera' is released on May 5 — preceded next week by a single titled 'Street Corner', which comes in both 7" and 12" formats, the latter featuring the full-length version.



ASHFORD–SIMPSON

Besides their own recording work, Nickolas Ashford and Valerie Simpson have written and produced a string of hits for other top artists — including Marvin Gaye & Tammi Terrell, Diana Ross, Quicy Jones and Chaka Khan — and among their credits are 'Ain't Nothing Like The Real Thing', 'Ain't No Mountain High Enough', 'Reach Out And Touch' and 'The Boss'. They've also worked as producers for Gladys Knight.

CLASSIX ADDITIONS, CHANGES

CLASSIX NOUVEAUX have made several changes to their UK tour schedule, opening this weekend (see Gig Guide), the most significant being the addition of a second London concert at the Lyceum Ballroom on April 18 — which now follows their show at the Dominion Theatre the previous night. Owing to European TV commitments, they can't now play Liverpool Royal Court on April 22, so instead they're appearing at Liverpool Empire on April 25 — which means the cancellation of Leeds Tiffany's on that date. Wakefield Unity Hall is added on April 21, and Manchester Ritz moves from that date to April 26. These are the final changes.

SAL SOLO

Classix are hoping to appear on stage for the first time as a five-piece, with the addition of Finnish multi-instrumentalist, singer and writer Jimi Sumen, whom they met when he and his group supported them on their Scandinavian tour last autumn — but whether or not he takes part depends on official documentation being processed in time. Support act on all dates is Fresh Records band Cuddly Toys. Meanwhile, release of the second Classix album 'La Verite' has been delayed by one week, and it will now be issued by EMI next Tuesday (13).

SONJA KRISTINA STARS IN MARSHA HUNT PLAY

MARSHA HUNT, a star of the '60s, has written and produced a new musical play called *Man To Woman* — and the leading role is taken by a star of the '70s, ex-Curved Air singer Sonja Kristina. It marks Marsha's debut as a playwright, and opens at London's Zig-Zag Club on April 18. Set in a night club, it follows the events of an evening when a group of punks become involved with some ex-Sixties trend-setters. The show features 21 songs, some of which will feature on an EP for Virgin release on April 19, with the likelihood of an album to follow.

Members opening Zig-Zag

THE MEMBERS, Talisman, Ground Zero and The Rappers comprise the bill this Sunday (11), when London's Zig-Zag Club finally opens its doors, after endless delays while council requirements were fulfilled. The club is located at 22-24 Great Western Road, W9 — and admission on Sunday is £2.50. Subsequent bookings include Wasted Youth, Miles Over Matter and Vane (April 16); and UK Decay, Danse Society, Southern Death Cult and 13 At Midnight (17).

Gigging by Degrees

THE THREE DEGREES return to the UK this month, after an absence dictated by maternity requirements, and their tour schedule includes two nights at London's new Barbican Centre. They play Purfleet Circus Tavern (April 21-24), Birmingham Night Out (26-May 1), Sooothport Theatre (2), Scarborough Futurist Theatre (3), Sunderland Empire (4), Eastbourne Congress (6), London Barbican Centre (8 and 9), Manchester Golden Garter (10-15), Chatham Central Hall (16), Watford Bailey's (17-22), Windsor Blazers (24-30), Warrington Spectrum (31), Portsmouth Guildhall (June 2), Crawley Leisure Centre (3), Poole Arts Centre (4), Bristol Colston Hall (5) and St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum (6).

NEW BBC-1 TALENT SERIES

DAVID ESSEX hosts a new concept in TV talent shows during the summer. On BBC-1 each Saturday evening for nine weeks, starting in June, he'll introduce six acts which have yet to achieve the big break-through, with the audience voting for the winners electronically. The final programme will be an all-winners show, and the overall winning act will be given its own TV special in the autumn. The series is being recorded at the new 1500-capacity Harrogate Centre.

TOUR NEWS EXTRA
PAGE 43

Spider spinaround

SPIDER — the Liverpool band who've just finished recording their debut album 'Rock'n'Roll Gypsies', for May release — set out this weekend on their biggest-ever tour, promoting not only the LP but also their current single on Creole Records 'Talking Bout Rock'n'Roll'. They play **Chesterfield** Brimington Tavern (tomorrow, Friday), **Scunthrope** Burton Youth Centre (Saturday), **Barrow-Haven** The Inn (Sunday), **Louth** British Legion (April 12), **Grimsby** Central Hall (13), **Manchester** Jilly's (15), **Blackpool** J.R.'s (16 and 17), **Billingham** Swan (20), **Edinburgh** Nite Club (22), **Balloch** Ben Lomond Hotel (23), **Stirling** Avant Garde (28), **Hanley** Victoria Hall with Budgie (30), **Peterborough** Rock Festival (May 3), **Birkenhead** Sir James (5), **Worthing** Balmoral (6 and 7), **Chichester** New Park Club (8), **Gravesend** Red Lion (9), **Gravesend** Woodville Hall with Budgie (10), **Scarborough** Taboo (13), **London** Marquee (14), **Retford** Porterhouse (15), **Oxford** Whitney Rock Gala (16), **Bristol** Granary (20), **Tonypandy** Naval Club (22), **Newbridge** Memorial Hall (23), **Chadwell Heath** Greyhound (24), **Stoke** Waggon & Horses (29) and **Hatfield** Polytechnic (30). Still more dates are being added.

NEXT WEEK IN NME

"Next Week Promises. . .What?"
The Songwriter toyed with this phrase. A springtime sun shaft floated through his barred window, making casualties of dust, rendering flaked paint surfaces naked. The sunlight at this time of the afternoon — always roughly 4.30 — could be sadistic.

The Songwriter pricked the stylus into the 45 for the nth time that sagging afternoon. Julie London's impaling, prosecuting tone groped its way into his muzzy head for one more melancholy time.

". . .told me Love was too plebeian, told me you were through with me, an-"

That savage sunlight bore down on the terribly abused surface of the gramophone record. All such details depressed The Songwriter further. Life was so. . . *full* of detail. How to condense it all into a sublimely rhyming lyric?

The Songwriter turned to that week's *NME* — always a publication ahead of the times. Surely some clues would nestle there? **Siouxsie** — "jacuzzi? floozie? boozy?" he scrabbled — **in Japan.** Paul Du Noyer — "foyer? showy? some obscure French phrase?" — reports. **Third World.** Is it moral to concoct a cheery jingle around such a subject? The Songwriter avers to his Atlas. Is the whole world Africa? What's this? Neil Spencer grooves Los Angeles in pursuit of sunshine and Satori? The Songwriter despaired: their scansion was getting odd!

The Songwriter wilted invisibly. What words were left? Jive . . . Wire . . . Live . . . Alright, Squire!

That's it, The Songwriter exclaimed, leaping to his crepe-soled feet! A poet Laureate I'll be!

He fumbled along the pentameter . . .

"Argentine . . . Hey! That's a mean scene! Yeah, that's my land . . . Naval fleet, said it ain't no beat! And it's a naval rave, it's. . ."

The Songwriter collapsed.

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AMERICA DIGS ASIA

The recently formed supergroup ASIA are currently making a profound impact in the States, where their self-named debut album is shooting up the charts, and their U.S. tour — which has just started — is a complete sell-out. The band's line-up comprises Steve Howe (ex-Yes), Geoff Downes (ex-Buggles), John Wetton (ex-Roxy Music) and Carl Palmer (ex-Emmerson, Lake & Palmer). Their album is now available over here on Geffen Records (through Epic), and British dates will follow later in the year. A single from the LP, titled 'Only Time Will Tell', is issued this week.

These are STEVE FAIRNIE and BEV SAGE, who are now operating as THE TECHNO TWINS. And if the names and faces seem familiar, it's because they used to be the mainstays of Writz, who later evolved into Famous Names. Those outfits are now defunct, and the twins — by name, if not by birth — are now recording for the Satril label, through PRT Records. Their new single 'Can't Help Falling In Love' is issued this weekend, as a foretaste of their upcoming 'Techno Nostalgia' album, comprising re-workings of classic oldies.

● Top Jamaican artist **Prince Lincoln Thompson** is back in Britain with a new single titled 'One Common Need', his first release for over a year — it's on his own God Sent label through Third World Records, available in both 7" and 12", and it will be followed in May by a new album. Thompson and his seven-piece band The Rass-es, plus three girl back-up singers, will be touring Britain shortly — gigs are currently being lined up.

● **The Comsat Angels** are in the studios recording a new single with The Jam's producer Peter Wilson. Titles are 'It's History' and 'Zinger', and it's set for April 30 release by Polydor, with an album to follow in the summer.

● A bunch of rapping albums appears this week on the Sugarhill label, released here through PRT. They are by **The Sugarhill Gang, The West Street Mob** and the only all-girl rap group **The Sequence**, plus the compilation 'Great Rap Hits Volume II'.

● **Dream Sequence** is a duo comprising former Department S member Eddie Roxy (vocals) and Phil Reed (vocals, guitar and synthesiser). They've signed a long-term deal w with Red Bus, and have their debut single 'Outside Looking In' issued on April 23, in both 7" and 12".

● Bath duo **Tears For Fears**, whose debut single 'Suffer The Children' received much critical acclaim, now release their follow-up. Titled 'Pale Shelter', it's out on Phonogram this weekend, and features the duo augmented by several other musicians.

● **The Sound**, who guest with The Thompson Twins at London Hammersmith Palais on Easter Monday, have a new single out early next month through WEA — titled 'Hot House', and backed with a live version of 'New Dark Age'.

● The new **Alessi Brothers** album 'Long Time Friends', for release by Qwest Records (through WEA) on April 23, was produced by **Christopher Cross**. And having just won an Oscar for the year's best film song with 'Arthur's Theme', Cross is now busy recording his own new album.

● Manchester five-piece **The Mothmen** have their second album, titled 'One Black Dot', issued this weekend by Do It Records. And they'll be touring Britain shortly to promote it.

● **Direct Drive**, highly rated on the disco circuit, have their second single out this week in both 7" and 12" — 'I'm The One' coupled with 'Time's Running Out'. It's on Oval Records, distributed by Pinnacle.

● **Annette Peacock's** previously reported fifth solo album 'Sky Skating' is now available. It's on her own Ironic label, through Rough Trade. It may also be ordered by post at £3 (including P&P) from Ironic Records, P.O. Box 58, Wokingham, Berks.

● **Fat Larry's Band** from Philadelphia, who were formerly with Fantasy and Atlantic, now crop up on the WMOT/Virgin label with their new single 'Act Like You Know' / 'Get Down And Get Funky'. It's released on April 16 in both 7" and 12" formats, with the latter containing an additional instrumental version of the A-side.

● Looking to complete a hat-trick of hits, **Jets** have a new single issued by EMI next week — titled 'The Honeydripper', it's taken from their current album '100% Cotton' The band will be setting out next month on their first major headlining tour, details to follow shortly.

● The first recorded work of a unique and startling talent called **Diamanda Galas** appears this week in the form of a Y Records album (through Rough Trade) called 'The Litanies Of Satan'. It consists of just two tracks — the title track (recorded in London last autumn) and 'Wild Women With Steaknives' (recorded in San Francisco earlier this year).

● **Swell Maps**, who broke up two years ago, have their 15-track compilation album 'Collision Time' released by Rough Trade on April 16. Drawn from their three albums and four singles on that label, it was originally intended only for the American market, and will now be available here at a budget price around £3 or £3.25.

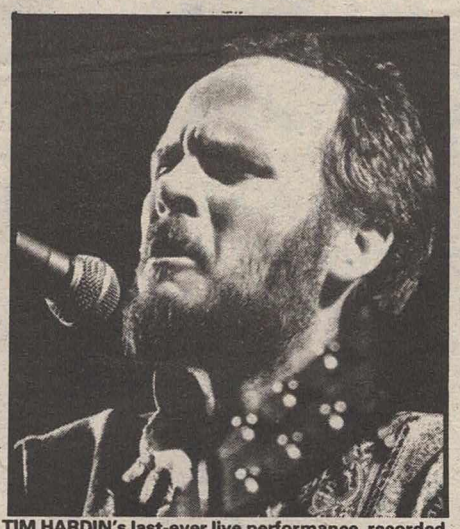
● Avatar Records have signed a deal with American singer **De Blanc**, who started his career in various Los Angeles bands, and is now a much acclaimed soloist. His first single for the label is 'Temptation' (not the oldie of the same title), issued this weekend in both 7" and 12".

SIMON & GARFUNKEL interpret the Everly Brothers classic 'Wake Up Little Susie' as their new single, issued this week by Geffen Records (through Epic). It's taken from their hit album 'Concert In Central Park'.

JOE COCKER has his first album for Island Records, with whom he recently signed, issued on May 10 — titled 'Sheffield Steel', it features the Compass Point Allstars, whose line-up includes Sly Dunbar and Robbie Shakespeare. A single from the LP, Cocker's version of the Jimmy Cliff classic 'Many Rivers To Cross', comes out on April 26.

UFO have their new Chrysalis single 'Back Into My Life' / 'The Writer' available in picture disc form, as well as conventional seven-inch. Produced by Gary Lyons, it's out this week.

BAD MANNERS are back on April 16 with a new single called 'Got No Brains', and the new-look MATCHBOX emerge on April 30 with 'One More Saturday Night', both on Magnet. Other singles from the same label are 'All Good Men' by the President President duo and 'To The Beat' by 16-year old Carrie Grant (both out this weekend) and 'I'm Your Man' by Blue Zoo (April 23).



TIM HARDIN's last-ever live performance, recorded at the Community Centre For The Performing Arts in Oregon in 1980, is released this week as a lasting tribute to the singer and writer who died last year. The album is titled 'The Homecoming Concert', and it's on Kamera Records.

● Midlands-based Rondelet Records are expanding rapidly, and have just signed **The Membranes** (who'll have a 12-inch single out in May) and Hamburg-based **Nervous Germans** (whose debut is set for the end of this month). **Catwax Axe Co** have just issued their first single 'Catwalk', and there'll be further singles this month by **Dead Man's Shadow, Special Duties** and **The Fits**. Upcoming albums include the second **Anti-Pasti** LP, a double set by **Gaskin** and the reactivation of the two **Witchfynde** albums — plus **Ray Campi, Mac Curtis** and **Ravena & The Magnetics**.

● The Bacon Empire Management Company has formed its own label called Empire Records, with distribution through Spartan. First release this weekend is the single 'You Make Me Feel Like I'm Wearing New Clothes' by Leicester band **The Sinatras**.

● *Flowmotion*, a Leeds-based magazine, is putting out its own compilation (through Rough Trade and Red Rhino) at the end of this month — and it includes a free copy of the mag. The LP features 50 minutes of electronic style music by **Eyeless In Gaza, David Jackman, Legendary Pink Dots, Chris Carter & Cosey, Those Little Aliens, Ian Boddy, Paul Nagle, Carl Matthews** and **Colin Potter**, among others.

record NEWS

QUO, ELTON: ALBUM DETAILS

STATUS QUO's previously reported new album '1982' is now officially set for April 16 release by Vertigo, and it contains 11 new tracks — **She Don't Fool Me, Young Pretender, Get Out And Walk, Jealousy, I Love Rock And Roll, Resurrection, Dear John** (the current single), **Doesn't Matter, I Want The World To Know, I Should Have Known** and **Big Man**. It was recorded at the turn of the year in Switzerland, and is their first to feature new drummer Peter Kircher, who recently replaced John Coghlan in the line-up. The LP, which is to be supported by a massive advertising campaign, was produced by the band themselves.

ELTON JOHN's new LP 'Jump Up' — issued by Rocket this weekend — contains ten new songs penned by Elton and Bernie Taupin, Gary Osborne and Tim Rice. They are **Dear John, Spiteful Child, Ball And Chain, Legal Boys, I Am Your Robot, Blue Eyes, Empty Garden** (a John Lennon tribute), **Princess, Where Have All The Good Times Gone?** and **All Quiet On The Western Front.** It was recorded in Paris and Montserrat, and includes a guest appearance by Pete Townshend.

● **Grandmaster Flash & The Furious Five** have their single 'It's Nasty (Genius Of Love)' out this week on the Sugarhill label, through PRT Records. It's a new version of the Tom Tom Club single, showcasing the Grandmaster's rapping technique, and there are plans for him to visit the UK in the near future for a series of concerts.

● Australian outfit **Split Enz** have their third A&M album 'Time And Tide' released on April 16, preceded this weekend by a single taken from it — coupling 'Six Months In A Leaky Boat' and 'Make Sense Of It'. Also from A&M on April 16 come the latest **Elkie Brooks** single 'Our Love' and a new **Brian Adams** album 'You Want It, You Got It'.

● From April 15, Levi's are giving a free album to purchasers of their denim blue jeans from stockists with the special offer stickers. The LP contains 14 chart hits from the likes of **Japan, Adam & The Ants, The Stranglers, Duran Duran, Roxy Music** and **Hazel O'Connor**.

● Mikey Dread is activating his Dread At The Controls label with the immediate release (through Rough Trade and Jet Star) of two disco singles — 'Dancing Shoes' by **Watty Burnett** and 'Roots And Culture' by **Mikey Dread**. Upcoming shortly is the single 'Forever Love' by **The Ovationz**, plus two albums — the compilation 'Rockers Vibration' (featuring **Sugar Minott, Rod Taylor** and **Sunshine**, among others) and 'DATC Dub Catalogue Vol. 1', a collection of dub versions of various Dread productions.

Laurie lights up

LAURIE ANDERSON releases the follow-up to her 'O Superman' hit single through WEA on April 16, coupling 'Big Science' and 'Example No. 22', both self-penned. The A-side is taken from her debut album, due out on April 23, called 'Big Science — Songs From United States I-IV'. Eight backing musicians are featured on the LP, including a bagpiper and a flautist, while Laurie herself sings and plays five different instruments.

● The second album by rock'n'roll outfit **Flying Saucers**, titled 'Flying Tonight', is released by EMI this week.

BAD 203 12"EP
TONES ON TAIL
DANIEL ASH / OF BAUHAUS
GLENN CAMPLING

AD 204 7"EP
PURITANS
INNERMOST THOUGHTS
THE MISTAKE
THE HAPPY FAMILY

BAD 205 12"EP
FIN
IN CAMERA

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PLUTONIUM BLONDES

Spring Freeze?

CND GENERAL Secretary Bruce Kent has just returned from his two-week speaking tour of America much encouraged.

Along with "ten other Europeans", Msgr. Kent himself spoke 27 times at 14 meetings in 14 major cities. To the Americans, he made the point that the Euro-peace movement was by no means anti-American, merely opposed to American military policies which put Europe in particular at risk.

He and the other speakers also relayed the Euro-peace movement's real feelings about a supposed 'Nuclear balance', NATO policies, the new weapons (MX Trident II, Pershing II, Minuteman III, and Cruise) that America is about to introduce, Reagan's visit to Europe, and the ironies of Thatcher's plans to attend the UN's Second Session on Disarmament. The peace movement's concerns for human rights in Poland, Turkey, Afghanistan, and El Salvador were mentioned, and speakers urged that Brezhnev's current commitment to freeze SS20s received a "positive response".

Msgr Kent told *Plutonium Blondes* that he was surprised to find such "complete and overwhelming support" for The Freeze — the resolution introduced in the US Senate three weeks ago which calls for an immediate freeze on the production of nuclear weapons, followed by systematic reductions of existing nukes.

"The other thing I couldn't miss," reports Kent, "was the bitter opposition to Reagan, who had commented, 'If the freeze took place America would be on thin ice'. No one supported *that*. And the animosity about the connections between social welfare cuts and militarism is apparent everywhere."

The main focus is on a national demo scheduled for June 12 in New York and expected to bring forth a large number of protestors than any moratorium held during the Vietnam War protests. The mayor of Cambridge, Massachusetts, for instance, has already declared the date 'Preventative Evacuation Day and plans to evacuate the whole of his city *into* New York, to both spoof the current 'Civil Defence' charades and aid the national demo!

■ **On this side of the ocean, CND has just published *Atoms for War*, a pamphlet by Howard Clark which details the links between domestic power production and the killer weapons themselves. *Atoms* points out in particular how the US has always relied on British supplies of plutonium for its military use, and how the Americans also hope to buy British plutonium for their fast-breeder reactor programme — one of the major programmes being protested on June 12.**

Sunderland CND have scheduled a rally on Saturday, April 17, with speakers including women from the Peace Camp. Assemble at the Civic Centre by 12.30pm, marching to Wearmouth Hall, Sunderland Poly; rally at 1.45pm.

—CYNTHIA ROSE

In the Navy

LONDON CND this Saturday march on Greenwich Naval College wherein officers of Britain's nuclear submarines are trained.

The assault will be two-pronged: At 11.30 a 'peace boat' carrying banners and balloons will depart Blackheath. Half an hour later crowds will form outside the Princess Of Wales pub, Prince of Wales Road, in the same manor.

Following the shout-past at the college it's back to Blackheath's Whitfield Mount where there will be music from The Papers and Kaleidoscope and speeches from a couple of Red Ken Livingstone's stalwarts plus Frank Allaun, MP.

—ANDREW TYLER

nationwide GIG GUIDE

thursday 8th

Birmingham Barrel Oragn: **Ida-Red**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Sky Diver**
Birmingham Odeon: **The Scorpions**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Last Detail**
Bordon Robin Hood: **Boogie Chillun**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bridgend Drones: **Fire Down Below**
Brighton New Regent: **Huang Chung / Emma Sharpe**
Burslem George Hotel: **Barbara Thompson's Paraphernalia**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Hidden Charms / Cry Diane**
Chesham Halls: **UK Decay**
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips / Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Chorleywood The Sportsman: **Lights Out**
Cleethropes Pier Hotel: **Whammer Jammer**
Coventry General Wolfe: **The Varukers**
Croydon The Star: **Vendetta**
Dublin Stadium: **Carole King**
Eastcote Bottom Line: **The Breakfast Band**
Falkirk Oil Can Harry's: **Dizrhythmia**
Farnham The Maltings: **Vanishing Point**
Gateshead The Honeysuckle: **Juke**
Glasgow Apollo Theatre: **The Jam**
Hemel Hempstead Cellar Rock Club: **Commuter / Light Music / Freebird**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Travelling Shoes**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Motorhead/Tank**
Liverpool Pyramid Club: **The Glass Torpedoes / Secluded Places**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Kristo Hughes**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Rodeo**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Neil Innes / The Flying Pickets**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Chuck Farley**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **The Flying Pigs**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Red Army Choir / Technofear**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Miles Over Matter / First Priority**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Eddie Lockjaw Davis / Brian Dee Trio (until Saturday)**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Too Many Westerns**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Masked Orchestra / Sad Among Strangers**
London Fulham King's Head: **Basils Ballsup Band**
London Hammersmith The Broadway (at Clarendon): **Steela**
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **The Zoo / Easy Street**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Cheaters**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Fenzyk / No Longer Umpire**
London Kensington Ad Lib Club: **Larry**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **Jay McShann Trio / Martin Taylor & Tony Lee**
London Marquee Club: **Rock Goddess**
London N.7 The Favourite: **Jim Ponsford Quintet with Jim Dvorak**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Macondo**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Cayenne**
London Peckham Bouncing Ball: **Diamond Head**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Pete King & Guests**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Talkover / King Kurt**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Hank Wangford**
London Tooting The Castle: **Dream Cycle 7**
London Victoria The Venue: **Gil Scott-Heron / Kabbala**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **I/Glasshouse**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **The Scratch Band**
London W.1 (Gt. Portland St) The Albany: **Room 13**
Maidstone Hazlitt Theatre: **Chas & Dave**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Nine Below Zero / The Fleshtones**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Don Weller / Graham Dean**
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: **Blackfoot**
Northampton Old Five Bells: **Spring Offensive**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline / Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Booz-zer**
Oxford Radcliffe Arms: **Jerry Co**
Plymouth Ark Royal: **Mercedes**
Preston Guildhall: **Sky**
Preston Warehouse: **The Wall**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **Elkie Brooks**
Rotherham Thurnscoe Hotel: **Coil**
Scarborough Taboo Club: **Marillion**
Slough Studio One: **Here & Now**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Graham Parker Band / John Watts**
Stevenage Gordon Craig Centre: **Mike Berry**
Swansea The Baron's Club: **Hi-Tension**
Whitstable Old Neptune: **Naughty Thoughts**
Willenhall The Cavalcade: **The Incredible Dirty Jackets**
Worksop Olde Ship Inn: **Apocalypse Jive**

friday 9th

Alfreton (Lower Somercoates) Black Horse: **Whammer Jammer**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Willy & The Poor Boys**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **The Psy-kicks/Rockastyle**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situation Critical**
Birmingham Odeon: **Motorhead/Tank**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teuser**
Birmingham Star Club: **The Traitors**
Birmingham The Pelican: **No Faith**
Brighton Conference Centre: **Spandau Ballet**
Bristol The Stonehouse: **Dave John**
Camberley Lakeside Country Club: **Roy Orbison**
Cardif Paddlesteamer (lunchtime) and Dowlais (evening): **Fire Down Below**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Ray Weard's Last Post/Ready Rubbed**
Chelmsford Heroes: **The Funeral Directors**
Chesterfield Brimington Tavern: **Spider**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **The Delmontes**
Feltham Football Club: **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers**
Folkestone Springfield Hotel: **Another Language**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Genes**
Glasgow Apollo Theatre: **Blackfoot**
Glasgow Night Moves: **Thirty Bob Suits/The Twin Sets**
Gorseinon The Rainbow: **Virginia Wolf**
Gravesend Woodville Hall: **Nine Below Zero/The Fleshtones**
Gurnsey C.I. The Savoy: **The Pulse**
Harrow The Roxboro': **Dream Cycle 7**
Inverness Folk Festival (for three days): **Dave Swarbrick / John Renbourn / Simon Nicol / Sean Cannon etc.**
Liverpool The Masonic: **French Lessons**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Chuck Farley**
London Brixton Old White Horse: **The McCarthys/Heathcote Williams/Prof. Pebble/Mr. Clean**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Supercharge/First Priority**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Box 33/Graham Larkley**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Room/Studio Two**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Jackie Lynton Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Gas/Your Parents**
London Fulham King's Head: **Sam Mitchell Band**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Tina Turner**
London Hammersmith The Broadway (at Clarendon): **Dangerous Bananas**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Results**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Cook The Books/Fay Ray**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Deke Leonard**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Crannog**
London Marquee Club: **Wilko Johnson — Lew Lewis Band**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Feelers/As The Newt**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Duphorias Last Dance**
London Putney Half Moon: **Tony McPhee Blues Band**
London Putney White Lion: **The Papers**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **The Beatroots**
London Victoria The Venue: **Hinkley's Heroes**
London Wembley Arena: **C&W Festival with Kris Kristofferson/Mel Tillis/Earl Scruggs/Billy Swan/Guy Clarke/The Dillards etc.**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Mood Elevators/Apocalypse**
Manchester Free Trade Hall: **Carole King**
Mansfield Leisure Centre: **Diamond Head**
Margate Saracen's Head: **Naughty Thoughts**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Tranzzam/Treason**
Oxford Radcliffe Arms: **Peter Symonds**
Plymouth Ark Royal: **Canyon**
Poynton Easter Folk Festival (for three days): **Arizona Smoke Revue/Strawhead/Johnny Silvo/Bill Zorn/Downes & Beer/Ian Woods/Teeside Fettlers etc.**
Shanklin I.o.W. The Clarendon: **The Choir**
Southport Theatre: **Sky**
South Shields Legion Rock Club: **Limelight**
Stevenston The Rec: **H20**

saturday 10th

Aldeburgh Snape Maltings Concert Hall: **Carole King**
Aldershot West End Centre: **Amity / Vanishing Point**
Birmingham Barrle Organ: **Organ**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Iganda / As One**
Brimingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beasts**
Birmingham Odeon: **Motorhead / Tank**
Birmingham (Sparbrook) The Mermaid: **Echo Base**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **Spandau Ballet**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Adrian May**
Brighton Dome: **Graham Parker Band / John Watts**
Canterbury Marlowe Theatre: **Mike Berry**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Mad Shadows / Vane**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies / Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Cleethorpes Pier Hotel: **Saracen**
Coventry General Wolfe: **I**
Croydon Cartoon: **Short Stories**
Croydon The Star: **Messenger**
Darlington Arts Centre: **Neil Innes**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **The Scorpions**
Derby Blue Note: **The Swinging Laurels**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Victorian Parents**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Blackfoot**
Ellesmere Port Bulls Head: **Whammer Jammer**
Folkestone Springfield Hotel: **Naughty Thoughts**
Glasgow Maestro's: **Private Lives**
Gt. Yarmouth Caister Holiday Centre: **Red Lipstique**
Hereford Crystal Rooms: **Chas & Dave**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Onlookers**
Huddersfield White Lion: **Ik!**
Jersey Fort Regent: **Depeche Mode**
Leeds Compton Arms: **Coil**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Sky**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **The Extraordinaires**
London Blackheat CND Festival (3.30 pm): **The Papers**

☐ CONTINUED OVER

Roy Orbison *Pic: Anton Corbijn*

EASTER marks resurrection in more senses than one, because it's the time when country freaks really come into their own, by way of the annual International Festival at London's Wembley Arena — the major event in the country calendar. Once again this year, it runs from Good Friday to Easter Monday, and among the principal artists involved are KRIS KRISTOFFERSON, BOXCAR WILLIE, GEORGE HAMILTON, MARTY ROBBINS, JERRY LEE LEWIS, DON WILLIAMS and ROY ORBISON. See under daily listings for more details.

There's an extensive tour starting this weekend by CLASSIX NOUVEAUX — with initial dates at St Albans (Saturday), Gt Yarmouth (Sunday), Gravesend (Monday), Portsmouth (Tuesday) and Brighton (Wednesday).

The two other significant new tours are by CAROLE KING and GLADYS KNIGHT & THE PIPS. Performing in the UK for the first time in yonks, Carole plays Manchester (Friday), Aldeburgh (Saturday) and London Dominion (Sunday to Tuesday). And Glays and her group open their schedule in Bournemouth on Wednesday.

SPANDAU BALLET and DEPECHE MODE each play a couple of special Easter dates — Spandau are at Brighton (Friday) and Bournemouth (Saturday), while Depeche appear in the Channel Islands on Saturday and Monday.

Worthwhile one-offs include the irrepressible TINA TURNER at London Hammersmith Odeon on Friday, and the all-star soul package at London Brixton Fair Deal on Sunday — featuring WILSON PICKETT, SAM & DAVE, CARLA THOMAS and EDDIE FLOYD.

Finally, a warning. Many regular venues are closing on certain days over Easter. So don't go along to your local club on the off-chance — check beforehand to avoid a wasted journey.

nationwide GIG GUIDE

☐ FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

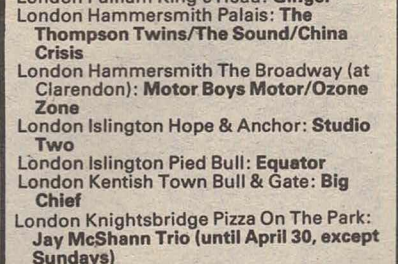
London Brentford Red Lion: **Book 'Em And Risk It**
London Brixton Fair Deal: **Desmond Dekker / Hi-Tension**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Richard Salmon**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Fleshtones/ Fay Ray**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Big Jay & The Jaywalkers**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Disco-Void / The Stools**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Holly Beth Vincent**
London Deptford The Duke: **Studio Two**
London Forest Gate Freemasons Tavern: **Paragon**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Mickey Jupp Blues Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Roosters / Double Agent**
London Fulham King's Head: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Greenwich Pizza House: **The Funeral Directors**
London Hackney Chats Palace: **Jam Today / Ova**
London Hammersmith The Broadway (at Clarendon): **The High Tide**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **The Shattered Dolls / I Am Alone**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **First Priority / Big Self**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Roddy Radiation & The Tearjerkers**
London Islington Pied Bull: **No Longer Umpire / Sleek**
London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **Jay McShann Trio / Martin Taylor & Tony Lee**
London Lee The Centre: **Beat Me Daddy**
London Leicester-Square Centre Charles Peguy: **Alan Holdsworth Trio**
London Marquee Club: **Wilko Johnson - Lew Lewis Band**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Dave Ellis Band**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Cayenne / Tilt**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Harry Gold's Pieces Of Eight**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **The Beatroots**
London Victoria King William IV: **Official Secrets**
London Victoria The Venue: **Queen Ida & The Bon Temps Zydeco Band**
London Wembley Arena: **C&W Festival with Boxcar Willie / Porter Wagoner / Roy Clark / Ktty Wells / Jimmy C Newman / George Hamilton IV etc.**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Ivory Coasters / E Types**
London W.1 (Bond St.) Embassy Club: **Menage A Trois**
London W.1 Dover Street Wine Bar: **Gilly Elkin Band**
Maidstone Dixies: **2D Sculpture**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Yessir**
Manchester Portland Bars: **Private Sector**
Manchester The Gallery: **The Things**
Milton Keynes Leisure Centre: **The Breakfast Band**
Newent Red Lion: **Artists And Lovers**
Newtown Halfred Theatre: **Diamond Head**
Oldham (Royton) Railway Hotel: **Rockin Horse**
Oxford Caribbean Club: **Ward 10**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Truffle**
Oxford Radcliffe Arms: **Blue Fox**
Plymouth Ark Royal: **Suspended Sentence**
Retford Porterhouse: **The Stargazers**
Scunthorpe Burton Youth Centre: **Spider**
Shanklin I.o.W. The Clarendon: **The Choir**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Mari Wilson Band**
Southampton Joiners Arms: **Animation / Laughter In The Garden**
St. Albans City Hall: **Classix Nouveaux**
Stoke Waggon & Horses: **Buffalo**
Stranraer Coachmans Arms: **All The Rage**
Torquay Town Hall (all-day): **Final Eclipse / Dark Troupe / Dayon Beat / Morning Glory / Little Wing / Epsilon / Ulterior Motives etc.**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Wishaw Heathery Bar: **Marillion**

sunday 11th

Wilson Pickett: Brixton

Barrow-Haven The Inn: **Spider**
Bathgate Cairn Park Hotel: **Marillion**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Otto's Bazaar**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Blues Power/Micky Golding**
Birmingham Odeon: **Motorhead/Tank**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Birmingham Strathallan Hotel: **Barbara Thompson's Paraphernalia**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bristol Trinity Hall: **The Thompson Twins/King Trigger**
Bromley The Northcover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Burnley Bankhole Club (lunchtime) and Bradford Vaults Bar (evening): **Ik!**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Erazerhead**
Darley Dale Northwood Club: **Saracen**
Doncaster (Thorne) White Hart: **Coil**
Edinburgh Ital Club: **Scientist**
Edinburgh J.J.'s: **Tumu Tumu Fashion Girls**
Edinburgh Valentino's: **Private Lives**
Glasgow Night Moves: **The Cheaters**
Great Yarmouth Caister Centre: **Classix Nouveaux**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Alligators**
Irvine Amanda's Disco (afternoon): **The Dolphins**
Kettering King's Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Leeds Grand Theatre: **Sky**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel (lunchtime) and Central Station (evening): **Volunteers**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Blackfoot**
London Battersea Arts Centre (lunchtime): **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Brentford Red Lion Boris (lunchtime)/**Rodeo** (evening)
London Brixton Fair Deal: **Wilson Pickett/Sam & Dave/Carla Thomas/Eddie Floyd**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Wipeout/E-Types**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Mxyzplk/Free Hand/The Area**
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: **Deep Machine**
London Finchley Torrington: **Jo-Anne Kelly's Second Line**
London Friern Barnet The Orange Tree (lunchtime): **Young Jazz**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Little Sister**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Studio Two/1000 Mexicans**
London Fulham King's Head: **Avenue**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Graham Parker Band/John Watts**
London Hammersmith The Broadway (at Clarendon): **Baboon/Ann Pigalle**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **The Saterlites**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Roddy Radiation & The Tearjerkers**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Dance Hall Style**
London Marquee Club: **Wilko Johnson — Lew Lewis Band**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Bernie Tyrell's Salisbury Stompers**
London Oxford St 100 Club (lunchtime): **Stan Sulzman**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Ron Rubin**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Root Jackson & The GB Blues Co**
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): **The Funky B's**
London Tottenham Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Carole King**
London Tottenham Court Rd. The Horseshow: **Scarlet O'Hara**
London Victoria King William IV: **Vendetta**
London Wembley Area: **C&W Festival with Marty Robbins/Jerry Lee Lewis/Ronnie Prophet/Lloyd Green/Razzy Bailey/Tom Gribben & The Saltwater Cowboys etc.**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Decoy Ave/Fear Of Falling**
London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: **The Nashville Teens**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Northampton The Romany: **The World Service**
Plymouth Ark Royal: **Canyon** (lunchtime)/**Stealer** (evening)
Rickmansworth Watersmeet: **Neil Innes**
Sheffield Hallamshire Hotel: **St Christopher**
Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club: **Mike Berry & Rockola**
West Cornworth Rock Club: **Limelight**
Wolverhampton Civic Hall: **The Scorpions**

monday 12th



Thompson Twins: London

Bannockburn The Tandhu: **Marillion**
Basildon Roundacre: **Chemical Alice**
Birkenhead Sir James Club: **Limelight**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Mayday**
Birmingham Holy City Zoo: **Echo Base**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Thrillers**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Chainsaw**
Bordon Robin Hood: **Chester**
Bristol Stonehouse: **Louie's Friends Uptown/Acid Drops**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Legend**
Darlington Arts Centre: **The East Side Torpedoes**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Blackfoot**
Doncaster Coach & Horses: **Coil**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Dark Horse**
Gravesend Woodville Hall: **Classix Nouveaux**
Grimsby Community Hall: **Vice Squad/The Microdots/The Repressed**
Gt Yarmouth Caister Holiday Centre: **Matchbox**
Guernsey Beausejour Leasure Centre: **Depeche Mode**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **The Scorpions**
Keighley Gory Details: **Legal Aid/The Xhilaratorz**
Kingston Grey Horse: **Streetwalker**
Leeds Shines Bar: **Dodgy Tactics**
Lincoln Lindsay's Disco Bar: **Mightier Than Kong**
London Brentford Red Lion: **The 45's**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Pokadots**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Up Sect/Heads Of Agreement**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Method Music/Product/Ohm's Law**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Idle Flowers**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Beatroots/Eye Witness**
London Fulham King's Head: **Ginger**
London Hammersmith Palais: **The Thompson Twins/The Sound/China Crisis**
London Hammersmith The Broadway (at Clarendon): **Motor Boys Motor/Ozone Zone**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Studio Two**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Equator**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Big Chief**
London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **Jay McShann Trio (until April 30, except Sundays)**
London Marquee Club: **Girl**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Joe Concorde Band**
London N.W.2 The Castle: **Wes McGhee & Friends**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Poor Relations**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Carole King**
London Wembley Arena: **C&W Festival with Don Williams/Roy Orbison/Jeannie C Riley/Alabama/The Superpickers/Lonnie Donegan, etc.**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Americans/The Cause**
London W.1 (Baker St) The Barracuda: **007**
London W.1 (Maddox St) Gillrays Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London W.1 Xclusiv Club: **The Breakfast Band**
Louth Legion Club: **Spider**
Maidstone Pizza Express: **Terry Smith-Dave Quincy Quintet**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Sky**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Swamp Children**
Manchester (Clifton) Bee Hive Hotel: **Rockin Horse**
Nottingham (West Bridgford) Test Match: **Chimneys/The Fab Five/Lovely Bodies**
Oxford Radcliffe Arms: **Chris White**
Wadebridge Town Hall: **Egg/Brezhnev & The Russian Invasion**

tuesday 13th

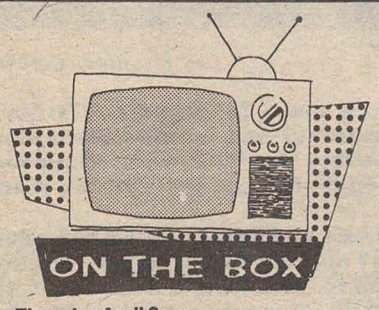
Fleshtones: London

Aldershot West End Centre: **The Anonymous Sisters / Beating Hearts**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Cromo**
Birmingham Holy City Zoo: Ocean Ethics / Caribben Allstars
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Money**
Bristol Locarno: **Graham Parker Band / John Watts**
Burnley The Centrespot: **Conflict / Anthrax**
Bury The Derby Hall: **Private Dicks / Force**
Cardiff Top Rank: **The Mighty Diamonds**
Folkestone Oliver's La Clique: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **The Urbs**
Grimsby Central Hall: **Spider**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Elkie Brooks**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **The Extraordinaires**
London Brentford Red Lion: **The Hollywood Killers / The Cockroaches**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Androids Of Mu / The Gymslips / Slick**
London Canning Town The Balmoral: **The Wrectangles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **Wit Of A Banker**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Mummy's Boys / Twilight Zone**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Trial / The Rimshots / Idol Frets**
London Covent Garden Tango: **Gillie · McPherson**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Mitch Dalton Jam Band**
London Deptford Albany Empir: **Carol Grimers & The Hipnotics**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**
London Fulham King's Head: **C.C. Rockhouse**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Hollywood Killers / Loose Talk**
London Hammersmith The Broadway (at Clarendon): **Idiot Ballroom Beach Party**
London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Babylon Rebiels**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Parisienne Swing**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **J.J. & The Jealous Guys**
London Kensington The Ad Lib: **The Dawgs**
London Marquee Club: **Virginia Wolf**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Sketch**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Discharge**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Allstar Jazzband**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The 45's**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Carole King**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Fleshtones / Larry Wallis / Lords Of The New Church**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Carved To A Noise / 13th Chime**
London W.1 (Baker St) The Barracuda: **Weekend / Carmel**
London W.1 (Bond St) Embassy Club: **Calling Hearts**
London W.1 (Greek St) Le Beat Route: **007**
London W.1 (Gt. Portland St) The Albany: **The Nice Men**
London W.1 (Wardour St) Whisky A-Go-Go: **Nick Plytas**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Sky**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Martin Blackwell**
Portsmouth Locarno: **Classix Nouveaux**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **Mike Berry**
Ware Beckets: **The Marine Girls**
Weymouth Baxters Wine Bar: **The Headless Horsemen**
Windsor Blazers: **Kris Kristofferson**

wednesday 14th

Gladys Knight: Bournemouth

Aldershot West End Centre: **Hal Singer & Tony Lee Trio/Ian Bellamy Quartet**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Osprey**
Birmingham Odeon: **Elkie Brooks**
Birmingham Quinton Punchbowl: **Teaser**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **Gladys Knight & The Pips**
Brighton Top Rank: **Classix Nouveaux**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Kirk Austin & Still Life/Flex**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Dunbar Goldenstones Hotel: **Marillion**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **The Scorpions**
Glasgow Dial Inn: **The Dolphins**
Heckmondwike Craven Heifer: **Triangular Hour**
Kettering Rising Sun: **The Psy-kicks**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Dodgy Tactics**
Liverpool (Woolton) Coach & Horses: **The Chase**
London Brentford Red Lion: **The Mixtures**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Syl Sylvain & The Teardrops/The Heroes**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The 45's**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Chelsea Kennedy's: **Gillie McPherson**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Sly Device/Glasshouse**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Flying Padovanis/The Group**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **The String Co**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Manufactured Romance/International Rescue**
London Fulham King's Head: **The Recruits**
London Hackney Chats Palace: **Ian Bellamy Quartet**
London Highgate Jacksons Lane Community Centre: **Alex & The Boysenettes**
London Islington Hare & Hounds: **Gaz's Rebel Blues Rockers**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Wipe Out**
London Islington Pied Bll: **Primary**
London Kensington Ad Lib Club: **Ray Sheilds Combined Forces Orchestra**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London NW2 Hogs Grunt: **Future Tents**
London Plumstead The Ship: **Glass Actors/Sexagisma**
London Putney Half Moon: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **NYJO Small Band**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Chip-Shop Bar Show**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Lambrettas**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Blood Poets/The Two Sisters**
London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: **Deke Leonard**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Richard Digance**
London W1 (Charlotte St) Sol y Sombra: **Design For Living/Native Hipsters**
Manchester (Ashton) Shades: **The Politicians**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Brian Knight's Thin Line**
Manchester The Gallery: **Beau Leisure**
New Romney The Seahorse: **Sandy Beach & The Deckchairs**
Plymouth Ark Royal: **Albaston Interceptors**
Sheffield City Hall: **Sky**
Sheffield The Saddle: **Kirlian Lens**
Southampton Lautrecs Wine Bar: **The Headless Horsemen**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club: **Mari Wilson Band**
Stirling Avant Garde: **Senator**
Washington Biddick Farm Arts Centre: **Glacier**
Wolverhampton Civic Hall: **Blackfoot**



Thursday April 8

Ninotchka (Ernst Lubitsch 1939). The Garbo canvas proves it can turn its gaze to comedy in this Billy-Wilder wisecrack gimlet scripted story — one oft used in the movies: a chilly Russian ambassador falls fair of the charms of Paris and a Parisienne. Ah, Paris, city of Barthes and Sartre, Audrey Hepburn in *Charade* and *Funny Face,* sigh . . . **(BBC2)**

Friday April 9

Courage Of Lassie (Fred M Wilcox) 1946. Here's one that'll sort the camp fans from the rent boys. Lassie and the cherubic, chubby young Liz Taylor share top billing (two wet eyes against one wet nose — that's whatcha call top billing!) as the cute canine's WW11 scars and killer instincts are smoothed out into Woodhouse sociability. Ahhh! Out with the Kleenex! Personally, I detest the stupid creatures. **(BBC1)**

Anna Karenina (Clarence Brown 1935). Inadequate chintzy customisation of Tolstoy's tragic love tale, from Russia with lumps to Hollywood; bit like a coffee table in a country mansion, although Garbo — as is usual in these cases — saves the day with looks worth savouring. Up against her presence are Frederic March, Maureen O'Sullivan and Freddie Bartholomew. **(BBC2)**

Saturday April 10

Play It Again, Sam (Woody Allen 1972). Although one has grown to shrink from Diane Keaton's dizzy Ms persona over the past decade — and one has heard *very* disturbing rumours about Allen these past few months: some kind of weirdo religious package trip — this remains one of the all time gag-a-minute modern comedies; the eternal triangle is helped along its self-destructive way by equal measures of narcissism, mogadon and Bogart. Allen's a great neuro-intellectual silly billy, when he wants to be. If you haven't seen this, don't miss. **(BBC2)**

Saturday Night Fever (John Badham 1977). An iconographic monster, alright — although be warned, this is the Saturday Matinee version, with the rougher boy's stuff excised to present a slightly dreamier vision of the modern Brooklyn weekend. Some of the often neglected smaller scenes — Travolta vs boss and family — help to ease out the cuts. Some undeniably classic moments, even if the whole's not to your taste. **(ITV)**

Sunday April 11

A Connecticut Yankee In King Arthur's Court (Tay Garnett 1949). Very likeable, daft musical with Bing Crosby sent hurtling back to the Arthurian court, where he is branded a wizard, falls in love with Rhonda Fleming and sings 'Busy Doin' Nothing'. **(BBC2)**

The Candidate (Michael Ritchie 1972). Excellent, if very dry, semi-documentary study of American political campaigning ploys and processes, rather than the surface of personality-sell. Robert Redford produced, as well as starring as the idealistic politician of the title. Ritchie's direction is deceptively simple, and there are two great supporting stars in Peter Boyle and Melvyn Douglas. **(BBC2)**

Monday April 12

The Bad News Bears (Michael Ritchie 1976). Straight into another Ritchie movie and they couldn't have picked anything less like *The Candidate.* The yarn concerns a Little League kid's baseball team, led by star pitcher Tatum O'Neal and coached by beery old Walter Matthau (his character is named Morris Buttermaker, would you believe?). The film was acclaimed for its respectful treatment of kids and their culture — "the ultimate anti-Disney movie" — and on TV in the States a few expletives were even deleted. Sure makes a pleasant change from the usual school holiday garbage. **(BBC1)**

Boys From Brazil (Franklin Schaffner 1978). Star spangled cast (Peck, Olivier, Mason, Elliot) in dodgy adaptation of far-fetched Ira Levin modern Nazi scare story. Olivier in overdrive as fanatical Jewish zealot in pursuit of the baddies. **(ITV)**

Private Files of Edgar J Hoover (Larry Cohen 1977). Bringing the welcome BBC2 USA Political season to a close, this is a far preferable modern political thriller — the low-life end of global conspiracy theory, Cohen imbuing the already seamy set-up with a compulsive film-noir tension. Real-life politicos are mixed in with the actors, unhinged surrealism with sober scandal. **(BBC2)**

Tuesday April 13

A Funny Thing Happened On The Way To The Forum ('Dick' Lester 1966). Completely over the top and self-indulgent fiasco on the part of concept, script and direction. Whoever was in charge of casting redeems the overblown thing with Phil Silvers, Zero Mostel, Buster Keaton *et al:* can't fail to have some grand moments can it? **(BBC2)**

Wednesday April 14

The Valachi Papers (Terence Young 1972). Charles Bronson (with ever lovin' Jill Ireland in tow as usual) guns and grunts his way through a messy, Italian-produced view of the Mafia way of life and death. Would have preferred something like Rosi's *Lucky Luciano,* must say. **(ITV)**

Ian Penman

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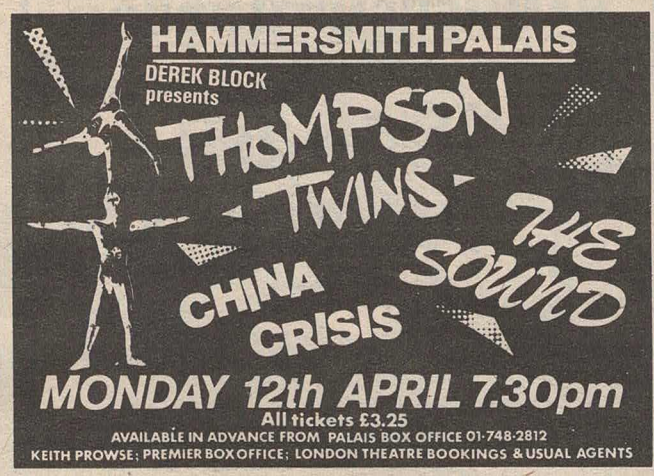

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17, 18 Donald Byrd
18 Classix Nouveaux
21, 22 Miles Davis
21, 22, 23 Sky
23 Scorpions
23-27 Elkie Brooks
25 Boomtown Rats
27 Blackfoot
30 Meatloaf
30 Thin Lizzy

MAY
1 The Cure
1 Thin Lizzy
2 Shakatak
3-9 Status Quo
4 Gladys Knight
9 Foreigner
9 Discharge
11, 12 Third World
13 Girlschool
17 Nick Lowe
18, 19 Rose Royce
20 23 B.B. King, John Hooker, etc
23 Au Pairs
24 Judie Tzuke
29 Mink De Ville
30 Level 42
30 Altered Images
30 David Soul
30 Mink De Ville

JUNE
1 Altered Images
2, 3, 4, 5 Diana Ross
3, 4 Camel
3, 4 Rory Gallagher
7, 8 XTC
18, 19 Frank Zappa
25, 26 Toyah

JULY
17, 18 Toyah

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+ Farmers Boys

Monday 19th April
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Latin JAZZ FROM
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DALE HARGREAVES AND THE FLAMINGOS
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Thursday 15th April
HUANG CHUNG

Monday 19th April
CHAMELEON

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Thursday 8th April £1.00 *FLOSS ROCK SHOW* **STEELA**	
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Sunday 11th April £1.00 8pm — 10.30pm Heavy Rock **LEGEND** + TF Much Rock Show	
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Wednesday 14th April £1.00 8pm — midnight **KIRK AUSTIN & STILL LIFE** + Flex	
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Friday 9th April £1.00 **STATIC** + Paris	
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Thursday 22nd April
MODERN ENGLISH
Wednesday 28th April
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Thursday 3rd June
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Friday 9th April £1.50 **BOX 33**	
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Sunday 11th April £1.00 **WIPEOUT**	
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Tuesday 13th April £1.00 **MUMMIES BOYS**	
Wednesday 14th April £1.00 **SLY DEVICE**	

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COLD FISH
WED 14th
SOUTHERN DEATH CULT
THU. APRIL 15th + VANE
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April Gigs
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Friday 9th — **WOODVILLE HALLS, GRAVESEND** (supporting 9 Below 0)
Sunday 11th — **101 CLUB, CLAPHAM**
Wednesday 14th — **HOPE & ANCHOR, ISLINGTON**
Monday 19th — **GREYHOUND, FULHAM**
Saturday 24th — **THE MARQUEE**
Wednesday 28th — **GOLDEN LION, FULHAM**
THE BLUES BITES BACK
Look out for the new EP due for release in early April

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Thursday 15th April
from the North!
I K!
"The Wild Tribe"

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SOUTHERN COMFORT
3.15 7.00
+ **DELIVERANCE**
1.20 5.05 8.50
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New Full Version
THUNDERCRACK
2.55 5.05 8.15
+ **MYSTERY OF THE LEAPING FISH**
2.30 4.40 7.50
11.30 All Night
EASTWOOD/LEONE
Sun 11th
Polanski's
TESS
1.30 4.30 7.30
Mon 12th
Herzog Triple:
AGUIRRE WRATH OF GOD
+ **HEART OF GLASS**
+ **LA SOUFRAERE**
Tues 13th
Peter Lorre Triple
BLACK ANGEL, STRANGER ON THIRD FLOOR
+ **YOU'LL FIND OUT**
Weds 14th
James Dean:
EAST OF EDEN
3.00 7.00
+ **REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE**
1.00 5.00 9.00
Thurs 15th
Nellie Kaplan:
NEA
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WED 21st APRIL
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THURS 22nd APRIL
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TICKETS £3.50 £3.25

SAT 24th APRIL
NEWCASTLE CITY HALL
TICKETS £3.50 £3.25

SUN 25th APRIL
GLASGOW PAVILION
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MON 26th APRIL
EDINBURGH PLAYHOUSE
TICKETS £3.75 £3.50 £3.25

TUES 27th APRIL
MANCHESTER APOLLO
TICKETS £3.50 £3.25

WED 28th APRIL
BIRMINGHAM ODEON
TICKETS £3.50 £3.25

SAT 1st MAY
HAMMERSMITH ODEON
TICKETS £4.00 & £3.50

TICKETS ON SALE NOW CHECK BOX OFFICES FOR DETAILS

RAQUELS
Market Pavement, BASILDON

April Gigs
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Thursday 15th April — **FUNKAPOLITAN**
Thurs 22nd April — **PARK AVENUE**
Thurs 29th April — **WATCH WITH MOTHER**

Basildon 3632

tour NEWS

THE THOMPSON TWINS

□ **LIMELIGHT,** the heavy rock trio who supported Saxon around Britain, headline at South Shields Legion Rock Club (tomorrow, Friday), West Cornforth Rock Club (Sunday), Birkenhead Sir James (April 12), London Marquee (15), London Fulham Golden Lion (16), Leeds Compton Arms (24), Sunderland Mecca (30), Stoke Waggon & Horses (May 1) and the Marquee again (8).

□ **THE ROOM,** who recently supported The Fall at Hammersmith Palais, have a few dates of their own prior to the late-May release of their debut album 'Indoor Fireworks' — at London Covent Garden Rock Garden (tomorrow, Friday), Liverpool Warehouse (April 15), Manchester Polytechnic (May 1), Liverpool Pyramid (4) and Stoke North Staffs Polytechnic (7). A single from the LP, for release by Red Flame on May 7, rejoices in the title of 'Things That Have Learned To Walk That Ought To Crawl'.

□ **VIRGINIA WOLF,** the new Cardiff band whose first single 'Action' has just been issued on Creole Records, make their debut London appearance at the Marquee Club next Tuesday (13). And as a gesture to expatriate Welsh fans, anyone who can give evidence of their Welsh origins will be admitted free.

□ **THE THOMPSON TWINS,** who headline at London Hammersmith Palais on Easter Monday, have slotted in a warm-up gig at Bristol Trinity Hall this Sunday (11) supported by King Trigger. It's the first of a series of benefits for the World of Music, Arts and Dance Festival to be staged at the Royal Bath & West Showground in July.

□ **THE FLESHTONES,** now nearing the end of their nationwide tour with Nine Below Zero, are playing two London headliners before returning home to New York — at Camden Dingwalls (this Saturday) and Victoria The Venue (April 13). They'll be promoting their new album 'Roman Gods' and single 'Shadowline'.

□ **TRUE LIFE CONFESSIONS** are devoting most of this month to A&M recording sessions, and are confining live gigs to London dates at Islington Hope & Anchor (April 24) and Fulham Greyhound (28). A full-scale provincial tour is being lined up to start on May 2.

□ **THE SWINGER** is a name hiding the identity of over half of a very well-known band, who are appearing at London's Sol y Sombra (Charlotte Street, W.1) on April 15. Reason for the alias is that the club couldn't cope with the crowds if they were billed correctly. This way, there's no panic.

Carol lines up the stars

CAROL GRIMES, after her recent dalliance with The Blockheads, is now playing occasional dates with a band called The Hipnotics — with two Blockheads, Mickey Gallagher (keyboards) and John Turnbull (guitar), still featured in the line-up. Also featured are guitarist Neil Hubbard (ex-Kokomo and Roxy Music), saxist Mel Collins (ex-just about everyone), Colin Gibson (bass), Shelley Belle (percussion) and Trevor Moraise (drums). Among upcoming London gigs are Deptford Albany Empire (April 13), Camden Dingwalis (15) and Victoria The Venue (16). Carol — whose single 'Ain't That Peculiar', produced by Mickey Gallagher, is released by Polydor on April 23 — returns to the Albany Empire on May 12 to take part in an all-girl bill.

CAROL GRIMES

□ **THE PHOTOS** — now sporting a new look with two girl back-up vocalists, instead of a girl lead singer — have added more dates to their current gig series. They play Redditch The Fox (this Saturday), Birmingham Holy City Zoo (April 14), Evesham Town Hall (17), Gloucester The Barge (May 10).

□ **MORRISSEY MULLEN,** now featuring vocalist Carol Kenyon, continue to promote their current album 'Life On The Wire' at London Kentish Town Bull & Gate (this Thursday, April 17 and 24), London Putney Half Moon (13, 20 and 27), London Oxford St. 100 Club (14), Swansea Barons Club (23), Brighton Jenkinsons (25), Camber Sands Pontins Village (May 2), Birmingham Aston University (7), Glasgow Night Moves (14) and Blairgowrie The Club (15).

THE CHAMELEONS, the Manchester band signed by Epic Records after impressing on a pre-Christmas John Peel session, are playing a short tour to promote their debut single 'In Shreds' released this week. They play Leeds Warehouse (April 19), London Victoria The Venue with The Waitresses (21), Brighton New Regent (22), Bath Moles (23), Cambridge Sound Cellar (24), London Covent Garden Rock Garden (29), Manchester Polytechnic (May 1) and Oxford Polytechnic (7).

□ **VIC GODARD & Subway Sect** are the special guests at the re-opening of London's Club Left on Sunday, April 25. It's moving to larger premises and, from that date, will operate every Sunday night Downstairs at Ronnie Scott's in Frith Street, Soho.

□ **MARI WILSON** and her 11-piece band, who can no longer call themselves The Imaginations, play a couple of dates before her new single 'Baby It's True' is released on April 23 — at Sheffield Limit Club (this Saturday) and Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club (April 14). They'll be returning to touring at the end of April through May, details to follow.

Dramatis on the road

DRAMATIS — now a trio following the departure of keyboards man Dennis Haines — are on tour at Reading Hexagon (April 24), Bristol Granary (25), Brighton Sherrys (27), Birmingham Romeo & Juliets (28), Sheffield Limit (29), York University (30), Dundee University (May 1), Portsmouth South Parade Pier (3), Southampton Guildhall (4), London Victoria The Venue (5), Coventry General Wolfe (6), Folkestone Marine Pavilion (7), Sandown I.o.W. Pavilion (8) and Belfast Queen's University (12). They'll have a new single issued by Rocket to coincide. The band are looking for an unusual young dance troupe, using pre-recorded music, to accompany them on the entire tour — enquiries to Rocket on 01-258 3585.

TINA EXTRA

TINA TURNER, whose concert at London Hammersmith Odeon on Good Friday has already been reported, now also appears at St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum on Easter Monday (April 12). Once again, she'll be accompanied by her full touring revue.

Chas & Dave keep at it

CHAS & DAVE have added still more dates to their current extensive tour — at London Epping La Taverna (April 16), Brighton Jenkinsons (17), Worcester Winter Gardens (19), Carlisle Hunting Lodge (22), Chippingham Goldiggers (23), Gloucester Roundabout (24), Southsea Pleasureama (28), London La Taverna (29), Northampton Working Mens Club (30), Nottingham Theatre Royal (May 2), Purfleet Circus Tavern (5-8) and Canvey Island King's Club (22). With the current 'Ain't No Pleasin' You' the duo's biggest single hit to date, Towerbell Records have re-cut their album 'Mustn't Grumble' to include the latest chart success — and a limited edition will include a free copy of their Christmas hit 'Stars Over 45'.

□ **THE BREAKFAST BAND** have April dates at Eastcote Bottom Line (tonight, Thursday), Milton Keynes Stantonbury Leisure Centre (Saturday), London Xclusiv Club (12), London Embassy Club (15), Derby Blue Note (18), London Oxford St. 100 Club (22), London Cricklewood Production Village (23), London Battersea Arts Centre (24), Ilford Room At The Top (27), Liverpool Rotters (28), Leicester Polytechnic (29) and Haywards Heath Taverners (30). And on April 26, they film a spot for BBC-TV's *Omnibus*.

Marillion lead singer FISH

□ **MARILLION** have undergone a line-up change on the eve of their extensive UK tour, reported last week. Founder member and bassist Diz Minnitt has quit following "musical differences" and will now form his own group, and he's been replaced by Peter Trewavas who's now dissolved his own band The Metros — he will also double on backing vocals. Three new dates added to their tour schedule are at Wishaw Heathery Bar (this Saturday), Dundee Tayside Bar (April 24) and Glasgow Dial Inn (May 5).

LIVE ADS

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22-24 GREAT WESTERN ROAD LONDON W9
APRIL Sun 11th
EASTER SUNDAY
OPEN AT LAST!
with THE MEMBERS
TALISMAN + Rappers
ground zero
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Doors open 6·30
All Tickets £2·50
TICKETS AVAILABLE FROM ZIGZAG CLUB, 22-24 GREAT WESTERN ROAD, LONDON W9 . IN ADVANCE MON-FRI 12 NOON-6 P.M. OR BY POST (ENCLOSE SAE) OR ON THE NIGHT PHONE: 289 6008
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Every Thursday
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Saturday 17th April
ANIMAL MAGIC
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(due to heavy demand strictly members only for this one)
Imaginative Bar — Reasonable Prices — Hard Sounds.
Free Admission to Members on non-band nights.

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PRESENTS
mighty DIAMONDS SAT 17th APRIL
AT FAIR DEAL
Nr Brixton Tube Stockwell Rd
Tickets £5.00 from Fair Deal B.O., usual agencies & good record shops. Advance ticket holders have a chance to win a weekend for two on the continent.

SINGLE COMING 9TH APRIL
I·R·L
ILLEGAL RECORDS ILS 0028
THE LORDS OF THE NEW CHURCH
divide and conquer, that's their game
beneath the haircut and clothes we're really all the same,
they threaten our lives with nuclear war
gonna crucify us just once more
JOIN THE NEW CHURCH

LIVE! FASHION

LOOK WHAT THE CAT WALKED IN . . .

A prowl round the shows of London Fashion Week and the streets of the capital

SPRINGTIME in London — a time when a young designer's fancy turns to . . . . the enticing chatter of cash tills, a sartorial climax of new Style, a manipulative balancing of creation and exploitation, and hopefully . . . eventually full order books!

Springtime in London — the opulent 'grandeur' of London Fashion Week — where the big-wigs cohabit with the small-fry, all the while promoting a mutual ignorance encouraged by the glossies and Fleet Street, secretly sighing with relief that Paris is 'back on top' again. After London's brief years of instigation, provocation and influence the clashing forces on fashion of economics and credibility have resulted in a hiatus: the Paris 'names', rejecting their former tendency of pinching any half-good idea from the street (ie *London's* streets), have plumped for a group policy of appeasement to the almighty Dollar. Only Thierry Mugler — *still* relevant, humorous, contentious *and* wearable — and Claud Montana (whose over the top material theatrics caused much chuckling and closing of order books in the omnipotent American Buyers ranks) resisted the charming, tasteful, elegant, BORING slide to 'Classicism'.

The about turn in attitudes was apparent at every pause and turn, every forced smile and empty stand that epitomised this year's exhibitions.

Without the stimulus of a 'movement', even one with the mail-order mega-tack of a 'new romanticism', the mainstream London fashion industry can do little but slide deeper into a turgid derivative mire, which protesters screaming CHEAP! . . . DULL! are powerless to halt.

Compounding the problem is the role of the supposed 'independent', 'new' teams and individuals taking part in the debacle. Too many people with a modicum of talent and the advantage of youth seem too prepared to be absorbed into the machinations of the worn out rituals — very happy to take their alloted spot, thank you very much — eager to be seen as 'proper' fashion designers, and virtually emasculating what promise they might have briefly intimated before they've actually *done* anything. Thus thrust the burgeoning talents of Melissa Caplan and some of the Notre Dame X group onto a 'respectable' stage and witness the disappointed putting on a brave face afterwards.

The single, the *only* vaguely interesting aspect of The Week was the tumultuous mish-mash of Vivienne Westwood's show. Confounding her critics who said she could never keep up the momentum of that first Worlds End collection, she *entertained* — garishly, subtly, loudly — the constantly remodelled cut and combination stating the obvious progression while exciting too.

The stars of the London streets, formerly the source, and normally at least tenacious *provocateurs* to the mainstream are sadly as becalmed and bemused as any shiny suited rep surveying the desert at Olympia. The clan instinct is more rife than ever and the shuffling little cliques of historical-punk, trevira-zoot and Johnsons mondo-billy plus a dozen others still roam the familiar, well-worn routes between the regular Kings Road and West End suppliers.

While the bigger names ply their trade in comfy uniform and the tiddlers come and go, at least the occasional appearance of a somewhat more challenging outlet will freshen the stagnant air.

Soho's Beak St. has recently become the residing place of former Axiom kingpin. Jon Baker's newdeal *Demob* is where half a dozen designers run the gamut of styles in the salubrious airiness of what once was a fishmongers! Scant minutes walk from Demob's wartime reminiscences and predictions *The Foundry* displays Sue Clowes' printed extremes of religious and military culture-clash: simplistic clothes, glorious imagery.

The final mention goes to the intriguing concept of original Spandau compatriot Simon Withers, always a man to watch with scissors and chalk, presenting his new collection through the cool auspices of South Molton Street's *Chatters*.

Surely . . . hopefully . . . this can't be all in terms of relevent stylish activity in a sartorial centre such as London town?

Come on London — Wake Up!

James T. Kirk

WESTWOOD: ENTERTAINMENT AT THE END OF THE WORLD

THE MULTI–LAYERED TALENTS OF MELISSA CAPLAN

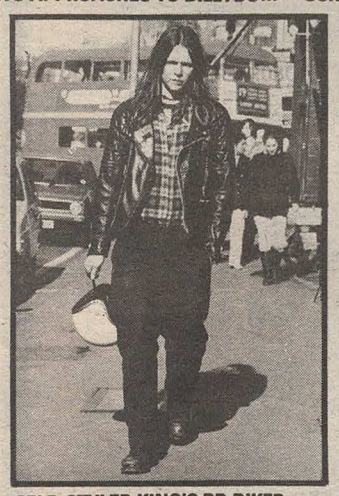
MARCHING ORDERS BY ROSE BRADFORD

Report: James T. Kirk

Photos: James Palmer

TWO APPROACHES TO BILLYDOM — SCHLOCKABILLY AND PUROBILLY

MAN–OF–THE–ROAD BY DEMOB



SELF–STYLED KING'S RD BIKER

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STREET THEATRE OUT AND GETTING ABOUT

Angelic Upstarts

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NEW ALBUM OUT NOW
PRODUCED BY
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LIVE!

Ferry cool Spandau style. Hadley snaps his fingers at the Kemps' pop plan. *Pic Peter Anderson*

RONNY THE DECADENT THEATRE GROUP

The Old Vic

MOST OF the people who have come to Steve Strange's Blue Cabaret at the Old Vic are in the transitional abyss between would-be debutantism and trendy 'individuality' — scores of pink haired plastic spectacled Hamilton-Butlers discussing 'Steve' over their claret. That they fit in so well amidst the plush Royal Shakespeare company classiness of the venue elucidates the path taken by the Alternative music scene in ending up not at some new radical stance, but occupying the top rung on the age-old hierarchical ladder.

The main auditorium is tastefully free of seething masses, £5 tickets locking out the unfanatical. Polite splatters of applause ripple around the room in the relevant pauses during the opening acts, the first of which is a play of sorts.

There's nothing more irritating than blatant rubbish being performed under the guise of contemporary experimentalism. Propless scenarios can be effective: the bare stage is an advantage when the criteria of time and situation need to be transcended, or when a play relies on ambiguity or personal interpretation. Unfortunately, a stage full of Tatler amateur dramatic society rejects stamping about in mechanical agony like so many overwrought clockwork penguins doesn't constitute drama, especially when the theme of the play seems to be basic repetition.

"Here comes the leader," each of the five aspiring actors states in leaden monotone while standing neatly aligned onstage, and the meaning, whether cryptic or non-existent, is as clear to anyone who didn't go as it is to me. Of course, there are other lines . . . about ten of them, stretched out by fussing and fumbling to a formless, functionless 20-minute tableau. I've seen more decadent things on *Watch With Mother*. And I thought the Classix Nouveaux LP was boring!

After a short interlude, an unremarkable magician and his tiny apprentice take the stage for a vaguely amusing set of acts. Is this The Other Variety Show? If 'Other' deems 'different', I have my doubts.

After a further anticipatory pause, the safety curtains rise again to display Warren Cann from Ultravox, and an even more insignificant keyboardist, dragged up in macho leathers, pounding their instruments with fervent intensity in the build-up of a climax for Ronny's entrance. When she appears, in army coat and military haircut and hat, her physical being is striking, stark and cold. It's just when she opens her mouth and nothing changes that the anticlimax falls.

Ronny is hard, bare and emotionless. Her presence is most similar to that of Grace Jones or Siouxsie if comparisons must be made, but whereas Grace humanizes herself by her onstage eccentricities, and Siouxsie produces an aura parodying the female sex object, Ronny is elevated by her own manner to a pedestal, a distant, demanding demi-god. Her vocal whoops and drawls lift her to Performer heights, but there's no real empathy to carry it off.

In fact, the icy calculated poise, the cracking of the whip while in military garb, the quick-marching off the stage at ten-minute intervals to change outfits, and the ascent from the stage to march demonically around the audience all reek of a steely malice which leaves me cold and intimidated.

The deserted Waterloo Road looks warm and inviting. I thought escapism was meant to be fun.

Leyla Sanai

SWEAT 'N' SOUL POLISH ON SPANDS BALLET SHOES

SPANDAU BALLET

Glasgow

THE HARD CORE of Spandau Ballet's support has always existed in those towns with a thriving grass-roots club scene, so the sold-out signs in the doorway of Tiffanys on a rainy night in Glasgow — a city with some of Britain's brightest nightspots — was really no surprise.

Even at a time when their chart fortunes have never been at a lower ebb and an unsympathetic music press seem hellbent on turning last year's soulboys into this year's whipping boys, the sight of the five mobile knives of North London sweating for their soul onstage is still one of the most inspiring spectacles in modern pop.

The dates that Spandau are currently playing around the country place them in a position that is almost unique for a band on its debut tour: thay play a set bolstered by the inclusion of no less than seven singles with not only the clout and confidence of a successful band but also the hunger and honesty of a group just beginning to discover themselves on the live stage.

Spandau care fervently about their fans — a young and predominantly female crowd — and play cordially on the adulation without ever coming across as condescending. Shows like this one go a long way towards debunking, once and for all, those myths of a genteel, holier-than-thou cocktail set.

The audience is made up of ordinary kids, a club-going clan rather than the regular rock crowd, but ordinary kids all the same. And the gig that they witnessed, more importantly, was a joyful celebration rather than some soulless ritual, the group striking a superb balance between polish and precision on one hand and pride and passion on the other.

The harsh facade of the band that cut 'Journeys To Glory' over a year ago has mellowed to reveal a much warmer, more accessible group. And just as the image has subtly cracked, so the music has evolved from throbbing electrodisco to robust, brassy funk and, most recently, the almost transcendental eastern soul of side two of the 'Diamond' album.

Richard Cook described that LP in these pages as *"magnificence in defeat"* and, for its obvious flaws, it is a brave departure from the Spandau formula, Gary Kemp's slower songs reaching towards an ornate oriental funk feel that only the recent Monsoon single 'Ever So Lonely' has also hinted at — a delicate and sometimes desolate beauty.

One of the new numbers, 'Pharaoh', takes on new dimensions in a live setting, gaining an epic sense of atmospherics worthy of a Bond or Barry movie score. At the risk of singling out producer Richard Burgess as the scapegoat for the failings of the 'Diamond' album, the song certainly gained an awful lot when stripped bare of his stodgy, sterile mix.

If the set began a bit sluggishly with the early singles 'Long Story' and 'The Freeze' and the cumbersome 'She Loved Like Diamond', it scaled peaks of emotional intensity with 'Pharaoh', the warm 'Glow' and the mini-classic that should have been their second single, 'Confused', the one song that survived from the pre-Spandau days of The Makers.

From that point on, the band slip into the hard grip of an exhilarating dance groove with 'Paint Me Down' followed in quick succession by 'Coffee Club', 'Chant' and the Spands-on-45 medley of 'Instinction' and a 'Chant' reprise.

The addition — solely for the tour — of a keyboard player in Jess Bailey helps to flesh out the sound, particularly on the dance tracks, although the Beggar And Co horn section are badly missed, despite the instrumental versatility of Steve Norman, who flits between guitar, tablas and saxophone throughout the show.

For a band who rarely play live, Spandau have achieved a remarkable level of sophistication in their instrumental roles. The rhythm section, with John Keeble's fractured drums and Martin Kemp's chunky bass runs, is nimble and adroit, a firm foundation for the elder Kemp's studious axe-grinding and Tony Hadley's muscular vocals.

But for all this technical prowess and the impressive grandeur of their light show and stage blackcloth, the overall feel remains far from po-faced or cold: the group enjoy themselves as much as the audience, relishing the buzz of actually being on stage and making a mockery of the pundits who have already written them off.

It was probably the most soulful show that Sauchihall Street is likely to see in a while. When the lights die down you'll see them go. Always take it.

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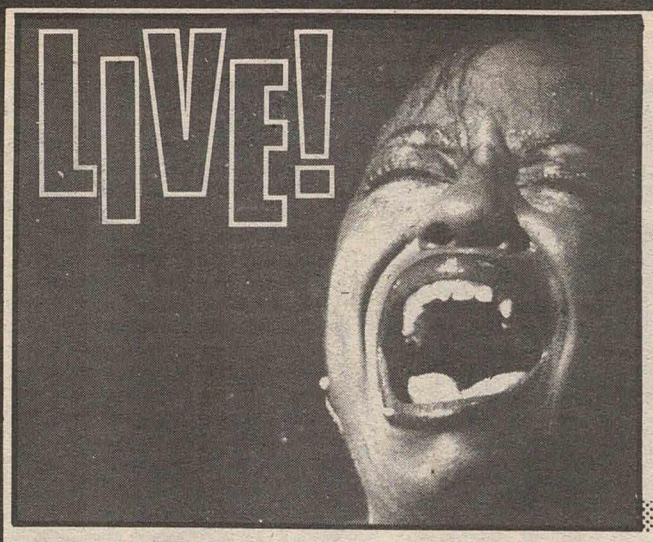

HOLLY BETH VINCENT

Fulham Golden Lion

SHE IS billed now as Holly Beth Vincent; she was once Holly of The Italians. Holly returned to America in despair and disappointment (so the stories go) when her 'Virgin' virgin album didn't catapult her into instant stardom.

Now she's back and trying again for stardom, fame and fortune. She looks good, a scrawny Liz Taylor, in gold stilettos and a dishevelled lurex dress. But no matter how she looks, and no matter how benevolent we English are to these struggling American girls — Suzi Quatro, Chrissie Hynde, Toni Basil — we can't bestow on them all the fame and fortune they dream of.

We have got to draw the line somewhere. With Holly? Yes probably, because she just doesn't have enough originality or appeal to shine through.

Her songs are still pure rock 'n' roll, in the dullest form. She plays guitar with determination and in deep concentration . . . but she isn't a very good guitarist. She ought to try putting it away and attacking the microphone and her audience with gusto.

The new songs are somewhat more interesting than anything on that lacklustre first album. But even with a violinist, who joined Holly on stage a third of the way through, they don't take on any wildly original aspects. Holly sings coolly of men, romance and conquests, and though her delivery adds much needed spice, it isn't enough. She needs more and better musicians; with only bass and drums the songs don't reach out and grab. They throb interminably on; there's no strength, no punch, no surprises.

But Holly could be a female Springsteen, she could use her faltering, vulnerable voice as a positive tool. Her true colours show when she breaks into her crunching, grinding riffs, and for a brief moment actually looks as though she is enjoying things. If she was honest with herself and us, she could be a great rock 'n' roller. Surely Holly was made to make it in America?

Laura Hardy

SWEET THUNDER OF A JIVE JAZZ CAT

TOM BROWNE

Hammersmith Odeon

What does he do? He plays — and plays, and plays . . .

The respect accorded to the two Coltrane tunes on 'Yours Truly' should've told me that Browne still kept his jazz heart beating. But I expected a reticent dandy to front an efficient group that would drive hard enough to disguise their leader's coasting. Instead, Browne carried the entire set on his valves. He blew enough trumpet — such sweet thunder — to outfox all restrictions of soulchart suppression, across the beat, in solo introductions, in a weeping duet with his keyboard player, sometimes to literally soar above.

Of course there was plenty of the joshing jargon — "Y'all ready to *fonk,* London?" — and Browne ("Arista recording artist!") never passed up a chance of saying how great we were (and we were, we were). Normally I'd check my wallet; hearing it from this cream-suited (tie never loosened *at all),* honey-voiced horn-sharper made me a willing dupe.

We were given: 75 minutes, 'Charisma', a deal of whoop and scat from singers Amy and Michelle, ballad playing raised on proper sensual languor, the voices and brass synchronised in exact and honourable response to each others' metre, a riotous 'Fungi Mama', Mr Brown's silver trumpet held aloft in a champ's acknowledgement, the perfectly delivered and refreshened jive-rap intro to 'Funkin' For Jamaica' — the big hit overplayed, of course, but only just — and a hammerhead finale of 'Bye-Gones' to sew it up.

I unfolded my arms, took to my feet, forgot analytic pressures; though in a colder light Browne's six-piece group were, in fact, not much more than functional. His tenorman in particular seemed irritatingly pedestrian — could be that the leader wants his own virtuosity thrown in sharper relief, but I wondered if he'd be even better with a partner to push him a little more.

Browne introduced his boys as "a young group of talented *Jazz* — ah-hah-hah — musicians". On the way, at least, though it was only Browne's own gadfly exuberance and strength of lip that bridged the unholy ravine between mediums. He hardly stopped amazing me.

As in the encore, when I expected a boogie-down tedium to blow out the euphoria. Instead they dropped the vocals and shouldered into the most serious extemporisation of the night. As if wired up on the chance of playing some more. As if the conventional snooze of jazz-funk by rote hadn't ever been established. I flipped off the shades in tribute. This cat smoked me out.

Richard Cook

Tom Browne funkin' for Britain

Pics: Peter Anderson

MOULDY OL' FUNGUS

STIFF LITTLE FINGERS

Barking

The Revolution Betrayed

Last time I saw Stiff Little Fingers was down the front at the Electric Ballroom at the end of their first British tour. Four or five years ago they were supported by Essential Logic and Robert Rental and The Normal — a storming gig of harsh extremes where SLF were a desperate clash of guitars, where Essential Logic were a smart break from X Ray Spex and Rental and Miller were canned or ignored.

Now Daniel Miller plays confident host to Depeche Mode, Lora Logic's charming the jazzateers and SLF are still here: a Solidarnosc Benefit in Barking, out in the wilds of Essex, and if Swells is supporting this *must* be the sharp end.

SLF start with the PA pumping a military signature (I think it's the theme from 'Dambusters' but I lost me Geoff Love 'Movie Themes' album four or five years ago) and drift onstage with the spotlights playing flashing sweeps above the audience's heads. Enter the heroes, 'Clash '81 Tour' stylee: "We're Stuff Liddle Fungus!" I hang around at the back and stomp and drink to 'Tin Soldiers' while the Fungus gang throw V-signs.

Those were the highlights. No, I lie: seeing one of the backline roadies herald the return of the silly encore with a gold lame performance of 'I Love You Love Me', hairy jacket, glitter chest and all that jazz, taking over the stage to throw Gaz Glitter stares and bunches of daffodils at the audience on his last night with the band . . . now that was something!

This wasn't a gig at the sharp end, this was a great band softening up, four winners playing losers, a night when the setful of castrated rock songs, with just the briefest of interruptions to mention that this was a benefit, only made the appearance of a half-hearted 'Alternative Ulster' (if it wasn't in your top twenty, you won't be in mine, mate), slotted in at the end after the roadie's final fling, seem all the sadder.

'Fly The Flag' and 'Gotta Gettaway' got me headbutting pogoers down the front but SLF used to make me crash and slam all night. 'Tin Soldiers' and 'Listen To Your Heart' shook me a bit, for a while, the short buzz of weak blues, but only cos they sounded like old days, Fingers on the TRB tour. Me and them should junk nostalgia and remember the reasons not the legend. The reasons SLF are worth remembering line up this way: noise that *shook,* vocals that hurt your throat, lyrics that (not content with warbling *"It's gonna happen"* were specific and cut.

SLF can pull back; 'Silver Lining' pinched some sense into daytime radio, Dolphin's put some hammer back into the rhythm and they've still got Jake's voice, still a power, still the business, a protest in itself.

But as they are, SLF have played it wrong, to end up here, tonight, the beaten heroes playing a benefit for Solidarity, the beaten heroes. Jeez, only jerks want to end up magnificent in defeat — that's two revolutions lost: Punk, which was always hopeless, and Poland, which seemed to have everything and got sod all. Winning means taking risks and SLF don't take enough, they get beat and seem happy with complacent music, no spark, no punk, no dissent. And like Warren Beatty said for Jack Reed: *"Cut our dissent and you cut out the revolution. The revolution is dissent.*

Fingers didn't lose cos they got stamped on, stamped out, betrayed — but because they ballsed up, toned down, forgot dissent . . . because they no longer have the strength. This gig was soft — it sure wasn't 'Suspect Device' at Carnival 2, when SLF let rip and won and after that who gave a toss if Sham had bottled out. This gig was a long way from the sharp end. Don't kid yerself.

The Revolution Failed.

X. Moore

BEAT ON

from page 13

Islands crisis is it takes Margaret Thatcher's mind off places like Handsworth."

What's she doing there?

DW: "Well, this guy who was running the community policing here has resigned and they've reverted completely to the heavy stuff. Like, the first week after he'd resigned, Basil from Eclipse was picked up twice, some of the guys from Steel Pulse were picked up, just, you know, for walking down the street. It's almost as if they're *trying* to provoke people."

Do you think there'll be more riots this year, then?

DW: "I dunno. If there are, it might be quite sad. Cos if anything's gonna start the riots, it's gonna be the authorities setting 'em up so they can *hammer* it, and use all their new toys."

"The only limits we set/what can we get away with?"

YOU SAID earlier that people in the media were wanting you to be less political. What's going to happen on the next LP?

DW: "Well, I never thought we'd done anything particularly strong, anyway — no political tracts, nothing that wasn't pretty obvious. It was just, like, what happened to you when you went out of the house."

AC: "It's a bit fruitless to rail and rail about how bad things are, to itemise it . . ."

DW: "We wrote most of the 'political' songs for the second LP, and we've had 12 months of political questions now in the same way that we had 12 months of fast dancing after the first LP. It's kind of pinned us down. We're glad we've done it, but you can't stay there forever, we want to broaden it . . ."

AC: "We try to strike a balance."

What does this balance consist of?

DW: "Well, we are quite happy people. We joke with each other a lot. And some of that ought to be reflected . . . cos even though it's a shithole, it's still a joy to be alive. You're reminded of that tons of times a day.

"We're trying to get close now to how you *feel* about things, and then what you think you should do about them. Not what anybody else should do, but what makes *you* keep going out of the house every day rather than just stopping in and shutting the curtains (laughs)."

Where does 'Save It For Later' fit in?

DW: "The main thing of it is, I think, like, hold on to nothing and it won't let you down. You know, that old trap of clinging to . . . whatever — probably the only way out of that is spontaneity. If you keep acting in the moment — it's only like your fear of the past and your foreboding about the future that makes it all so painful.

"That's what it's getting at, but in the strict sense, it's not 'about' anything, it's not that deadly serious. A lot of our songs are meant to be quite tongue-in-cheek but it doesn't come over, I suppose it's down to my singing. I don't think the *tone* of the lyrics and of the singing match very well. I don't know, I can't really tell."

In earlier interviews, you seem to take the line that pop music doesn't really change anything.

DW: "It does a *bit*. Enough to make it worth doing. But I don't think it's as important as people *immersed* in pop music take it to be. They quite often take it a little too seriously."

So you wouldn't agree with Paul Weller — who shares many of your political views — that pop music has to "mean something", that showbiz razzmatazz and frivolity are wrong?

DW: "Did Paul Weller really say that? That's as bad as saying you should keep politics out of music altogether. I think it's good to have some songs with social relevance and some songs that are pure escapism — *and* songs that are all the ways in between. Like, I think on our songs, quite often the saxophone provides an escapism — cos they're really beautiful, some of the saxophone solos — while the lyrics are fairly, er, earthbound.

"I think it's gotta be both bits. It'd be really dull if Dollar and Bucks Fizz had to sing about impending nuclear destruction. The only thing that makes pop music remotely interesting is that it can be almost anything you want it to be."

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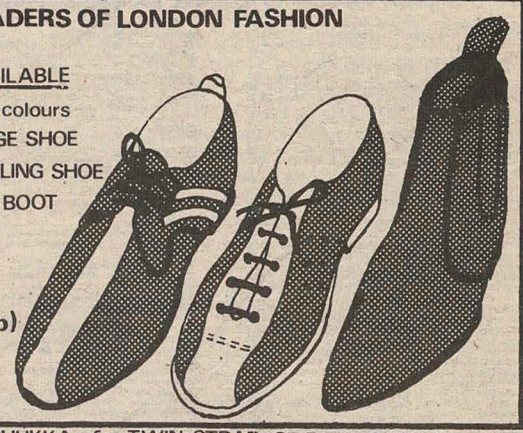

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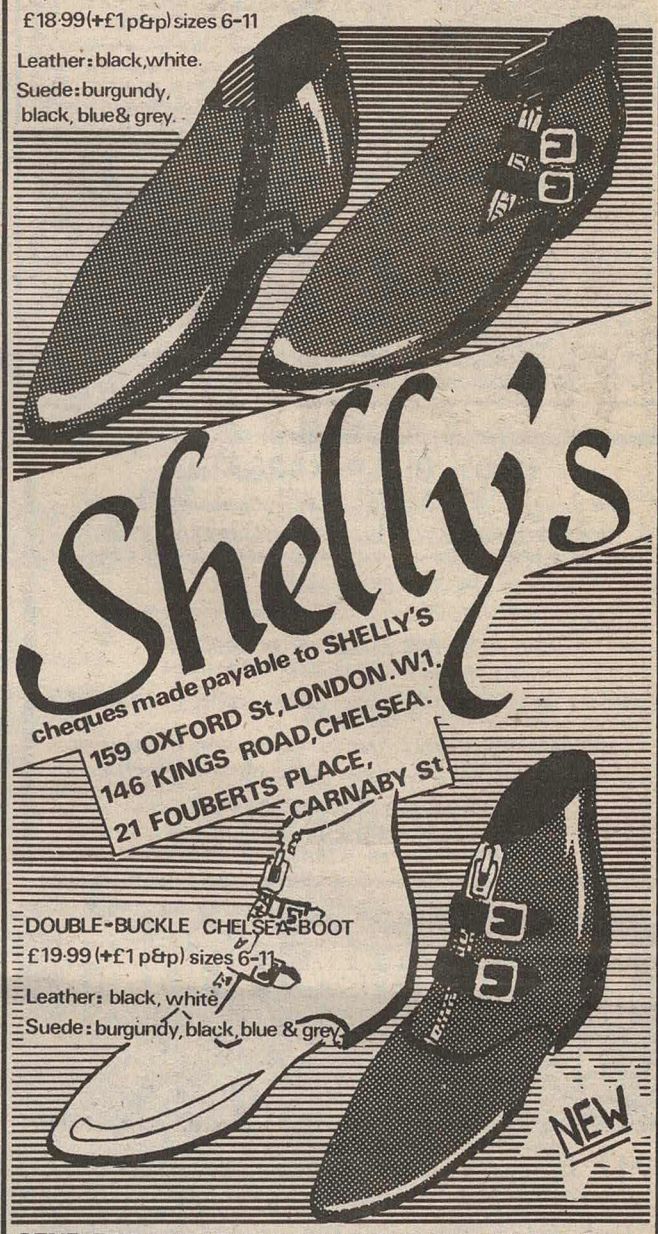

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REGGAE RUNNINGS

IN PURSUIT of the runnings Tottenham way last week I back up on the personable **Prince Lincoln** in town on business with a new LP and news of a tour iined up for this summer. He tells me the Rasses now comprise an 11-piece band including Studio 1 sessioners Bagga Walker (bass) and Pablove Black (piano), Mikey Boo on drums and a harmony quartet featuring Jennifer Lara, Bunny Brissett, Vivien Clarke and Johnny Cool.

The album is due for release on his own God Sent label via Third World and is entitled 'Ride With The Rasses'. A discomix taken from the set is already issued: 'One Common Need' c/w 'Food, Clothing And Shelter' (GDIS 1). Also issued from the company: **Junior Delgado,** 'Fiest On Sunday' c/w 'Rich Man, Poor Man' (Live & Love — LLDIS 2000); and **Pat Kelly,** 'One In A Million' (Paradise — PDIS 101).

An octad of sides is assembled on a new compilation album pressed on the JGM imprint out of Miamia and entitled 'Reggae All Star' (JGML 6052). Featured on the LP is We The People bandleader and ace bass **Lloyd Parks** reworking the 'Ten To One' song he formerly recorded for Studio 1 as a member of the Mad Lads duo; **Dennis Brown** giving voice to John Holt's 'Hooligan'; **Enos McLeod** with Bob Andy's 'Let Them Say' and **George Nooks** reiterating Delroy Wilson's 'Give Love A Try'; plus also original efforts from **Morwells, Kingstonians, New Creations** and **Woodrow Noble.** On discomix from the same outlet is **Barrington Levi,** 'Wife And Sweetheart'; **Ranking Trevor,** 'Dem A Friend' (JGMD 8153).

Other new titles: **Ras Imru,** 'Marshall' (Jah Shaka KMD 001); **Yellowman,** 'Lovers Take Over' c/w 'Yellowman Well Colourful' (Rockers Plantation — PL 004); **Johnny Osbourne & U Brown,** 'I Depend On You' (Hit Sound); **Toyan,** 'Irie Feelings' c/w 'Radics Connection' (Witty); and **George Wright,** 'Secret Admirer'; **Jessi James,** 'Peel Me Orange' (Thunder Bolt).

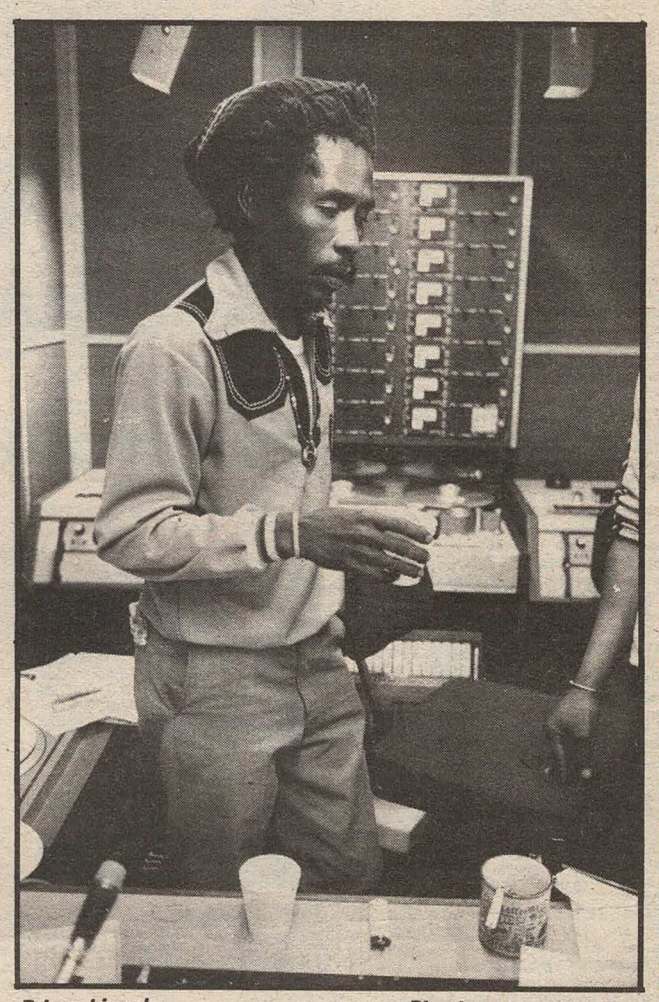
New Jamaican pre include: **Norris Reid,** 'Those Tears' (Togetherness); **Ashanti Waugh,** 'Suffering Time' (Harry T); **Mr Lonely Man,** 'Sometimes' (W&D); **Reggae George,** 'Stop Push The Fire' (Cry Tuff); and **Tony Carver,** 'Ethiopia' (Ganja Farm).

This Friday (9) at the Country Club in Belsize Park from 8pm commences the S&G Showcase with **Errol Bellot** and **Shade** plus **2nd Generation Youth** and **Makeda Girl Dancers** ar 210 Haverstock Hill, NW3.

Show & Dance at the Zigzag Club, 22-24 Great Western Road, London, W9, on Easter Monday April 12 with live on stage **Jean Adebambo** and **Arema.** Live on the floor with **Frontline International.** Doors open 6pm.

On the same evening is a Spectacular at the Podium, 1 Nine Elms Lane, New Covent Garden, London, SW8, with music and dancing plus buffet from 8pm to 2am. Featuring **Roots Music Band** and sounds from **Function.**

Penny Reel



Prince Lincoln *Pic: Jean Bernard Sohiez*

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ON THE opposite bank of the river to those derelict Jacobean gazebos the town aspires to preserve and in the shadows of its sole surviving maltings, Tuesday evenings inside Becketts barn at the Amwell end of Ware are dedicated to the anti-spirit of Dada: an Alpine flower transplanted in the rural environs of Hertfordshire and nurtured there at the Bar de le Brunch, an incubus of local intellectual ardour.

At the door its the oily Camoedine assuming the role of three burly gentlemen wearing tuxedos. A fourth exchanges our money for tickets and quotes Kurt Schwitters at us:

"There is no such thing as chance," he says. "A door may happen to fall shut, but this is not by chance. It is a conscious experience of the door, the door, the door, the door."

The door falls shut behind us and to the accompaniment of *musique concrete* amplified to the threshold of pain we take our seats for the cabaret. Between whiles Mademoiselle Hennings and Mademoiselle Leconte sing French and Danish *chansons.* Herr Tristan Tzara recites Rumanian poetry. A balalaika orchestra plays delightful folk songs and dances.

The Muscovite Five take the stage. A quintet of anti-friends led vocally by Gina Kremlin, late of the Marine Girls, and backed courteously by Sarah Wilson on guitar, her brother Andy Wilson on drums, saxophone player Madeline Hadley and dashing Mark Flunder proving bass foundation, they execute a short set that distills all the elements of reason and anti-reason, sense and nonsense, design and chance, consciousness and unconsciousness, and brings them together as necessary parts of a whole, which is the central message of Dada.

In a refined *contralto* Mademoiselle Kremlin tells of 'Distant Flags': *"from the beach to the hills a thousand golden daffodils will bloom today, as Keats would say."* It matters not at all that the cockney bard, even if he lisps in numbers, says no such thing, though Wordsworth wanders similarly. Free from the tyranny of rationality, of banality, she continues: *"if Keats were alive today he would be happy, merry and gay,"* notwithstanding the uncertainty that one who pens an Ode to Melancholy and speaks of the fever and the fret of the human condition will reincarnate to such joyful conclusion in an age even less pleasant than his own.

The highlight of the night, however, relates the tale of 'Remarkable Harry' who, to the disconcertment of his wife Harriet, sports a moustache in the anti-manner of Sur-Dada-realist Salvador Dali and Marcel Duchamp's Mona Lisa until *"one morning, of course, they had breakfast, of course"* and it droops into his bowl of cornflakes, whereupon . . .

"Shave it off Harry, Harriet said. Pull it off, trim it off, cut it off dead, take it off, break it off, Harry my darling, my dearest get rid of it!"

Other items include an instrumental on better behaviour even than the efforts of Pigbag, songs of 'Cameo Carvings' and 'Mauve Beaches', plus one bearing the title 'Vladimir's Tea Cosy' and containing the sole lyric: *"I don't like this song. I don't know a word of it."* ending abruptly on this note.

Portion Control, following, describe a trio of young men and their synthesisers who exhaust the possibilities of noise-music in the vein of Edgar Varese and to which I find myself humming that phonetic classic of Hugo Ball's 'O Gadji Beri Bimba', with particular reference to the line *"viola laxato viola zimbrabim viola uli paluji maloo."*

Penny Reel

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Don't Touch That Dial!

BY ADRIAN ORLOWSKI

ONE OF THE things this column has tried to do over the last few months is demonstrate how much hype there is in hi-fi.

At bottom the sameness of the music business and the music-reproducing business is most apparent in the difference between what both tantalisingly promise and what they actually deliver.

Nowhere is the hype in the music-reproducing business more obvious than at the shop counter. Row upon row of equipment gleaming in its full and awful technical complexity. Surely one needs a degree or three in electronics and an airline pilot's licence to fly that lot?

Not an unreasonable assumption when faced with the multitude of knobs, buttons, dials, lights and meters of a rack system or a giant 'portable' stereo cassette player. The makers believe it; the salesman believes it; all that's needed to complete the Commodity-Money equation is for you to believe it. Maybe you're halfway there already . . .

But wait a minute? Who needs this monstrous complexity and gadgetry? Surely it doesn't take all that to play a record or tape? But of course more means better, and if there's more of everything, it's got to be better than that old Bush autochanger you've been playing (and enjoying) records on for the last five years.

If appearances don't deceive you, then specifications are guaranteed to put you in your place — just like they did at school, taking them out, comparing them for size, round the corner. Now you know what's what in that department, but when the brochure reads 'a full 40 watts' it can still get you going — know what I mean?

By this time you're ready to part with your cash. But you've forgotten something — you've not checked whether it's fit for the job. Of course you assume it must be, because the salesman assures you so. But would you buy a secondhand car from that man? What you've forgotten to check is whether it plays music. Do it — ask to hear it play something.

What you shouldn't assume is that just because something comes ouf of the speakers it's going to get you places musically — no more than a car which has four wheels but no engine under the bonnet. What you do is listen.

And what you listen for is whether it plays the tunes. Don't assume it does. See if you can replicate in your head the actual notes coming out of the equipment. Is it easy or difficult? Can you hum it — it's supposed to be a melody remember?

This is so obvious that probably no-one has mentioned it to you before. Or more likely, having tried it before instinctively on other equipment — and failed — you've given up all hope and expectation of getting an honest rendition of a simple tune out of it. Don't despair though — it can be done.

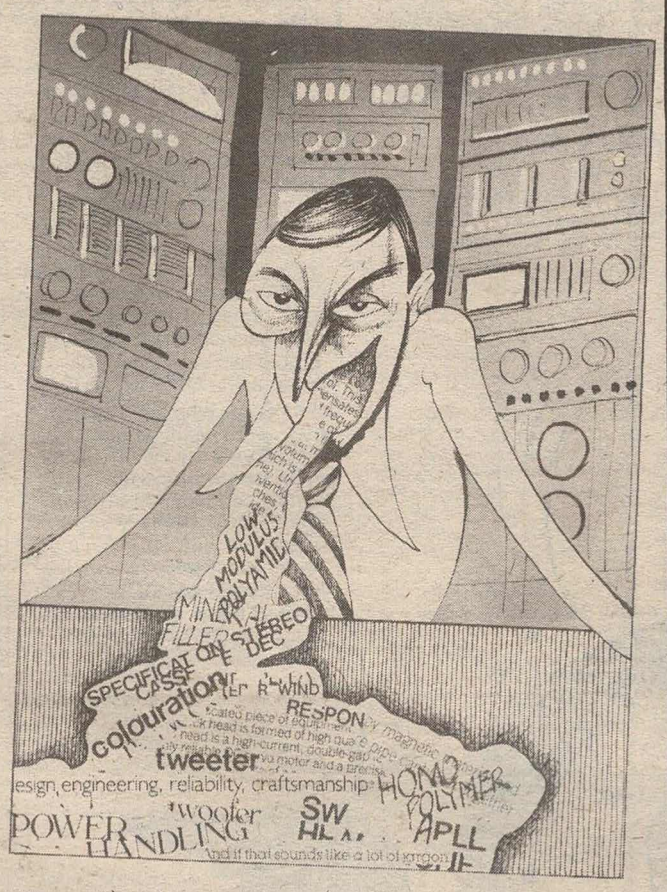

Illustration: Mark Fairnington.

It seems obvious that unless whatever it is you want to buy can make a tune, you won't be buying something which makes music. Fine for headbangers (hi there) and others who want only loud explosive noises beating up their brains, but if you want something which will reward you with many happy and pleasurable hours of music, the novely will soon wear off.

There are many interesting observations one could make here — how hi-fi equipment is killing real live music; how the pervasiveness of audio equipment has shaped both pop music (eg the Martin Hannett / Joy Division drum sound) and our expectations of what it should sound like: whether from a social point of view it's acceptable to subject people to the aural equivalent of junk food, effectively qualitative aural pollution; and what cumulative psychological effects occur after years of living with the subliminal mental strain of organising a distorted noise into something we can recognise as music.

So listen twice (at least), and concentrate on following the melodies, before you buy anything which purports to be fit for reproducing music. Not just your money and your pleasure are at stake — but your mental health too.

This applies to everything audio, from £10 tranny radios to hi-fi systems costing £1000 and upwards. Just because it's cheap doesn't mean you should be satisfied with less music from it. A cheap cassette player won't produce gut-wrenching bass or spine tingling contrasts of dynamics, but within its limitations it ought to be able to reproduce a melody with sufficient ease to make it enjoyable.

If you go into a shop and ask to hear some gear, play a snatch or two of music. The chances are you will be greeted like you just escaped from the local asylum for the insane. This is not universal, but it will happen. If it does, forget it and take your custom elsewhere.

If your budget for a complete system is more than say £300 it will be worth your while to find a specialist dealer. One of a small bunch of people who don't operate from warehouses, or have shop windows full of discounted or 'sale' stock, or who keep cookers and hair dryers in the other three-quarters of the shop.

These people appreciate what it is to buy hi-fi on what it sounds like, and will be happy to play you as much music as you need to make a decision. And if you can find one who will demonstrate it with only one pair of speakers in the room at a time then it's your red-letter day. For blessed in hearing is he who knows (and can demonstrate) how much another pair of speakers in the room can mess up the sound, never mind a whole wall full of them . . .

But even if your aspirations are more modest you should still insist on a demonstration of how the equipment plays music. In the end it's not whether it's got more features or facilities — which you'll end up using only to maintain your self-respect having bought them in the first place — or whether it's £5 off at Rip-U-Off Radio around the corner, but whether it's got what it takes to play music. It's not too much to ask is it?

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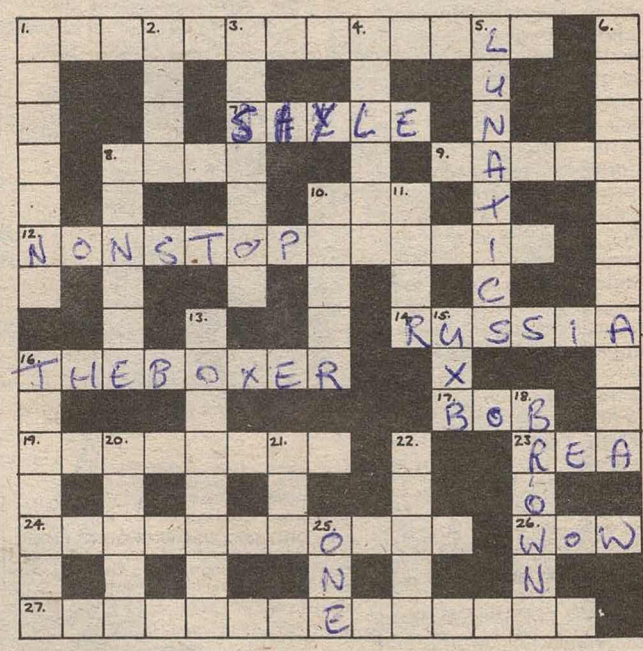

ACROSS

1 Abba go mind over stiletto. (4,4,5)
7 The alternative comedian, i.e. he isn't funny. (He said it). (5)
8 To Klause me is to love me. (4)
9 "Book him —". (5)
10 The man who is mightier than the sword? (3)
12 Soft Cell's Whizzo cabaret. (3,4,6)
14 Where the Ramones' rocket was headed. (6)
16 Simon and Grafunkel's sportsman. (3,5)
17 His house is on fire. (3)
19 Ferry takes E.P. literally. (8)
23 Chris Ear. (3)
24 Anti-Nowhere League display their humanitarian streak. (1,4,6)
26 Annabella's tail end, so to speak. (3)
27 Banned from the pubs. Surprised? (4,4,6)

DOWN

1 Conspirators? (7)
2 They gave you a new meaning to satisfaction. (4)
3 Bowie's album in "The Man ..." or one of Abba. (7)
4 Czukay the Oder. (6)
5 They haven't taken over the asylum, they've always been running it. (8)
6 Mao times O.A.P. (anag). (11)
8 Heaven 17 song minus a title. (2,4)
10 Monkees talk. (5)
11 Film black doesn't have the same ring. (4)
13 She LURVES rock'n'roll. (4,4)
15 Danger! Anthony Andrews!! (1,1,1)
16 The Jam give a new lease of life to an old Underground title. (3,4)
18 Jackson / Tom. (5)
20 Product of the lacrimose clown. (5)
21 The day before Ms. Libertine. (3)
22 A lass. (anag) (5)
25 Capital creeps towards the format of this radio station. (3)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 'White and Green Place', 9 'Leader of the Pack',10 'Sam', 11 Sweet, 12 'Emma', 13 +17D + 35D 'I Write The Songs', 14 Ace, 15 'Dare', 16 'Dat', 18 Elton, 20 + 42 'Super Nature', 22 Herd, 24 'I'm On E', 25 'Dreaming', 26 Crass, 29 'I Ran', 30 Almond, 32 'The Best', 34 Evans, 36 James Taylor, 38 see 19D, 40 'Heroes', 41 Sting.
DOWN: 1 Wild Swans, 2 'I Hate People', 3 'Elected', 4 'No-One Driving',5 Rah Band, 6 Exploited, 7 'Picture This', 8 'Cuba', 10 'Sat In Your Lap', 17 see 13A, 19 + 38A 'Green Door', 21 Ramones, 23 Rare Bird, 25 'Dear John', 27 S.O.S.,28 Chelsea, 31 'Memory', 33 'Tears', 35 see 13A, 37 Tosh, 39 Our.

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GOES GAS BAG!

CHRIS BOHN deflates readers' opinions

TRASHED SENSIBILITIES

Ian Penman's alleged assessment of the first Poetry Olympics LP begins . . . etc., etc.
Michael Horovitz, Poetry Olympics, Bisley.
If you really need yet another Horovitz screed, you can get the rest from Horovitz direct, c/o *The Departures*, Piedmant, Bisley, Nr Stroud.

Let's start with the subject: I repudiate all academic or cliquish "album reviewers" cf 'Poetry Olympics' review who don't take the trouble to get their facts right. If I'm a "skinhead" then Ian Penman is a hard hitting, sensitive and informed street level rock journalist, read and respected by thousands of working (and other) class kids all over the country. As for "turning language into a dogmatising ideological struggle" — what an excellent description of the sub-active scribings of the narrcissistic nib person and his friend. Go and "write" for the *Henley-On-Thames Gazette*, Penman — you won't annoy so many real people then, and you'll love the regatta cocktail set, they've just your cup of tea. And they like Blue Rondo. Otherwise I might ask X. Moore to use you as toilet paper.
Attila The Stockbroker. RAMP (Ranters Against Morley and Penman).
Is that "real" as in "clogs" or "estate"? Either way your ideal real seems more caricature than verisimilitude — CB.

Don't listen to them, they're all sissies — Ian *Deadline Midnight* Penman

Dear Ian, your review of the Poetry Olympics LP was valid, if a little mis/un informed and negative. You hit on its main failings. "Real" poetry should have soul. I want to get the same tingle in the willy from a poem that Aretha Franklin or Wilson Pickett give, but we got a long way to go yet. Kevin Rowlands and Kevin Turvey (RIP) were/are getting there. The limitations (self-imposed) have just got to be cracked in the right way. The LP isn't the goods, nor the EP. If your piece wasn't just a journalistic/careerist exercise then get down to the Lea Centre, Lea Green for the *Rant Against Relics* Outing on May 1.
Swells.
Ian thanks you the invite. He would be there but for the fact we all get a day off on Labour Day — CB

Concerning Mat Snow's review of the film *Rough Cut And Ready Dubbed*, his was an out and out assassination job, making a mockery of the phrase "constructive criticisms". He says that the documentary was made two years too late, but short of making a new film each week, there is no such thing as a "current" music movie. *RC And RD* never attempted such a feat. It is a college of music and interviews snatched at random from the last three years to form a general impression of the inner workings of the music scene.

He suggests that a subject is far better presented through the eyes of a writer than through the lens of a camera, which is absurd. If, once printed, an issue becomes redundant, why bother to film an actual event, when you could read someone else's impression of it? Our cameraman were right in the centre of the riot that took place at the SLF gig in Brixton and I think the filmed result has more impact than your printed account of it at the time.

We were not attempting as Snow said a definitive documentary on the punk movement. What we have here is a visual collage containing three "punk" bands filmed at their height, counter-balanced by six bands or artists who are most definitely post-punk persons. Particularly the section on Factory and ACR, described by Mancunian mentor Tony Wilson. Nowhere in our publicity material or anywhere else is the film described as a punk film.

Though Snow says the film is condescending he is the writer, readers, who elsewhere in the review describes the *vox populi* as *"assorted twerps, airing their dumb opinions one Saturday afternoon . . ."* Also the kids we purport to represent are, in fact, ourselves. This film was made by ten teenagers and their wage packets, and they were representing their own opinions, not other kids.
Dom Shaw, co—director/producer of Rough Cut And Ready Dubbed.

Lowly Twerp, of London NW6 1UP, Jed McShagnasty, of West Hampstead and Brigadier Henry Basington-Ffrench, of Pendlebury, more or less agree with you, if that's any consolation — CB

Who is this asshole Mark Cordery? His review of Randy Newman's *Ragtime* soundtrack album *(NME March 27)* made one of the crassest assumptions yet when it referred to "the industry which produced the best-selling novel and the star-packed costume drama". Irrespective of the album's musical quality (in fact Newman's score was one of the few strong features in a terminally limp movie) to suggest that the book *Ragtime* was some kind of manufactured commodity shows merely his total unfamiliarity with the novel or its author E L Doctorow.

Ragtime is a stunningly audacious book with a narrative structure which is to literature rather what Godard's films were to cinema, full of jump cuts and dialogue which lacks quotation marks yet causes not a moment's pause when read. Doctorow himself is one of the best politically-oriented American writers — just take a look at his pre-Watergate novel *The Book of Daniel* (about the Rosenberg case) or his most recent *Loon Lake*, a mesmerizing fiction of a '30s drifter.

Corduroy (didn't he go out of fashion just after denims?) is typical of the kind of person who's up in time on Sundays to watch LWT's *Great Depression*. Which industry produced *him?*
Norman Mailer, London, W1.
Norman Mailer — the pugilists' Michael Horovitz — CB

MEDIATIONS

What an extraordinary letter you published from Jim Hawkins, of Mercia Sound.

Perhaps in the hinterlands of Warwickshire, he is unaware of what is happening in London. I cannot comment on London Open Radio, as I know nothing about it, but I do present a programme on one of London's many so-called "pirate" radio stations (a pseudo romantic, out-moded term).

Perhaps Mr Hawkins could explain why, if no one wants to listen, I get so many letters and cards every week, that I have virtually dropped music from the programme, and let the listeners' thoughts and views be heard? I wonder why it is, that our station is bombarded by record companies every week, thrusting their product at us?

The answer is, of course, that people want to listen, do listen and listen avidly. Yes, there are irresponsible stations on the air, but who is going to draw the line between freedom of expression and censorship? Not I.

Most of the ILR stations see their role as soporific anaesthetists, and little else. Running a radio station should be like opening a shop or printing a newspaper; if people want to listen or to buy a product or read it, then the radio station shop or newspaper should stand or fall by that premise.
Terry Anderson, Uptown Radio, Chertsey.
Anybody who read Hawkins' feeble attack was under no illusions as to his defence of his own interests and not the public's — CB

Videos are dull. So are the people who want them. Jokes are only funny once. TV is bad enough. Not so much Big Brother watching you as you watching Big Sister.
Ernest, Lytham St Annes.
You have the switch, the choice is yours — FRANK

MODS'N'SODS

I feel obliged to comment on Paul Morley's remarks about Paul Weller *(Dangerous Visions)*. His criticisms of the man behind many of the best songs of the past ten years are just unworthy. I totally refute that The Jam are "cold" — you only have to listen to their records to hear this is patently untrue. If one of "the little things" Morley is referring to is love/sex this is certainly not a subject Weller shies from. Indeed, they are fundamental to what he is trying to say and it is not boring or obvious in itself.

The little things are important. Of course they are. Yet our ability to enjoy the little things are limited and subject to those faceless people who control the big things. One day they might decide that certain of those little things we have been allowed should be taken away — whether we like it or not. In order to prevent such a situation we must become involved in the big things — politics that is.

The *NME* has had a long, distinguished career dealing with the big things. You have never been slow to deal with racism, sexism, militarism and other-isms, your recent *1984* series being a perfect example of your political tradition. I would hate to see this reversed and a polarised situation favoured by Morley brought about in order to deal with the little things.
John Fennessy, Battersea, London.

I understand why The Jam have gradually fallen out of favour in the *NME* over the past couple of years (not even unhip, just boring to keep on churning out the good reviews). Helped along by a few duff singles, your attitude has been predictable but at times reasonably fair. What has recently been extremely irritating is your smug exaggeration and distortion of Paul Weller's role as a spokesman of a kind for various social/political views. Worse has been your sick, patronising attitude towards the people who like The Jam in order to justify your stance.

Hoskyn's review of The Jam at Brixton was unbelievably condescending. We are told that because Weller has an obsession with *"the service of social conscience"* a Jam gig is a *"joyless spectacle"*. We were all there, apparently, to digest Weller's confused sermons which he was unfortunately unable to articulate in the course of his *"safe"* and *"no longer challenging"* set!

For Christ's sake CALM DOWN and stop hysterically categorising with affected seriousness. Get the whole thing back into perspective. Though you obviously do not agree, Jam fans have no illusions about the group's importance anymore than The Jam have about themselves.

No one sees Weller as a leader to be mindlessly followed, or someone speaking on behalf of us. Believe it or not we see The Jam as a pop band and their songs as pop songs, containing social and moral comment. But they are not asking us to religiously believe in these comments at the expense of all else in their songs — simple emotions like love, hate, fear, joy. The Jam still make very powerful, energetic music that carries a meaningful and challenging message. That is why we buy their records (as we buy The Fall's). Not because we want to transfer our consciousness to Paul Weller and escape into his responsibility.

Hoskyns' review of the concert showed just how much he missed the point.
Katharine Pryce, Golders Green, London.

We're all agreed that the little things are important so why are we fighting? Few would dispute Weller's concern, just the way he presents it. One could claim that Weller had found a convenient method of profiting from the problems he deals with by packaging them neatly and tidily for mass consumption without illuminating or alerting his fans to them. Barney's contention that there's no challenge in a Jam concert quite rightly refers to the high level of agreement going on, something which Weller is apparently unprepared to shake up. Caring for one's fans doesn't mean assuming to know what they want, but trusting them enough to take greater risks. Live, Jam songs prompt a simple right-on! response of recognition. Fine, if that is your idea of fun. We'd like to discuss this, along with notions of pleasure and politics, but Paul apparently won't talk to us anymore. We're waiting by the phone in case he changes his mind — CB

Dear Barney, I'd rather have Foxton's *"hideous"* suit than a Mark Smith jacket. And I bet you weren't brave enough to go in unfashionable clothes.
Captain Black, Liverpool.
Thanks for bringing the debate down to a level that we can understand — CB

AW, SHUCKS!

Nice piece on Brecht, well-informed — athough *"still influential on today's avant garde"* drastically underrates his contributions to the modern theatre. Unless, that is, you consider *Evita* avant garde. Everybody from Leighton Buzzard Playhouse to The Lemon Kittens owe something to Brecht. Still, house point to Biba Kopf — nice to see someone's blowing B.B.'s trumpet for him. By the way, the discography missed out on Bette Midler's 'Surabaya Johnny' from the album 'Bette Midler'.
Steve Griffin, Romford.

I live in Sweden and I am 16 years old. I get *NME* every week directly from you and I would like to congratulate you for the great pages called *Silver Screen*. They are fab. The films come about a month later to Sweden so when they get here I know all about them in advance. I would also thank you for the price of *NME* as a daily newspaper here costs about 32p here in Sweden.
Paul De Belder, Uppsala, Sweden.
We still think Bergman sucks — MS

Haven't had such a laugh from *Gasbag* in ages. It used to be such a humorous dessert after the solid maincourse of *NME* — and I'm sure many thanks must go to Monty for his *Gasbag* of 20.3.82. I know! you dusted off the cobwebs and found him clutching all the good letters from the past four weeks or so. That'll teach you to leave him collecting dust in the corners of the *NME*.
A "Friend Of Monty", Melbourne, Australia.
(Just stick a typical xenophobic Monty Smith comment after this one Chris — Ed).

I read with great interest your articles on music behind the Iron Curtain, Japan etc. No trade magazine has attempted anything similar to my knowledge. They were interesting and illuminating and (I hope) unbiased. But please could a similar series of articles be done on music styles in Australia?

Here the music press seems determined to brainwash everyone with the two

Illustration by Jill Mumford

Pic: Pennie Smith.

Group Captain Bob Geldoff lifts — well, almost — Britain's flagging pride with this daring night raid on a shoddy Hong Kong movie set. "Failure? The possibilities do not exist," said Bob, in what was belived to be an oblique reference to his latest LP.

hundred mile limit that Australia is leading the world on musical innovation. The self centred cockiness I believe is most apparent to foreigners, but alas unknown to locals. If you could find it in your heart(s) to send one or two of your staff writers here to investigate I'm sure your criticism would be appreciated by a small minority of people here who do not consider themselves Orstralians but just people.
Tony Weare. Tasmania, Australia.
P.S. Sorry about AC/DC Rosetatoo, Icehouse etc.
No need. We're quite grateful for those little things, like Essendon Airport and their relations, not to mention your film industry — CB

Kirk Brandon's EARS! Pete Murphy's mouth? What about Paul Morley's NOSE!! I could write 20,000 words on Paul Morley's NOSE. And as for his LONG BLUE COAT!!!
Scott, Hampstead, London.
Pick something you own size! As to the coat he'll take it off once he gets his trousers repaired — CB

PARTY POOPERS

Cocktails may be fun, but cycling is better for you, helping one to cope with an evening's dancing. Perhaps Errol could try it. Talking of Errol, where is he?
Reynolds Frame, A Decent Assault Rival, Oxford.
On a milk race — CB

After falling for your adverts in the daily press about your eight-page souvenir of three decades of rock, I invested 30p and rushed home. What a big letdown, the most over-rated thing since (expletive deleted) knows when.
Is there anyway I can have my 30p refunded?
C. Aldridge, Tiverton, Devon.

Your eight-page pull out really summed up what you've been doing for the last 30 years — wasting paper! Keep it up.
Do[illegible]inic, London WC1.
[illegible]elin[illegible]tes! Just to remind you [illegible] was meant as a bonus [illegible]uvenir and *not* a resume of [illegible] past 30 years: People [illegible]ve filled encyclopaedias [illegible]oing that — CB

t-zers

UNDER A TREATY signed in 1384, the back page of the *New Musical Express* is the hereditary property of the *T-Zers* column. One year ago today, this property was over-run by hostile letters from the West.
After intense round-the-clock, round-the-table, round-the-horn negotiations it was agreed that there would be a complete strategic withdrawal by all alien letters from this page to be conducted in stages beginning forthwith and to be completed one year from that date.
It is my duty to inform you that no such undertaking has been entered into, and that, consequently, this page is at war with *Gasbag*. Bang. Baboom. Bang. Wheeebang. Boom. Bosch. (The previous alliteration has been set to music and will be the Crete entry into this year's *Song For Europe*). No, please. War is a serious, serious business. The world must never think that *T-Zers* is incapable of dispatching . . . a gum boot . . .
FLASH! First reports speak of rugged hand-to-hand fighting between lithe, dentured, pop millionaire **Capt. 'Sting' Sting** and his former commander in chief **Rear Admiral Richard 'Beards' Branson**. The pair have locked horns — believed to be antique Selmer and Vymura saxophones — over another ancient treaty.
In this one, the argument runs along the following lines. In 1848, Sting — then a homeless mudlark just off the boat from Sicily — signed over every penny he would ever make plus his first born daughter to the grubby Branson, never believing he would amount to much. *(True — Ned).* This agreement was known as 'ye figning to ye Virgin Publifhing Houfe'.
Since those balmy and penniless days Sting has made good and amounted a personal fortune not unadjacent to some fourteen pounds and eighty pence. Naturally Sting would like to get his tiny, but perfectly formed, hands on this handsome amount. Not so, says the frankly Argentinian looking Branson. The pair will settle the dispute in open court — ie platform six St. Pancras Station — each armed with regulation blunt muskets . . .
FLISH! *(There's no such word as flish. Stop getting silly — Ned).* **Haircut 100's Nicky Hey, hey, heyward** has been dumped by his girlfriend, the gazelle-slim elfin beauty **Zim-Zim Cockles**. This just before the pair were to fly off to Greece for a 'holiday' too. Now Nick must mope alone. "She was all for it," said the man whose cake-hole is known locally as Boot Hill, "then she found out me ol' mate Wing Co **Garfield** 'Gaz' **Numan** was taking us." *(Low brown jokes eh? — Ned).* Heyward will now holiday alone as all his group apparently had other things to do. More! HC100 (We're not allowed to call them HCOH — fact!) were labelled in London's get-ahead *Evening Standard* as ". . . the country's biggest pop group under thirty . . ." 30! This gives the group's eldest member some 18 years lee-way before disqualifying the moon-faced bunch . . .
HAFILS (anag). In sabre-rattling California no man is an island! *(Only **Randy Newman** comes close being a Rock surrounded by a sea of fools — Ned, chipping in what he feels is a telling joke).* **David Crosby** was arrested here recently enroute to an anti-nuke demo when police found a loaded .45 calibre shooter on his personage. Advised of his 'rights' Crosby said only two words: **"John Lennon"**. (True!) He was then nicked for giving a false name. Later he was released on bail although the forensic lab retained his famous moustache under the 'endangered species act of 1112'. 1112. What a crazy date that must've been. Imagine: date of birth: 9/10/1112. Maybe they just forgot that year and went straight to Christmas again just for convenience. The parties! *(Who's been at the drug tin then? — Ned)* . . .
PHUTT . . . (the obligatory bulb that doesn't work but leaves family group grinning sickly at camera). *NME's* **Tony Stewart** — "There is no such thing as *enough* money, do you hear me?" — has been to New York signing and promoting copies of his book *Cool Cats — 25 Disgusting Years Of Fock Rashion*. His publishers held a huge party at **Zippers** where boys and girls dressed in suitable Fock Rashions walked a gangplank. Amongst guzzling guests were **Cherry Vanilla, Lori East Side** and **Lenny Kaye**. (Hey, really got 'em all in there Tone!). Stewart was later asked to say a few words but was found 'wanting'. Even later the greedy 15-stone hack was demanding more drink from a cowering barman who tried to explain that the stuff had to be rationed. "Fock Rashions" growled our geordie, never missing the chance of another prospective sale . . .
ILLUMINATI! (Romanus): **Paul Creighton,** a Sussex bowling alley boss is fighting mad! The *Sunday People* reports that over 25 thousand pairs of his bowling shoes have gone for a walk since **The Jam** made the weaker-sneakers *vipz-sosnair* (that's Nordic for 'more fashionable than even those little tin 'clickers' that everyone had at school when they were given away in the *Topper.) (And you're sure about that eh? — Ned).* He reports that most people sacrifice a pair of **Chris Bohn**-style beaten-up plimsoles when changing the footwear but some have even left behind their high-leg Dr Martens so great is the need to be *warpash nui.* (This is a Chad phrase meaning *(Oh no you don't — Ned)*). At Sour Southend's equivalent alley you don't even have to leave your own shoes as a deposit! Hot news . . .
FLASH! It's official. The UK—Argentina war is funny. Everyone's laughing at it. We hope everyone dies! . . .
FLISH! *(No such word still — Ned).* What's old, grey, weighs half an ounce and creaks like Margate pier under a force ten? Answer: **Ringo Starr's** Marriage to **Barbara** "Bite is Worse Than Her" **Bach.** At least it is according to Britain's lively *Daily Express* which reports on a recent feuc between the two which involved screaming, punches, slaps and bottles flying through the air, all taking place on the Caribbean Isle of Antigua. Said Babs: "I was having a high old time out here then Ringo invaded the isle and has been in occupation ever since. Actually that's not quite true, Ringy hasn't had an occupation since the Bootle Beatles broke down" . . .
OLDBAGIO! **Angie Bowie** is busy telling the tabloids how 'back' she is. Former husband of **David Bowie** — the penniless musician and soothsayer who was catapulted to fame as **Herbert Beerbohlm Baal:** A Man, A Plan, Some Root Canal Work — Angie is currently figuring on working with itinerant Welsh farmer **James** 'Jimmy till I'm Successful' **Pursey**. She's ditched her idyllic home life in the USA and says she wants to have some fun "while she's still young". Too late dear, too late! . . .
SCOOPO! Fine, upstanding character assassin **Albert Goldman** — who upset thousands of wrinkled old retainers with his superb *Elvis* book (like, who really wanted the tome to be about rock 'n' roll anyhow? Give us dished dirt or give us death say we!) — is not, as reported filing his next report on **John** "Has Elsie Tanner Ever Put" **Lennon.** Instead, Sniffer Goldman is turning his beady eye toward ace bore **Bruce Lee.** Banzai! Gerrard Street shuts up shop and trembles in basement! . . .
Another Great *NME* Competition! In last week's *Coronation Street* Len's foster daughter was heard to tell her social worker that although **Joy Division** weren't 'going' anymore she still liked playing their records. The character is a rebellious type, prone to sulking and dangling of the handle. No, make that *flying* off the handle . . . *(What Competition? — Confused Ed with Freshly Sharpened Pencil Poised In Sweaty Hand)* . . .
Somebody rang in with a great **Rico** *T-Zer* but we lost it . . .
Until Next Week . . . Boom Boom! Out Go The Lights! . . .

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BETTER BADGES

TOP TEN W/E 10/4/82

1 ANTI NOWHERE LEAGUE — I Hate People 1"
2 ORANGE JUICE — Dolphin ¾"
3 STRANGLERS — Golden Brown (unofficial) 1"
4 KILLING JOKE — Empire ¾"
5 DEAD KENNEDYS — IGWT Inc. 1"
6 ANTI NOWHERE LEAGUE — Fist 1"
7 THE ASSOCIATES — Easter 1"
8 FUNBOY THREE — F.B.3 1"
9 JOY DIVISION — Originals 1" (40p)
10 SOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES — ISRAEL 1"

ALL BADGES 20p

ADD 20p P&P FREE LIST
14 WITAN STREET, LONDON E.2.

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